The Saturday Evening
POST
February 1, 1958 — 15¢

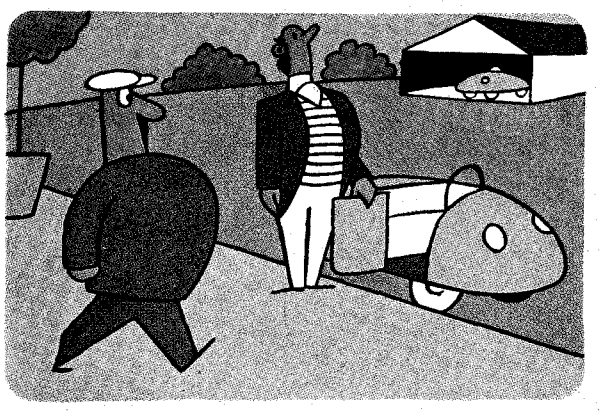
JAN 28 '58
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

Khrushchev
By Stewart Alsop

A NEW PERRY MASON MYSTERY
By Erle Stanley Gardner

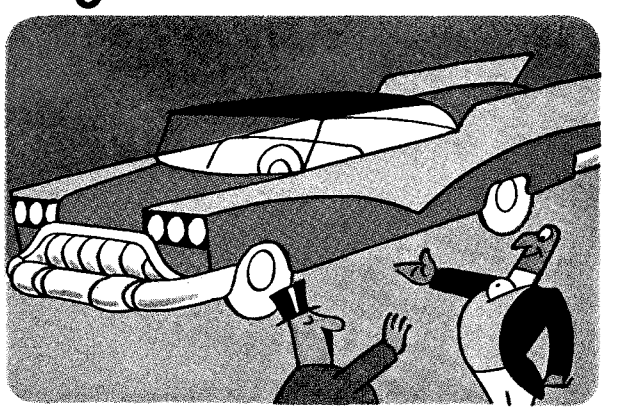
LIBR BALDWIN
WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA OHIO
2-5-58
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Millionaire and The Rambler *by* O.SOGLOW

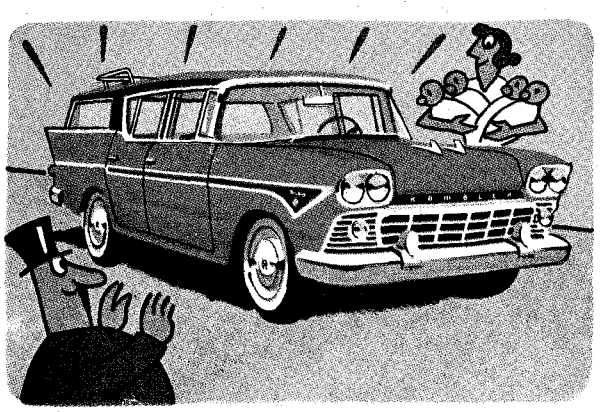


There was this millionaire who was in love with foreign sports cars. He owned a brace of them. He was also in love with his wife, who was expecting . . .

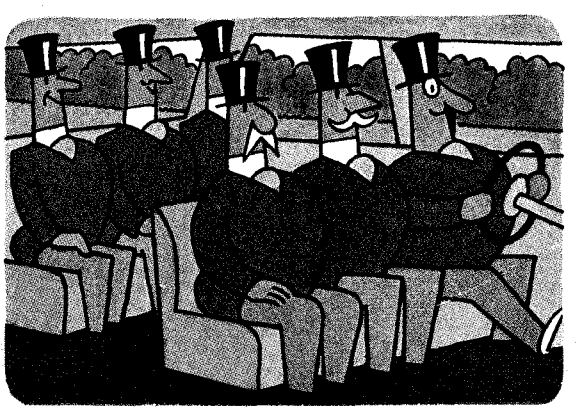
When her expectations came true, it was quadruplets. The nurse said: "Gee, them that has . . . gets!" But the millionaire was flabbergasted. He needed bigger cars!



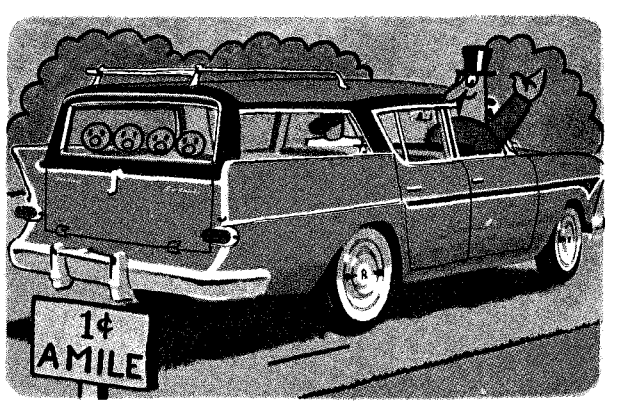
So he went car shopping. He saw a great big boat of an auto. But he said: "Looks like a gas-guzzler. I didn't make my million pouring money down a drain!"



Then he saw the new 1958 Rambler, the only car that gives both American big car room and comfort, and European small car economy and handling ease.



"Wow!" he said, at all the room there is in Rambler, room for six big 6-footers with their hats on, or for even two sets of quadruplets, with their bonnets off.



When he heard of Rambler's penny-a-mile economy, he said: "With 2 Ramblers, I'll start on my second million!" He's happy. You'll be, too, with Rambler.

1 Get American big car room and comfort **2** Get European small car economy, handling ease

Get the Best of Both—Go Rambler!

No wonder Rambler is fastest-growing in popularity, first in resale value, too. For Rambler has what car buyers want—room, comfort and economy. Only Rambler has set two official NASCAR economy records—less than a penny a mile for regular gasoline. 6 cylinder with overdrive.

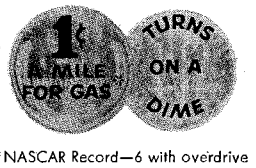
Go see the all-new 1958 Ramblers. See new jet stream styling . . . Push-Button driving, Push-Button transistor radios, Reclining Seats, Twin Travel Beds. Choose from the new Rambler 6, new Rambler Rebel V-8, new luxury Ambassador V-8.

American Motors Means More for Americans

ONLY RAMBLER GIVES YOU THE BEST OF BOTH:

1 AMERICAN Big Car Room, Ride and Comfort

2 EUROPEAN Small Car Economy, Handling Ease



*NASCAR Record—6 with overdrive

AT ALL RAMBLER—NASH—HUDSON DEALERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

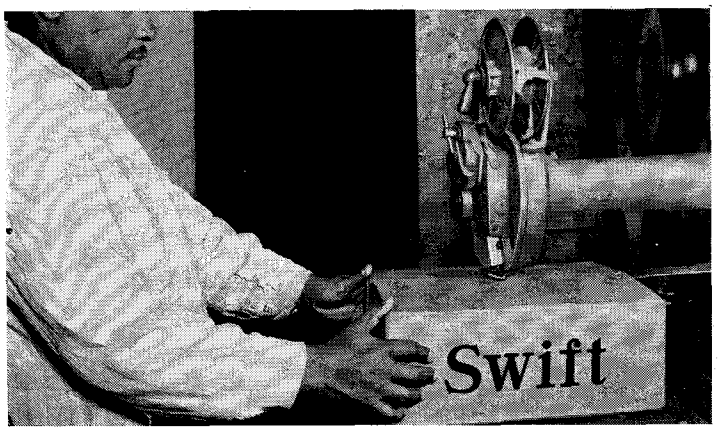
Stapling slashes costs, solves tough shipping and packaging problems for food industry

All industries have fastening problems, but they're especially critical in the food field. That's why you'll find Bostitch stapling so widely used by growers, packers and retailers.

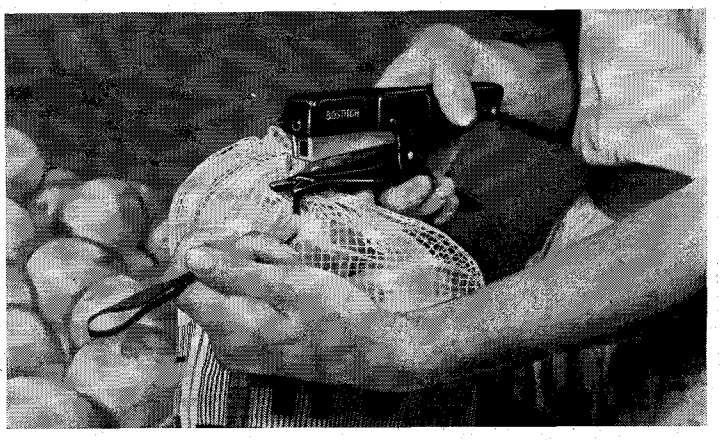
Stapling's speed helps move perishables to market fast—for top prices. It cuts costs to safeguard profits. Staples are strong and sure. They withstand moisture and changes in temperature. 800 Bostitch staplers and 200 sizes and types of staplers meet a wide range of fastening requirements.

You may need a fastening method that offers these benefits. Chances are good that Bostitch stapling can help you. One of the 400 Bostitch Economy Men, who work out of 123 U.S. and Canadian cities, will gladly investigate. He's listed under "Bostitch" in your phone directory—or send us the coupon.

Stapling lettuce cartons in the field is 3 times faster than wire binding – quick adjust knob sets stapler for varying board thicknesses or bulging contents.

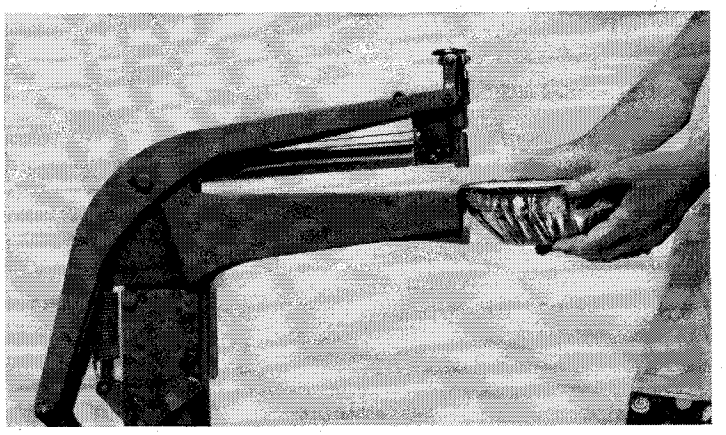


Leading meat packer finds stapling cartons is 33⅓% faster than nailing wooden boxes. Increases production while cutting labor and material costs.



Stapling beats hand tying 2 to 1 sealing grapefruit bags at citrus grove. The special forked blade speeds fastening of mesh and cloth bag drawstrings.

50 pounds of refrigerated live lobsters go in this stapled corrugated container. Stapling provides a more secure seal when boxes get wet and is faster than tape formerly used.



Stapling covers to plates for frozen pies. Staples withstand extremes of cold and moisture—pies arrive in perfect condition.

Fasten it better and faster with

BOSTITCH®

STAPLERS AND STAPLES

Bostitch, 402 Briggs Drive, East Greenwich, Rhode Island

☐ Please send me information on stapling in the food field. I'm especially interested in stapling for_____

☐ Please send free bulletins on ways stapling cuts costs for other businesses.

I want to fasten: ☐ corrugated board ☐ cartons ☐ fabric ☐ leather ☐ plastic bags ☐ wood ☐ roofing ☐ rubber ☐ light metals

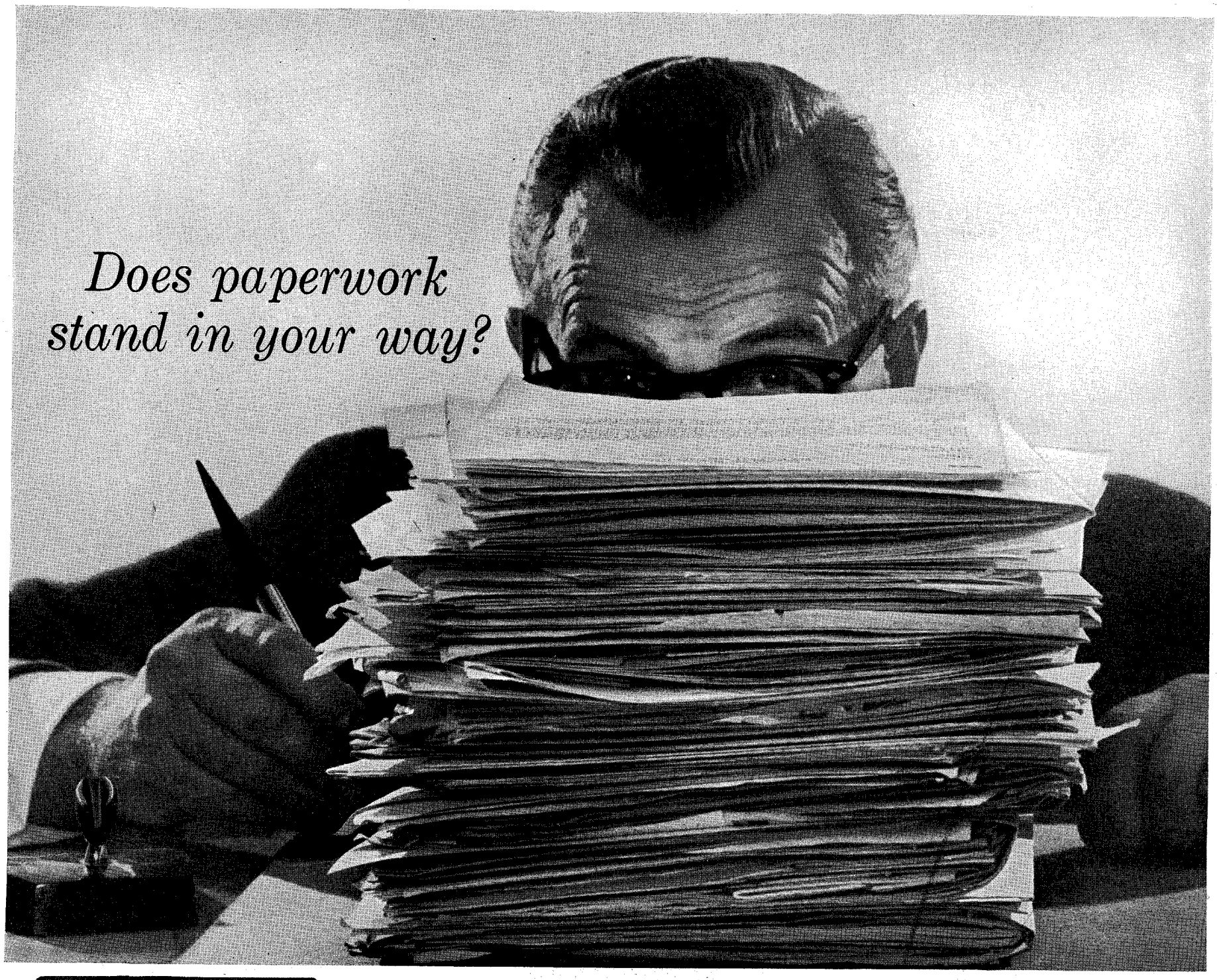
Name_____

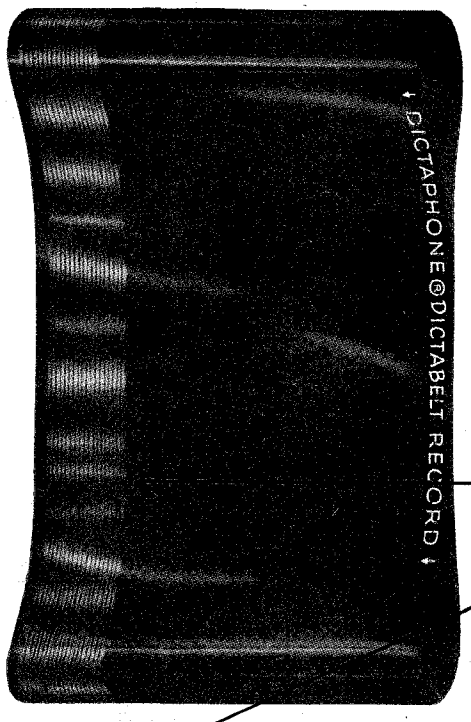
Company_____

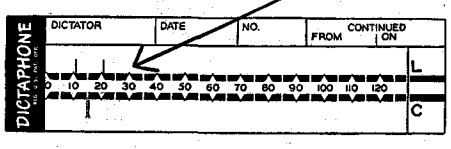
Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







you'll clear it up faster if you "talk it" on a Dictabelt record

If you don't now use a dictating machine, you should. You'll save money—and gain time to get more important work done.

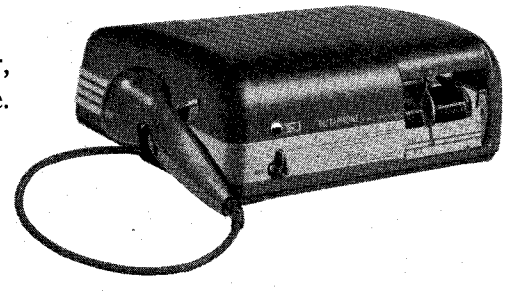
And when you think of installing dictating machines, think of this: the Dictaphone Time-Master is the easiest, quickest, and most economical dictating machine made.

You accomplish a lot more work with a lot less effort the Dictaphone way! The exclusive Dictabelt record is the main reason why. Here are just three of the Dictabelt's many, many advantages:

Dictation is visible on the Dictabelt record—you can always easily find your place.

Your secretary knows at a glance just how long the letter, memo, or report is—and just where your corrections are.

Dictation can not be erased accidentally or on purpose.



DICTAPHONE CORPORATION

420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York

Service you can depend on the world around

In Canada, write Dictaphone Corporation, Ltd., 204 Eglinton Ave. East, Toronto . . . In England, Dictaphone Co. Ltd., 17-19 Stratford Place, London W.1. Dictaphone, Time-Master and Dictabelt are registered trade-marks of Dictaphone Corp.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*

Associate Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr.

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Editorial Assistants: Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull

IN THIS ISSUE

February 1, 1958 *Vol. 230, No. 31*

4 Short Stories

Perilous Ascent . . . . . *Williams Forrest* 18
The Cruel Cage . . . . . *Walter Macken* 20
Honor System . . . . . *Norman Katkov* 25
The Girl Who Took Sun Baths . . . . . *Steve McNeil* 30

8 Articles

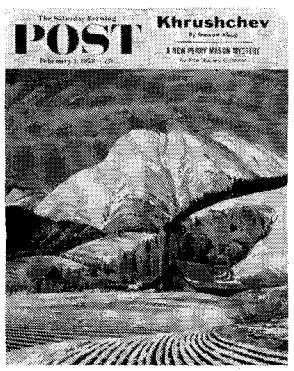
To Cuba With Cal . . . . . *Beverly Smith, Jr.* 16
Amazing Half Pint . . . . . *Myron Cope* 19
Behind Khrushchev's Smile . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 22
The Changing Midwest: The Boosters and the Eggheads (Last of four articles) . . . . . *John Bartlow Martin* 24
Secrets From My Mother's Kitchen . . . . . *Sol Fox* 26
The Face of America: The Amateurs . . . *Photograph by John Burns* 28
Rough Road Home (Third of five articles) . . . *Melissa Mather Ambros* 32
I Have 2500 Sons *Lt. Gen. Garrison H. Davidson, U.S.A., as told to Roul Tunley* 34

Serial

The Case of the Footloose Doll (First of eight parts) . . . *Erle Stanley Gardner* 13

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 36
Verse 38, 57, 64, 81
Keeping Posted 88



THE COVER

It is mealtime on Farmer Goodfurrow's acres and no time has been lost in forming the procession to the dining hall. Some of the members of Farmer G.'s domestic menagerie have been out foraging on their own, but at this time of year they find the landscape pretty inedible. Well, by and by the land will turn kinder to beast and man. When the wind starts mellowing a little in the climbing sun, it will whisper to those southerly slopes that Jack Frost isn't really the man he used to be; and at length there'll come a south-breeze day when the snow on the big hills will give Mr. Frost the heave-ho and begin rollicking down from the skylands in rejoicing cascades. That last word fits in here fine, come to think of it, for John Clymer's scene is in the Cascade Range.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1958 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 49–58 or June 7, 1958; 9–58 or August 30, 1958.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Opens Stuffy Nose Fast—You Breathe Easy For Hours!

When a cold fills up your nose, you feel miserable! Can't eat. Can't sleep. Why suffer when you can get fast relief . . . long lasting relief with new Medi-Mist Nasal Spray. Just two quick squeezes . . . your nose opens . . . your head clears!

You can breathe again! No more sleepless nights from a cold-clogged nose. Vicks Medi-Mist spray clears your head fast, relieves stuffiness of head-colds. It helps dry up sniffles and sneezes of hay fever and other allergies. And you'll get precious sleep while Vicks modern antibiotic helps fight infection.

No sting or burn. Unlike some sprays which are bitter and harsh, Medi-Mist is tasteless and gentle on sensitive nasal tissue. Try Medi-Mist . . . you'll like it.

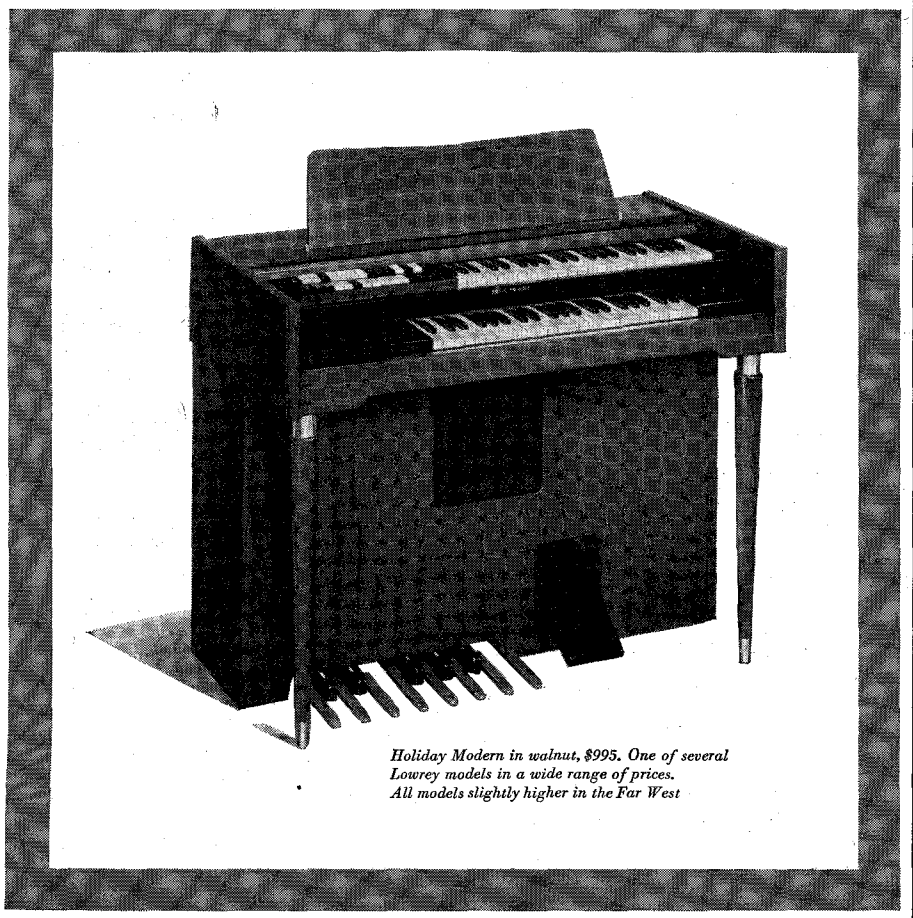
New
Vicks® Medi-Mist®
NASAL SPRAY
Carry handy clinic-style squeeze-bottle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Waring chose the Lowrey Organ for his home . . .

Fred Waring says:

"Everybody from beginner to expert gets more from a Lowrey."



Holiday Modern in walnut, $995. One of several Lowrey models in a wide range of prices. All models slightly higher in the Far West

Like so many fine musicians, Fred Waring has found that the range of this fabulous instrument makes it an endless source of satisfaction. Yet the Lowrey is so simple to play that even beginners can make beautiful music on it.

Lowrey exclusives include a wide range of percussion voicings, pedal and keyboard sustain, easy-to-play touch-tabs for instant tonal changes. Also, the Lowrey "Glide" for slide trombone and other realistic effects. And of prime importance, no other spinet can produce such true organ tones.

See and hear for yourself at your Lowrey dealer's. Ask him about easy budget terms and free home trial.

LOWREY organs

The Lowrey Organ Company • 7373 N. Cicero Ave., Lincolnwood, Chicago 30, Illinois

Letters

$13,000 for Cigars

Dear Sirs:

This is a small comment on your article I CALL ON EDIE ADAMS AND ERNIE KOVACS, by Pete Martin, December 28th. I have followed Mr. Martin's articles with great interest and have found them all enjoyable reading. Also, I have always enjoyed Mr. Kovacs' performances and shall continue to. However, there was one thing that I could not quite swallow.

In one part of the article, there was mention of how much Mr. Kovacs spends annually on his cigars ($13,000). . . Perhaps it is because in this area there has been a lot of hard work on the part of various organizations to get just a few dollars to help some people have a happy Christmas; perhaps I can't forget the call for $4 for a boy who had no shoes

Ernie, Edie and emblem.

and could not go outdoors, for $6 for a family who had no bed covers, but used coats to keep warm, and many, many other cases. . . .

I can't help thinking it would have been so much better to have left this out of such a fine article. I have come to the conclusion that the people who seem to have the most, really have not so much after all.

ELEANOR L. RALEIGH
Buzzards Bay, Mass.

Nixon and His Secretary

Dear Sirs:

Rose Mary Woods' NIXON'S MY BOSS [as told to Don Murray, Dec. 28] not only calls attention to a dedicated man doing a superb job but reminds us of the inadequacy of the title he bears.

"Vice President" is a substitute concept watered down by loose practice to the ludicrous "Veep."

Other countries have their Prime Ministers and Premiers. Can't we come up with an equally definitive description of the function performed by our ubiquitous Lord High Everything Else?

LUCIUS H. KENTFIELD
Saratoga, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

In 1956 I wanted very much to attend the Republican Convention. I wrote thirty or forty letters to just as many politicians; only one had the time to help me out. I was invited to run errands for the Vice President's Convention staff. . . .

I believe Rose Mary did an excellent job in showing you "the boss," who at that convention became the man I would like to pattern my life after.

RAY CHAMBERS
President, Student Body
Compton Senior High School
Compton, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Rose Mary Woods' article on Nixon was both interesting and informative.

Nixon is probably the hardest-working Vice President we have had in quite some time. However, her attempt to gloss over his personal finances was not so well done. There is no evading it. It is the same proposition as the fur coats and the freezers during the Truman administration and the tractors and other farm equipment being donated for the President's farm.

ERNEST C. ARNOLD
Muskogee, Oklahoma

Dear Sirs:

If there is a "New Nixon" the rebirth is solely in the cause of political expediency. The old Nixon can—and will—return at the first sound of a campaign slogan. . . . May Providence protect us against the calamity of his attainment of the Presidency!

J. I. MCKAY
Bremerton, Wash.

Is "Booing" Justified?

Dear Sirs:

The Executive Committee of the Little Rock Chamber of Commerce has taken notice of your editorial [PEOPLE WHO "BOO" SELDOM KNOW WHAT OR WHY THEY ARE BOOING! December 21]. We are delighted to see your very understanding comments. . . .

We appreciate the implied compliments to the 97% [of the people who behaved themselves]. This year has been a very difficult one and the problem was neither a Little Rock problem nor one which Chamber of Commerce members could completely solve.

W. M. SHEPHERD
President, Chamber of Commerce
Little Rock, Arkansas

Dear Sirs:

It was not the city of Little Rock that the audience was "booing." It was a page of American history they "booed"—the Little Rock incident.

L. L. PATTON
Crawfordsville, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Whether Little Rock gained fame or infamy over the integration incident is a matter of opinion. The use of the "boo" as the expression of opinion is to the fool what the squeak is to the rat—his only method of self-expression.

C. H. RUSSELL
Spokane, Wash.

A Near Classic

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to you for publishing the novelette, THE MAN ON THE BEACH by Prentiss Combs, Dec. 28.

It is one of the most superbly beautiful and moving stories that I have ever read anywhere.

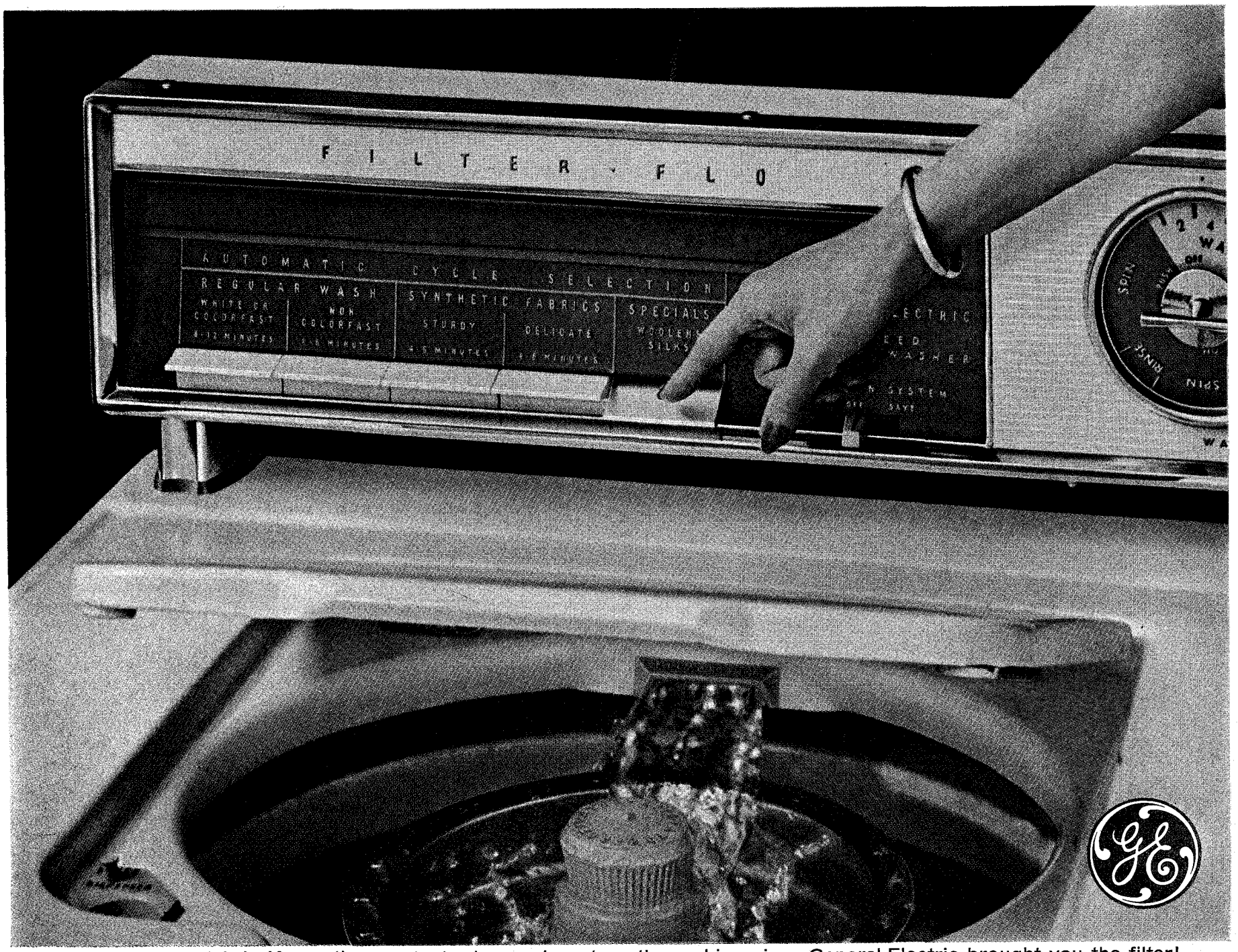
HAL CARTWRIGHT
Brevard, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

The story . . . is a remarkable effort—a near literary classic of the vintage of great story telling in the grand old manner of Maugham, Hemingway, Jack London,

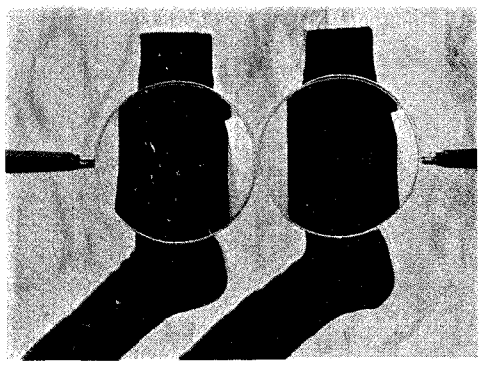
(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Wash-to-Order Fabric Keys—the greatest advance in automatic washing since General Electric brought you the filter!

No lint fuzz! No guessing how to wash any fabric! New General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer



No lint fuzz! After 7 washings in an ordinary washer, sock at left was flecked with lint. After 7 washings in a General Electric Filter-Flo Washer, sock at right with an identical load showed *practically no lint.*

Straight-line styling. Filter-Flo Washer, about $3.40* a week. Automatic Suds Return System, extra. 5-year written warranty on transmission parts. New Rinse Conditioning. Dryer about $2.80* a week.

Now just touch one key! It automatically chooses the right wash and spin speeds, wash and rinse temperatures—to fit your type of fabric load.

It's so simple you can't help getting the right washing results! No guesswork! There's a Wash-to-Order Key for each type of washable fabric.

No more set-in wrinkles or special hand-washes! And you save on ironing! See this great new advance—only in the General Electric Filter-Flo Washer.

Famous Filter-Flo Washing—with non-clog filter—cleans water continuously. Lint is caught in filter, not on clothes. Removable, easy-to-clean filter also dispenses detergent.

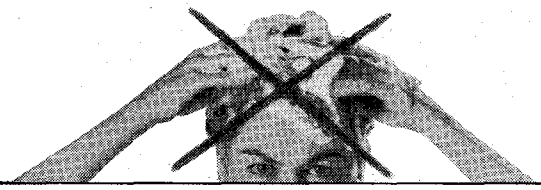
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

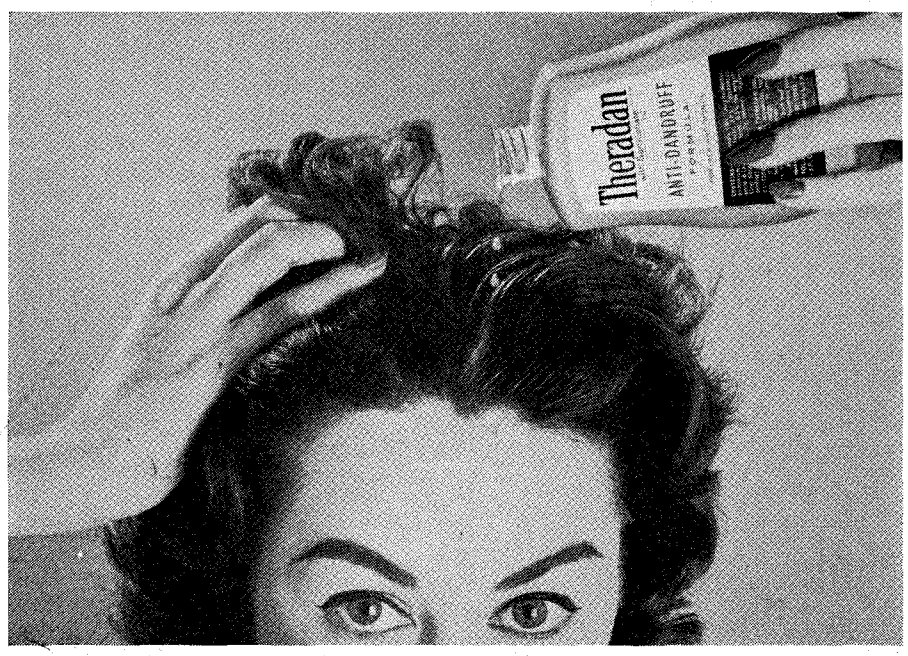
*After small down payment. See your General Electric dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada. General Electric Co., Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You can't just wash away dandruff...

Theradan medicates away dandruff and itchy scalp



with just 3 applications!

This new dandruff medicine works where shampoos fail because it stays on long enough to do a real long-lasting job!

Theradan is not a shampoo. It's not a "tonic." Mere shampoos and tonics only clean up *loose* dandruff. They can't get down where dandruff starts. Theradan can and *does*. It contains penetrating Sarthionate *to stop dandruff 1 to 3 months.*

Just 3 applications and even the worst kind of dandruff goes. Ditto the itchy scalp you get with it.

You put Theradan on for an hour or so . . . or leave it on overnight, if that's needed and convenient.

Gently, it penetrates and lifts off the layer of dead cells that sticks to your scalp and keeps forming new dandruff.

Theradan acts *under* the surface, not just on top . . . so it leaves your hair and scalp really clean—free from dandruff scales and related itching.

For 20 months, specialists tested Theradan on severest cases. Nobody got dandruff again for 1 to 3 months. You won't, either.

Theradan is made by the makers of Bufferin.® Try Theradan today. It really works.

After it clears up dandruff and itchy scalp, many people use Theradan regularly, once a month or so, as a preventive. Why don't you?

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS: The statements in this advertisement are supported by clinical tests. For a report write Medical Director, Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. S-281, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

with exclusive penetrating ingredient **SARTHIONATE®**

Theradan™ clears up dandruff that mere shampoos can't reach

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Robert Louis Stevenson. It is, in my opinion, even better than most of Hemingway's stuff.

LEON HUTCHINSON
Port Arthur, Texas

Dear Sirs:

To me the story was as marvelous as Hemingway's The Old Man and the Sea.

IRENE RUETEINK
Upper Sandusky, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

"The Man on the Beach" brought back memories of my year in Puerto Rico as an American teacher in Humacao.

Combs writes with such feeling and richness of local color that I found myself checking maps to compare with our own experiences. He saw a part of Puerto Rico that tourists never know, but it is truly the best part.

BEATRICE F. PICKARD
Cavendish, Vt.

Flustered Miss Allyson

Dear Sirs:

June Allyson's story, LET'S BE FRANK ABOUT ME [as told to John Maynard, Dec. 14–21] should be an inspiration to many young actors. . . . Her story emphasizes once again that people must first "dream" about greatness before they are willing to sacrifice for it.

CAROL VAN DEN BERG
Sacramento, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

At a newsstand today, I picked up The Saturday Evening Post and I handed the man behind the counter a Canadian dollar and, in return, he gave me three Canadian quarters and one Canadian dime. On page 57, Dec. 14 issue, I came to June Allyson's statement that "the difference between United States and Canadian money flustered me hopelessly." Your proofreaders were obviously as flustered as frank June Allyson, and my advice to you is, forget the second installment or, barring that, please print it in French because every red-blooded American knows we speak no English up here.

J. CAPLAN
Toronto, Ont.

● *Miss Allyson replies: "Frankly, I had a hard enough time figuring out American currency. Beyond doubt I was a monetary idiot." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I just finished reading LET'S BE FRANK ABOUT ME. Oh for a Miltown or two. That little girl has really been through it, from start to finish. I just hope and pray she doesn't trip over her bottom lip someday. Then again things may brighten up, she might get a job writing for a soap opera.

AL POWELL
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The December 14 article by June Allyson has a picture (p. 18) showing her as a 16 year old chorus girl in a 1938 musical. The next page shows a picture of her as a 21 year old bride in 1945. How does she age only 5 years in seven?

DAVID KAHN
Elmhurst, N.Y.

● *She doesn't. Put it down to careless captioning. —ED.*

Limping Letters

Dear Sirs:

Rufus Jarman's article on business letters [ARE YOU A LETTER-WRITING LUMMOX?, Dec. 21] is one of the most wholesome articles which have appeared in any magazine recently. It hits the spot for many of us who had not the remotest intention of welshing on a debt, but have received insulting letters. It should be a lesson to the jackasses who write them.

J. N. BROWN
Denton, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Whoever wrote the Government booklet entitled "Social Security—Federal Old Age and Survivors Insurance" should be the first in line for a course on letter writing by Mr. Richard H. Morris.

MRS. KATHLEEN REESE
Mendocino, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Richard Morris admits he is an authority on letter writing. If so, why doesn't he discard the age-old, mossback ending of his letters, "Yours very truly."

"Cordially" is brief and not hypocritical.

L. F. HACKETT
Rome, Ga.

● *Well, not always. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The best exhibit I ever saw was the product of a small-town newspaper publisher who printed his letterheads with the following introductory paragraph: "Yours of recent date received and contents noted; and in reply will say."

CHARLES B. POOL
Rochester, N.Y.

More on TV Ratings

Dear Sirs:

We would like to set the record straight in connection with your article on television rating services [TELEVISION'S DESPERATE NUMBERS GAME, by Stanley Frank, Dec. 7]. Videodex, a diary panel system of reporting, has long been a comprehensive source of television rating data and yet was overlooked in your article. Videodex is the pioneer diary service (a technique later adopted in modified ways by other services), currently issues a monthly National TV Rating Report based on a larger per program sample than any other service, and has more local market ratings more frequently than any other service.

ALLAN V. JAY
Manager, Videodex, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Post Picture Credits

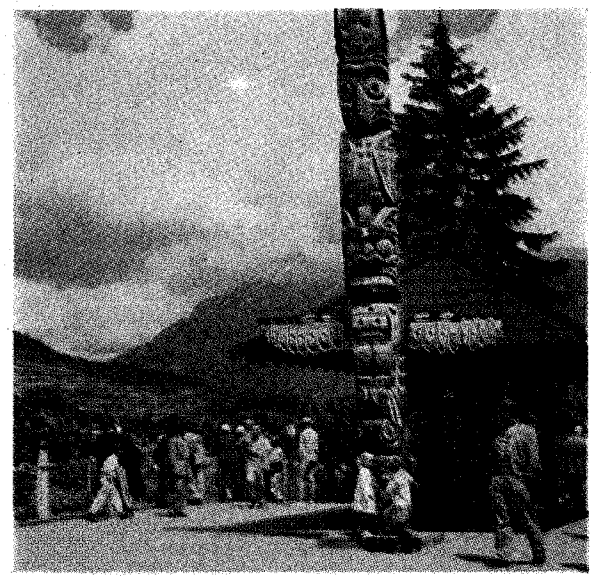
Reading across pages, then down:

4–Larry Fried. • 13, 14, 15–James R. Bingham. • 16–Underwood & Underwood. 17–Two from New York Daily News; United Press, Underwood & Underwood, New York Herald Tribune. • 18–George Hughes. • 19–Harry Saltzman. • 20, 21–Douglas Crockwell. • 22–Keystone Press. • 23–Sovfoto, Wide World, David Low (World © by arrangement with The Manchester Guardian). • 24–Bill Shrout. • 25–Larry Kritcher. 26, 27–George Lazarnick. • 28, 29–John Burns. • 30, 31–Joe Bowler. • 32–Joern Gerdts, anonymous, two by Joern Gerdts. • 33–Joern Gerdts. • 34, 35–George Burns. 88–Thomas J. Kraner, Harry Saltzman, anonymous, New York Herald Tribune, Vernon L. Smith.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Canada

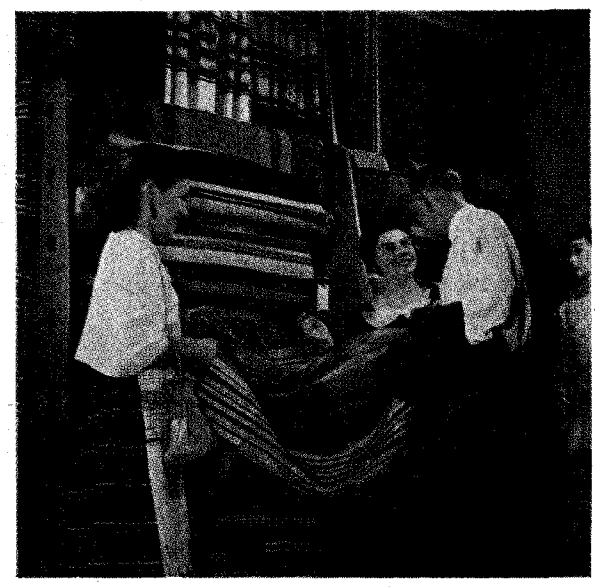
Whatever you want in a foreign vacation —you'll find in Canada!



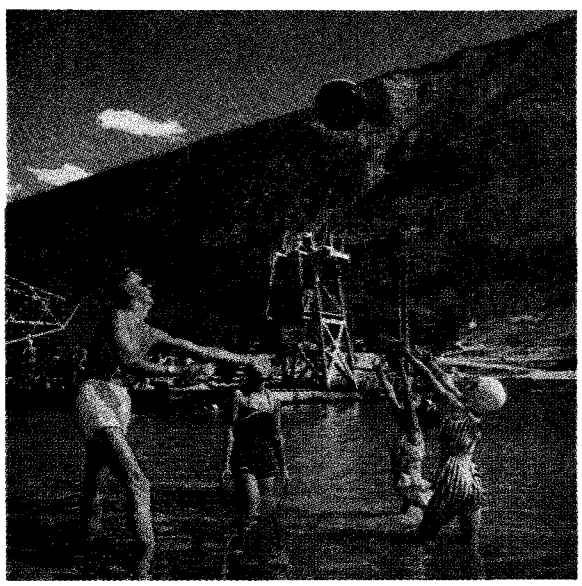
These totems each tell a story about Canada's West—a contrast in this dynamic, exciting part of big and bustling Canada. There are some fabulous boat trips taken every summer up the British Columbia coast. Ask your travel agent.

Canada's National Parks (some 29,000 square miles of them) include many gloriously scenic golf courses. Old pro or duffer, bring your clubs to Canada. No "hurry up" golf here—always a relaxing, leisurely game although par is demanding. Delightfully cool, too.

Just about everyone fishes in Canada for just about every fish, from whacking great tuna to speckled trout. Canada is the place to introduce your youngsters to outdoor living, even at the risk of having them insist on coming back next year.



In smart, cosmopolitan shops in Canada's larger cities or at trading posts, antique shops or wherever—shopping is fun. Take home Canadian handicrafts. British woolens, English china, Hudson Bay blankets, all cost less in Canada.



Take a mountain range, ring with forest, add cool, clear lake or clean ocean beach—mix in the family. What a healthy glow they will have when they come home from Canada! Wonderful memories, too.

You're invited to a Gaelic Mod or the Highland Games . . . skirling bagpipes, sword dances, caber tossers and possibly oat cakes for tea.

Go ABROAD to Canada this year. You need no passports. But you should plan your Canadian holiday—besides, it's fun. Send the coupon today. By return post, the Canadian Vacation Package will get you started.

PLEASE PRINT

C-1-02-01

Free CANADIAN VACATION PACKAGE

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
OTTAWA, CANADA

Please send me the Canadian Vacation Package.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

TOWN_____ STATE_____

Stick this coupon on any postcard or enclose in envelope.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRIVING WAS MEANT TO BE FUN!

GET **B.F.Goodrich Silvertowns** AND

STOP WORRYING ABOUT YOUR TIRES!

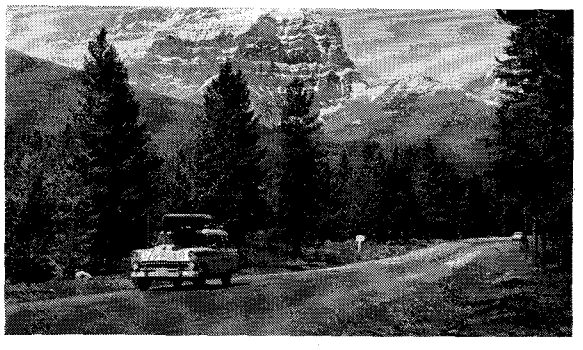
© The B.F. Goodrich Company

SAME TIRES THAT COME ON NEW '58 CARS!

Automakers tested B.F.Goodrich Deluxe Silvertowns on their own proving grounds, drove them harder than you ever will. And because Silvertowns came smiling through every rugged test, you can count on them for miles of happy driving. That's Smileage!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Smileage!



BUILT TO GIVE YOU SMILEAGE WHEREVER YOU GO

B.F.Goodrich knows how to make tires you can depend on. We made the first pneumatic tires for an auto manufactured for sale in America. We invented the tubeless tire. Now we've put our whole 87 years' experience into the great new Deluxe Silvertowns.

IT'S EASY TO BUY SMILEAGE!

Give *your* car the Smileage of a set of B.F.Goodrich Silvertowns. Get them now at prices and budget terms to make your wallet smile! A set of four of the finest B.F.Goodrich tires can be put on your car for only $4.00 down and $4.00 per week.

SMILEAGE STARTS HERE!

Look for this big blue-and-white sign in your neighborhood or check the Yellow Pages under "Tires". Your B.F.Goodrich dealer can solve your tire worries right now. Pull in soon and start getting Smileage! B.F.Goodrich Tire Co., a division of The B.F.Goodrich Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Why Help the Reds Ditch Secretary Dulles?

The current baddy in liberal circles is Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. He has replaced Vice President Nixon as the progressives' Horrible Example of Unenlightenment. There is supposed to be a "new" Nixon, who seldom mentions Alger Hiss, but Mr. Dulles is tagged as just the same old sixpence whom "nobody likes." He has no "bold, imaginative program" for the world's troubles, they say. He all but "destroyed the Western Alliance" when he edged the British and French out of their ill-advised sortie against Egypt; he makes "saber-rattling speeches" and pours cold water on efforts to negotiate with the Soviet Union. Therefore, say the liberals, away with him!

Probably there have been better Secretaries of State than Mr. Dulles, but certainly there have been worse ones. He has made his share of mistakes, and he often tends to talk or write himself into a corner. Many conservative and responsible Americans have reservations about him.

Yet the current campaign against Mr. Dulles can be explained, at least partly, by the fact that he is doing his best to defend the security and interest of the United States. This makes him *persona non grata* with the Communists, whose agents have had extraordinary success in peddling their smears of Mr. Dulles throughout Europe and among the ever-gullible liberals in the United States. Mr. Dulles' "fixation" on the Red conspiracy, plus his skill in manipulating the arrangements to deal with it, has made him Mr. Sourpuss to some of our political pundits.

Mr. Dulles' dullness is often contrasted with the bold and imaginative ideas of the late President Roosevelt. Essentially both Dulles and Roosevelt were faced with the same problem—the defense of America. Unlike Roosevelt, Mr. Dulles makes no effort to whip the customers into an apocalyptic frenzy. But like Roosevelt, he is not sanguine about the profit from negotiation with an aggressive enemy. Indeed, Mr. Dulles has never been as upstage with the Soviet Union as Roosevelt was with Germany and Japan. Roosevelt rejected an opportunity to confer with the liberal Japanese Prince Konoye in circumstances which might conceivably have averted war. Had the Prince been a Communist, F.D.R. would never have heard the last of it.

It was not F.D.R.'s rhetorical fireworks that united America in World War II, but the concern of Americans with their own security. So Roosevelt began talking less of the brave new world and more of the possibility that Hitler might bomb Omaha. Pearl Harbor took care of the stragglers.

From the complaints against Secretary Dulles, one might gather that negotiation with the Soviet Union was a new and startling idea which had never been tried. Actually the West has been engaged in laborious and mostly profitless negotiation with the U.S.S.R. for years—through a series of foreign ministers' conferences; by diplomatic communication, in the United Nations, at the summit, and in an endless array of boundary negotiations, atomic-energy discussions, and so on.

If we must continue this dreary business, normal day-by-day activity at the ambassadorial level would seem to promise more than a sensational, overinflated summit meeting. But even quiet negotiation, with no flaming statements into microphones or humiliating cuddling up to dictators in group news pictures, has its limitations. After all, we have been talking at Geneva for more than two years with the Chinese Communists on a variety of subjects, including the fate of Americans in Red hands. If any important result has come from that marathon discussion, we have not heard about it.

Nor is the record much happier when agreement has actually emerged from negotiations with the Communists. The Senate Judiciary Committee in 1956 published a staff study of the promises and agreements with the Soviet Union and its satellites which have been contemptuously violated in practice. As Senator Eastland, chairman of the committee, put it, "In the thirty-eight short years since the Soviet Union came into existence its government has broken its word to virtually every country to which it ever gave a signed promise." It does not appear to us that Mr. Dulles should be criticized too harshly for feeling that negotiation with the Soviets should be approached with a weather eye to past performance.

If we wanted to be really bold and imaginative, we might refuse to deal with the Soviet Union at any level until it frees its captive peoples and accepts the responsibilities of a civilized nation. But the liberal critics of Mr. Dulles wouldn't like that at all. It is too much like what Mr. Dulles is trying to do now—far too bold and imaginative for people who appear unable to understand the difference between high-sounding rhetoric and the brutal facts which confront free men everywhere.

Some New Legislation May be Needed to Curb Union Racketeers and Muscle Men

One of the toughest problems before the Eighty-fifth Congress is that of working out a set of national labor laws which may, while preserving labor's rightful economic and political strength, serve as a curb to the evils which have been exposed by the McClellan Committee.

The last session ended in a virtual stalemate between those who want strict accounting for union welfare and pension funds, and labor forces who insist that management which contributes to these funds should come in for the same treatment as the unions.

Other major proposals, still up in the air, include a number of Taft-Hartley law amendments, laws to keep racketeers out of union offices, application of antitrust laws to unions to hold down powerful labor combines, Federal "right-to-work" laws like those now in force in eighteen states, laws against union political activity, laws against organizational picketing, laws to clean up union elections, and so on.

The public, by and large, is so incensed at the Hoffas and Becks and Johnny Dios by now that lots of voters would be for any quickie measure, just so it serves to knock the labor leaders in the head.

That won't work, of course. Retaliation is not what thoughtful Americans want. Some kind of compromise legislation, backed by substantial and honorable union leadership as well as management and the public, would be more in order. The AFL-CIO's Ethical Practices Committee, for example, already has made suggestions for a number of reforms, including proper welfare-fund management. It shouldn't be too difficult, politically, to incorporate any sound items from these reforms into a fair and workable Federal labor-law program.

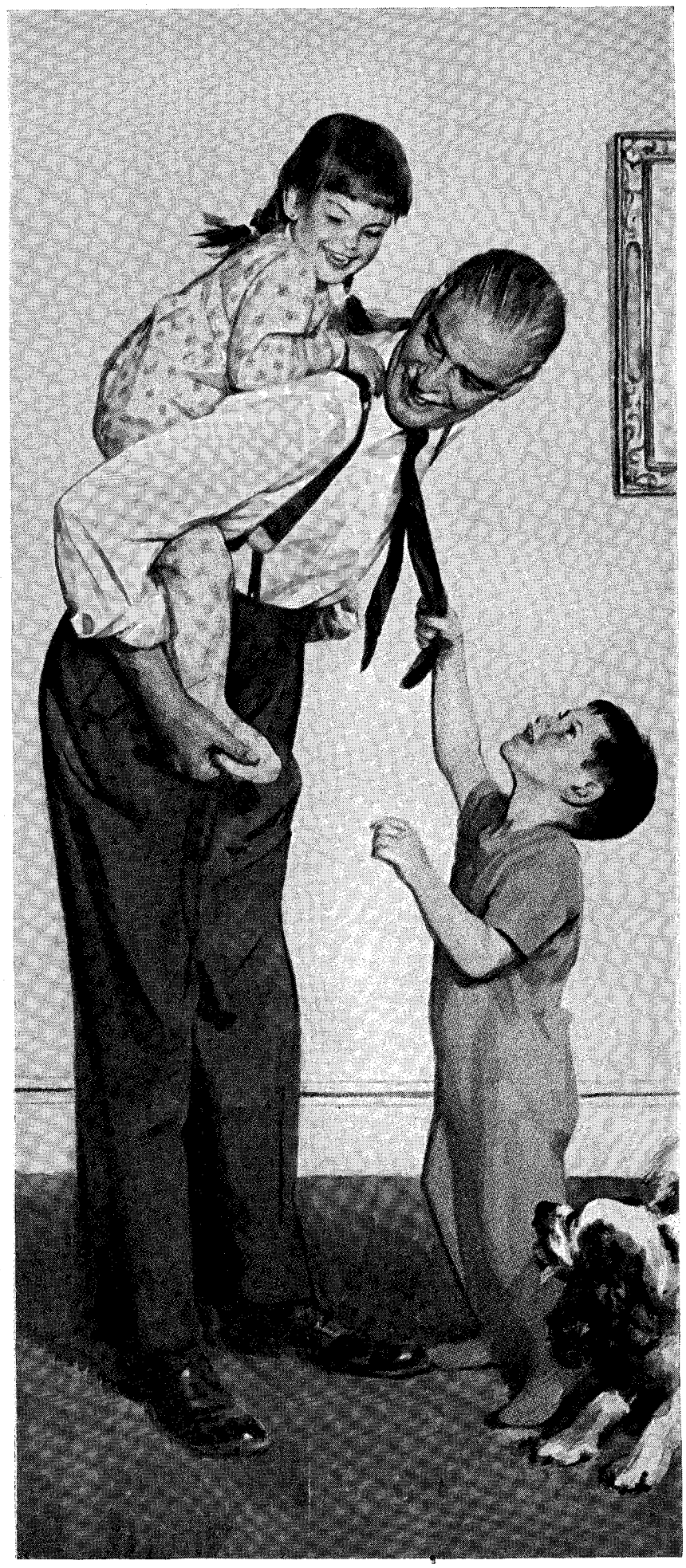
It is a little-known fact that many union members are filing unfair-practice charges against both unions and employers, using Taft-Hartley provisions aimed at protecting rights of the individual worker. The Taft-Hartley law already covers many of the ills we are seeking to cure, Judge Boyd Leedom, chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, recently told Fred W. Perkins, labor specialist for the Scripps-Howard newspapers. Why should any congressman be afraid to vote for a law to give union members additional rights in the government of their own unions?

Sen. Karl E. Mundt, South Dakota Republican who is a member of the Senate rackets investigating committee, believes that if individual union members were assured the right to run their own unions, many of the other reforms now being urged would naturally follow. Some unions have free, truly democratic elections now, but too many do not.

Congress obviously can't and won't do all the things it is being asked to do for and against organized labor. But there is plenty it can do to the advantage of individual workers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to be younger than your years



When you meet a grandfather like this who's still "young," vigorous and active . . . *even though he's nearly 65* . . . you're likely to exclaim, "He certainly doesn't look his age!"

The truth is he's what he *should* be . . . and what most of us *could* be when retirement draws near. Better still, anyone who has reached this age in good health can usually look forward to many more useful and happy years.

Although there is no definite point at which one slips into old age, some of us may begin to feel the "wear and tear" of life around age 40 to 45.

If you start then to take *extra* precautions for your physical and mental health, you will have far better chances of making your later years rewarding ones. *Why?*

> *The answer is that diseases of later life seldom appear suddenly. They start gradually and may quietly develop for a number of years before they become evident or cause disability.*

So, the time to start taking care of your health is *before you get along in years.*

Medical science is doing much to help protect the health of 15 million Americans who are 65 and older...about 3½ million more than 10 years ago. In the next 10 years their number will increase to about 18 million. It should be noted, however, that this increase, in proportion to the total population, is only ½ of 1%.

Even if your retirement may be 20 to 25 years ahead, you should begin planning now to make your later years healthy and useful. Here are some things you can do for future mental and physical health:

1. Keep your mind open to new ideas. If you always have something to do tomorrow . . . something you *want* to do . . . your mind will be alert and active. Creative activities, like gardening or painting, are most rewarding. Working with and for others—in community, church and fraternal organizations—can also be a deep and lasting source of satisfaction at any age.

2. Select your foods carefully. Be certain that your diet provides all the elements needed for good health. Your meals should include *proteins* for body upkeep and repair, *carbohydrates* for energy and foods that supply protective *vitamins* and *minerals.*

3. Control your weight. Overweight and long life seldom go together. Overweight makes your heart, kidneys, lungs, liver and arteries work harder all the time. Overweight also tends to increase your chances of developing diseases of these organs.

4. Try to keep your emotions on an even keel. It is unhealthy to keep emotional tensions "bottled up." Instead we should look for ways to work them out. For some of us just talking over problems with a friend or advisor helps to clear the air. Tensions may also be worked off by physical activity. Walking, for example, may help you forget worries—and also give you the exercise you need to keep muscles in tone and circulation active.

5. Have a yearly medical examination. A thorough check-up every year is the surest way to uncover at its start any chronic disorder, such as high blood pressure or arthritis. Should you notice changes in the "normal" functioning of your body between examinations, get prompt medical attention.

6. Plan for your financial security. Now is the time to decide how you would like to live after you retire. It is not necessary to have a lot of money to enjoy later life. Nevertheless, your future financial needs should be carefully planned long before retirement. Advice from some competent person on personal financial matters will help you avoid "money worries" later on.

Good health at any age is a wonderful asset. Guard it in every way . . . *for today and the years to come.*

COPYRIGHT 1958—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me Metropolitan's free booklet, "*Your Future and You,*" 2-58-E.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ **State**_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where do you draw the line ?

When you buy a car "on time," it's best to be sensible about stretched out "easy" terms. They only add to your cost, for the *longer* you pay, the *more* you pay. Millions of families have financed their cars on the GMAC Plan, with terms arranged to suit their needs.

Your General Motors Dealer who uses the GMAC Plan can show you how you, too, can enjoy the many extra benefits of financing where you buy.

GMAC

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION

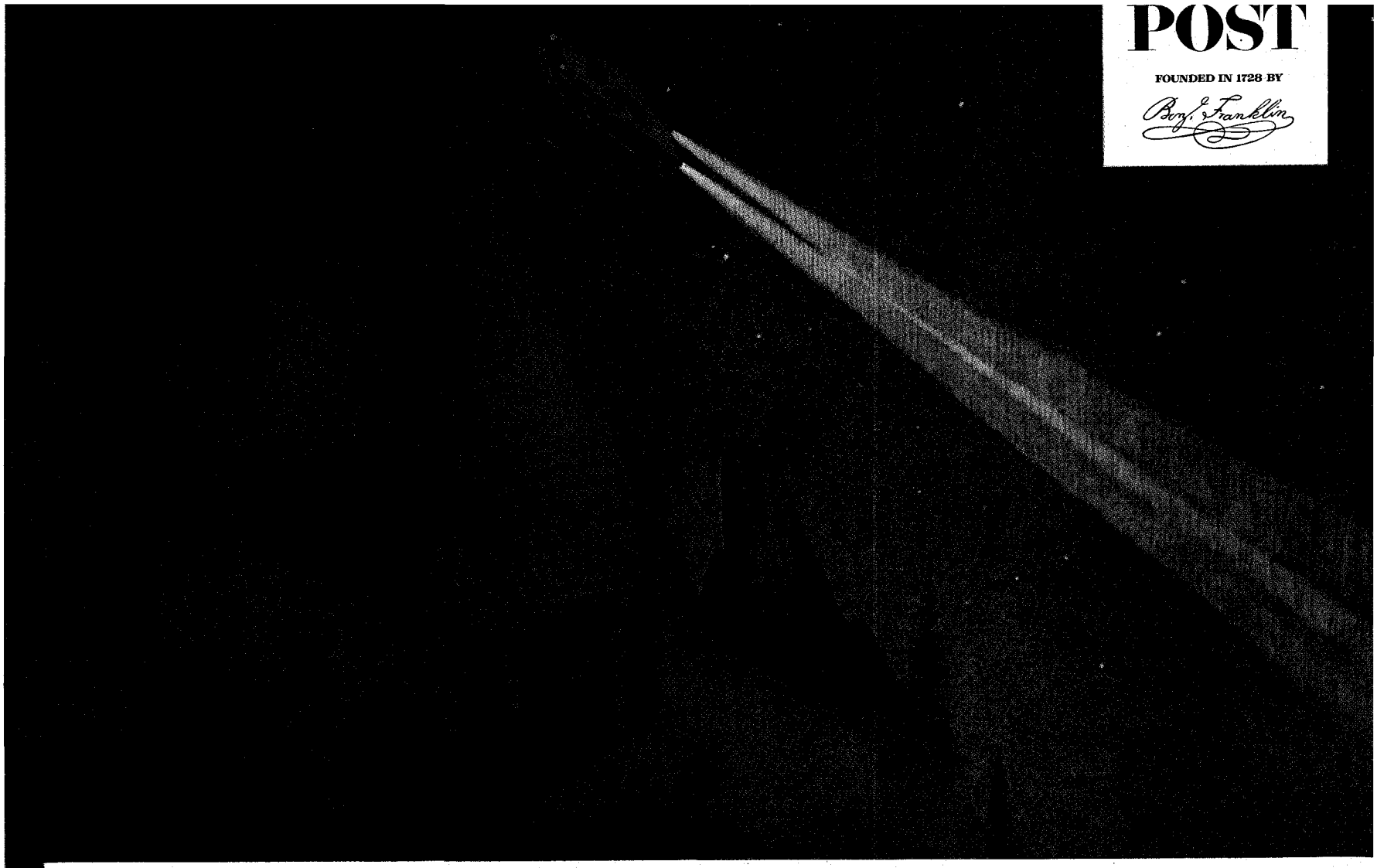
TIME PAYMENT PLAN

ASK YOUR DEALER in CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC new cars, and used cars of all makes; also FRIGIDAIRE • DELCO APPLIANCES

THE PLAN THAT HAS HELPED MILLIONS BUY CARS "ON TIME"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin



The car plummeted off the road into a black abyss.

THE CASE OF THE FOOTLOOSE DOLL

A desperate girl borrows a new identity to start life afresh—and ends up blackmailed for her own murder...

Beginning a thrilling, new Perry Mason mystery by

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

At fifteen minutes past two o'clock in the afternoon, Mildred Crest's world collapsed about her in a wreckage which left her so completely dazed that her mind became numb and her reasoning faculties simply failed to function. At two o'clock that afternoon Mildred had been one of the happiest young women in the bustling town of Oceanside, California.

The expensive diamond which flashed from the ring finger on her left hand betokened her betrothal to Robert Joiner, head accountant at a big department store which had branches located in half a dozen Southern California cities.

Joiner had arrived in Oceanside something over two years ago. He had started in as bookkeeper and his advancement had been rapid. He had a quick, resourceful mind, was instantly adaptable to any new situation, and, above all, was not afraid of responsibility. He was considered by far the most eligible young bachelor in the community. Mildred's engagement to him had had the effect of a social bombshell, and for three months Mildred had been walking on air.

Then at two-fifteen Mildred had been summoned from her secretarial desk to take a personal call. She felt certain it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was from Robert, and was mildly annoyed, because Robert knew the management frowned on employees' accepting personal calls during business hours. However, it was like Robert Joiner to push the rules to one side.

His voice held no hint of anything portentous. Vocally, he was his casual, glib self. "Hello, babe! How's the demon secretary?"

"Fine, Bob."

"Effective as of this moment," Bob said, "our engagement is annulled, canceled, discontinued, terminated and rescinded. You are to keep the diamond ring and any other presents, and I trust happy memories of a glorious three months."

"Bob, what on earth —— What are you saying? What's the matter? What ——"

"The ponies, babe," he said. "I'm a gambler. It was a nice gamble. I like to take chances with life. Not for Robert the humdrum routine of an ordinary existence, with slow, painful, plodding steps up the ladder of success! I'm a skyrocket, baby. I shoot for the high places, and I'm a fast worker. The myth of my wealthy family back East was simply a background to justify what otherwise would doubtless have been considered extravagances on the part of an accountant working on a salary. My system of playing the ponies furnished a lucrative side line until suddenly something went sour, and I'm damned if I know what it was.

"I had started with minor embezzlements of the company funds, which had been restored as the system began to pay off. I dipped again into company funds and suddenly realized I was up against an audit. So I shot the works. I threw the system out of the window. I played a hot tip on a long shot. I picked up all the loose cash that was lying around, and this is to advise you that the nag just a few moments ago came in fourth."

"Robert, is this some sort of a joke?" Mildred demanded. "Is this one of your psychological tests? Because, if it is, you've upset me for the rest of the afternoon."

"Let's hope the upset is of no greater duration than that," Joiner said jauntily. "I am free to confess that I feel a twinge of conscience in that respect. You've been a sweet girl, Millie, and a wonderful pal. But realities are realities, and we may as well face them. Finding that I am an embezzler with detection inevitable, I have no desire to put on an act of cheerful repentance, to ask for probation and to promise restitution.

"Knowing that discovery is inevitable, I have decided to make my embezzlement worth while. I have taken everything that isn't nailed down. I started for the bank for the purpose of depositing funds, and from there I made several carefully thought-out maneuvers which are going to make my trail very difficult to follow. Frankly, Millie, I'm willing to bet five to one that they can't ever put their hands on me.

"I'll be expected back at the office momentarily, and by three o'clock they will wonder what has happened to me. This is just to advise you that, if they should call you during the afternoon, you can tell them very curtly that our engagement has been broken, that you have no knowledge as to my whereabouts and no further interest in my actions.

"Of course, something like this was inevitable. I can't see myself cast in the role of a dutiful husband. Frankly, even the last three weeks of our engagement have been a trifle irksome. The companionship was ideal, but essentially I'm a roamer. I don't want to have my freedom curtailed. I feel that I owe you this explanation, and now, because the minions of the law will be barking on my trail at any moment, I have to hang up. Good-by and good luck!" The phone clicked.

Somehow Mildred, white-faced, found her way back to her desk. A sense of loyalty to her employers kept her hammering away at her typewriter until she had finished the important letter on which she was working. When she took the letter in for signature, her white face and trembling hands attracted attention. She pleaded illness and was excused for the day.

In the back of her mind was some vague thought of flight. She simply couldn't stand the patronizing sympathy of the other girls in the office. She had a few friends who would loyally stand by her, but there were others whose noses had been put out of joint by the announcement of Mildred's engagement who would derive too much satisfaction from rubbing it in.

Mildred went at once to the bank. She cashed the pay check she had received the day before, drew out every penny of her savings account in the form of cash, went to her apartment, bathed, put on her newest traveling outfit, and at four-forty answered the phone.

The general manager of the department store was on the phone. He was concerned about Robert Joiner. Mildred said coldly that she knew nothing of Mr. Joiner's whereabouts, that her engagement had been broken, that she was no longer interested in Mr. Joiner, and then suddenly, in the midst of the conversation, found herself crying. After a few choking attempts to carry on the conversation, she had slipped the receiver into place. The manager showed his sympathetic understanding by not calling back.

She wished now that she had gone directly to her boss and told him the whole story. She wished that she had called the store and told them what had happened.

Looking back on it, she could recall a hundred things which should have warned her, but she had been too happy, too willing to accept glib explanations at face value. Robert had never been one to talk of himself. He always kept his association with her on a plane of jaunty superiority. She had sensed that he had an intense aversion to having anyone pry into his private affairs, that he volunteered such information as he wished to give and resented any questions seeking additional information.

Now that the blow had fallen, she realized that for the past three weeks there had been something wrong, that the manner in which Robert had treated her had been a smooth veneer—a polished shield by which he had deflected any attempts to penetrate to his real personality.

And because Mildred had put off doing the things she should have done immediately after receiving that telephone call, she now found herself in an impossible situation. The thought of what was bound to happen the next day was such an ordeal that Mildred's mind simply refused to face the contemplation.

She went to the parking lot, got into her car and started driving inland, driving somewhat aimlessly, not knowing where she was going or what she was going to do.

Some two years ago, a friend of Mildred's who liked to tell horror stories had described an earthquake he had seen in South America. He told of a beautiful young woman, the belle of the town, who yielded to panic. She had jumped into her new automobile and taken off down the road, trying to escape the crumbling walls of the buildings, the threat of a rocky avalanche from the mountainside. A huge crack had

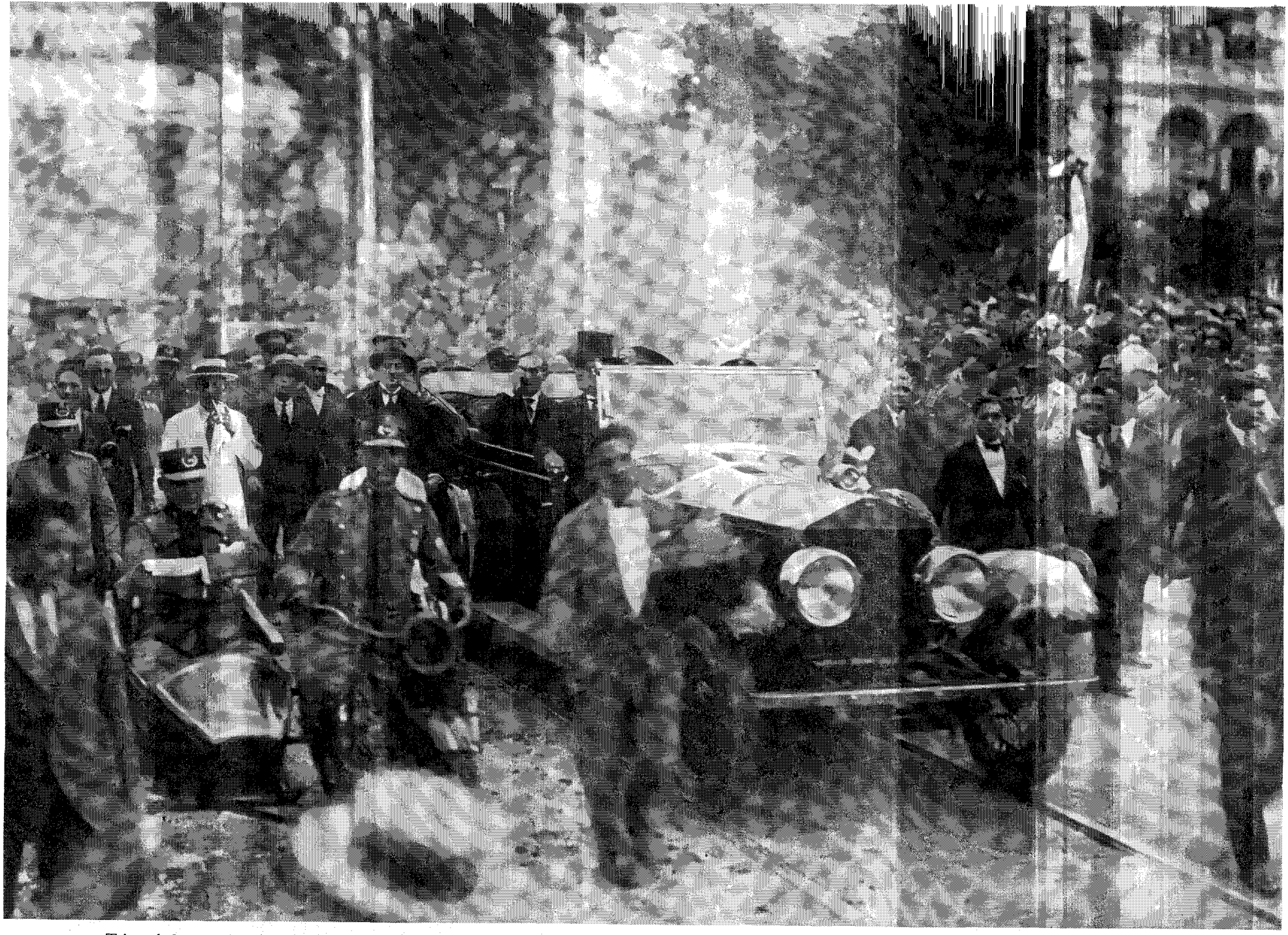
(Continued on Page 60)

Mildred found forty brand-new hundred-dollar bills in the purse, and a packet of love letters signed "Forrie."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fitted her key to the door of her apartment. Then he materialized a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Triumphal procession through Havana; Coolidge with a speck in his eye. At one point, when he was shrilly cheered by some "painted women," he hurriedly put his hat on.

To Cuba With Cal

Let us hearken to those carefree days when our correspondent went on a gay, bacchanalian expedition to Havana, with a solemn President of the U.S.

By Beverly Smith, Jr.

Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post

Thirty years ago, in January of 1928, I was one of the reporters who accompanied President Calvin Coolidge and his imposing entourage to Havana for the opening of the Pan American Conference. It was my first political assignment, and it turned out to be a lulu.

The six-day junket to Cuba and return had in it elements of pageantry, drama, comedy and farce; of ponderous dignity and unseemly revelry; of silk-hatted diplomacy with a dash of dipsomania. It became, in its latter stages, a large-scale smuggling operation. The whole show took on a special illicit zest because it was conducted under the dour, dead-pan aegis of President Coolidge—Silent Cal, Cautious Cal, austere symbol of the old Puritan virtues, stanch upholder of the Prohibition Amendment.

How much did he know of the high and low jinks which swirled about him? That remains a mystery. Sometimes we seemed to catch a glint of sardonic humor in his eye, but usually he preserved his famed expression of one who had been weaned on a pickle.

It was a strange and wonderful pilgrimage. If I reminisce about it here, and about certain of my own grotesque misadventures en route, it is not entirely because I am falling into my anecdotage. (I have been there for some time.) It is more a matter of escapism. I thought it would be pleasant to take it on the lam for a while, with any readers who want to come along, clean away from our present explosively harassed world and into a simpler and more carefree era. That era, though less than half an average lifetime away, now seems as remote as the moon—as the pre-Sputnik moon, that is.

So, let us shake the atomic dust from our heels, brush the nuclear fallout from our hair, and take off aboard Cal's choo-choo—a real choo-choo, none of your newfangled diesel electrics in those days. And then aboard Cal's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

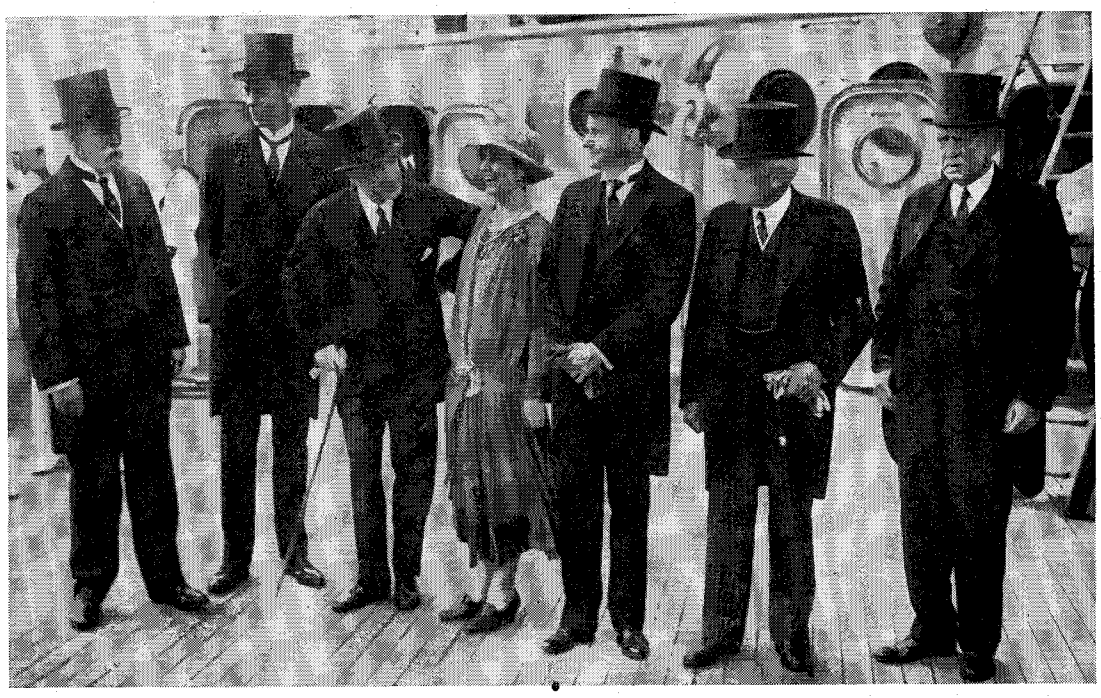
battleship—he was not fool enough to trust himself over 100 miles of blue water in a flying machine.

The skies were untroubled in 1928, at home and abroad. The only thing which seemed to defy the law of gravity was the stock market. True, our national debt was still high, at more than $17,000,000,000, but it was being steadily reduced. Businessmen squawked about taxes, and naturally: even under Cal's economy the Government was spending the huge sum of $2,900,000,000 a year, of which no less than $680,000,000 went to the military. Many thought the latter item excessive, in view of the fact that a major war was unthinkable. Who could start such a war? The army of the German Republic—under good old President Hindenburg—was limited by treaty to 100,000 men. The Japanese navy was limited, by another treaty, to three fifths the strength of ours, and of Britain's. Mussolini was a braggart, but he had made the trains run on time, and was described as "charming" by sympathetic American visitors.

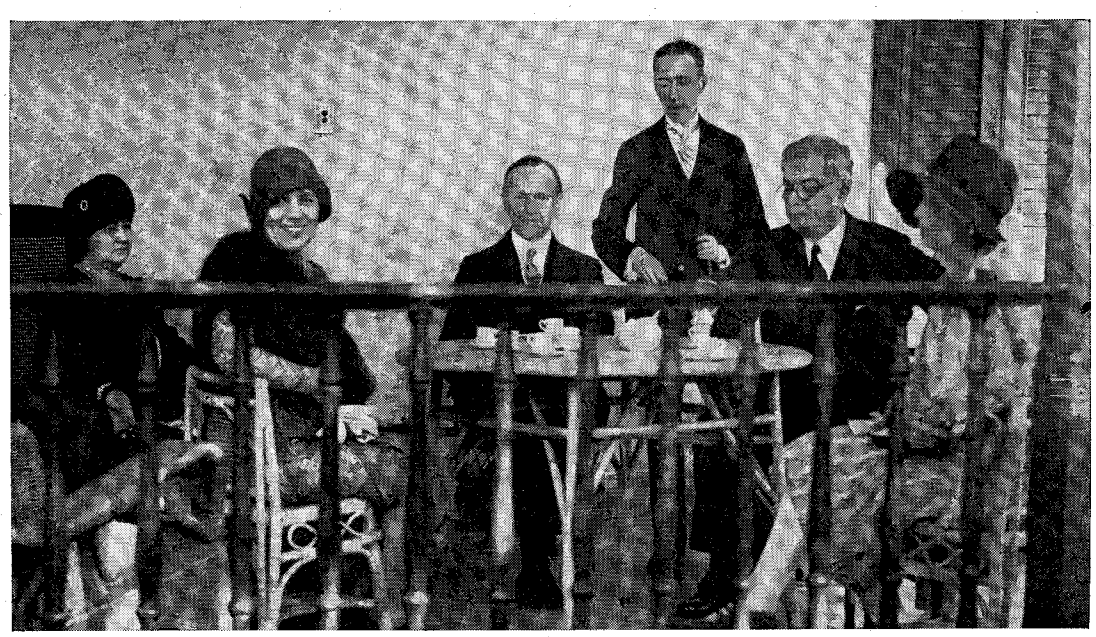
As for Russia, her Communist propaganda was an irritant, but her obsolete navy and poorly equipped army were considered no threat. Russian science and technology were primitive. Besides, as Will Rogers said, "Russia is so poor they don't even know where their next revolution is coming from."

Will Rogers was America's well-loved wit and cowboy philosopher. Not long before the Havana whing-ding—he was there too—Will had visited Russia. He wrote a humorous account of his travels for The Saturday Evening Post. The article was expanded into a book called There's Not a Bathing Suit in Russia, and Other Bare Facts. Generally, Will found Russia in a mess. But he had a shrewd eye, and one thing concerned him: the Russkies, despite their dire poverty, were putting more study into aeronautics than the Americans were. And then he issued this curious warning, which could be endorsed by the Alsops today:

What's needed by Americans, wrote Will, "is to take their spedometer away from them and give them an Alarm Clock. If America don't look out (Continued on Page 76)



Aboard the U.S.S. Texas, from left: Delegation Chairman—later Chief Justice—Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of Navy Curtis D. Wilbur, Ambassador to Italy Henry P. Fletcher, Mrs. Coolidge, the President, Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg, and Delegate James B. Scott. Cal subsequently got good and seasick.



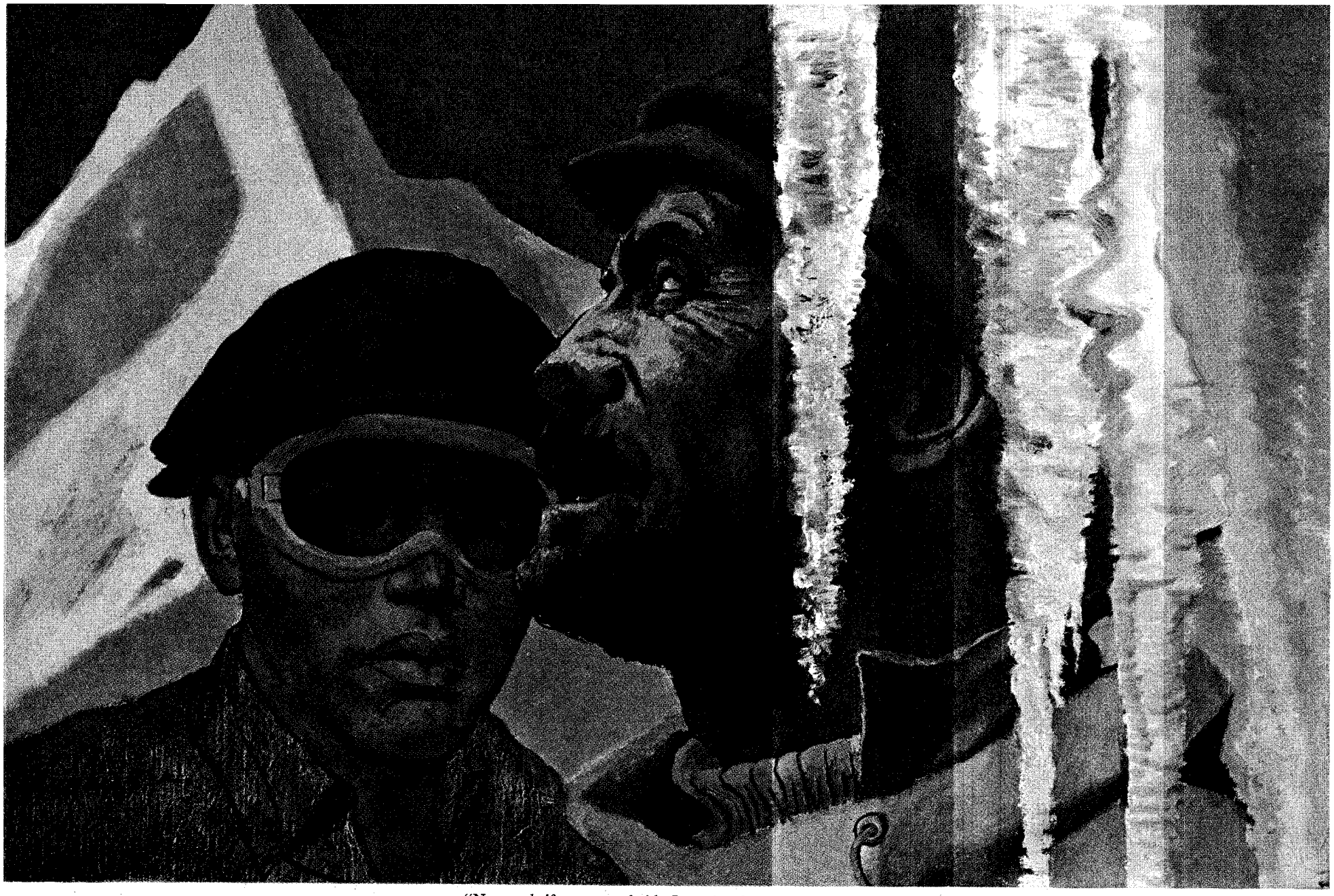
Cal, wearing his usual merry expression, at tea with Cuba's *presidente*. Seated from left: Mrs. Machado, Coolidge, Machado, Mrs. Coolidge. Many of the presidential party, meanwhile, were in town whooping it up.

Will Rogers, said to be "the only American in Cuba except Cal who stuck to soft drinks."

H. L. Mencken. At the Sevilla-Biltmore, with a few drinks under his belt, he announced himself as "unofficial ambassador of ill-will."

Reporter Beverly Smith thirty years ago. For a sample of his '28 writing, see Keeping Posted on page 88.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Namgyal, if you are afraid, I won't ask you to go on," Jan said.

PERILOUS ASCENT

To no other climber did this Himalayan peak offer such an irresistible challenge.

By WILLIAMS FORREST

He stood in the great darkness over the world and in his eyes, and the cold and wind touched his face. He hoped and believed that he was facing north, toward Mount Everest, the top of the world, and toward its attendant mountains, Lhotse and Nuptse. Even if an impenetrable darkness did not prevail, one that would not lift for him with the sun, because he was blind, those ranges would have been invisible from here. He was standing near the tent, under the heights of a smaller range, rising only to sixteen thousand feet, compared to over twenty-nine thousand for Everest, but it was enough to conceal what lay beyond. But what lay beyond was his dream. He did not dream of scaling Everest in fact, but he dreamed of climbing it in fancy. And to do so, he would climb this smaller peak, to discover what men felt like and realized in themselves when they tried the impossible.

He had not been able to sleep. And now when his Sherpa, Phu Namgyal, brought him tea, he could not bear to taste it.

"You must have something," said Phu Namgyal. He spoke mechanically, as if it did not really matter to him.

"I'm sorry," said Jan Cooper, "I can't." He straightened himself. "Is it time?"

"I have the lantern. We must start now. But it is still dark."

Jan wished that his Sherpa did not speak so dispassionately, and with a hint of contempt. He knew well that his peak was not a mighty one; but he also knew that his heart pounded as if it were, and that his soul was as eager as any climber who attempted or succeeded in going to the highest point of the earth. It would have been good to have fine companionship on this enterprise; to feel the close comradeship of those who braved powerful things together. But he knew he could not have it. Even to Phu Namgyal, only eighteen years old, this climb was a mere nothing, a deed for children. Resolutely, Jan closed his mind to such thoughts. If he must, in effect, climb alone, he would.

Phu Namgyal did his work well, if with disdain. He struck (Continued on Page 50)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He's only five feet eight,
but his stupefying shots
and slam-bang style
leave the bean poles gasping.
This is Don Hennon,
Pittsburgh's

Amazing Half Pint

By MYRON COPE

Don Hennon (right), "one of the most intensively trained athletes in America," at home in Wampum, Pa. His father (center), Wampum High's coach, supervises, brother Bill feeds the ball back and sister Janice keeps score.

On a December night last season a crowd of about 7500 persons turned out at Reynolds Coliseum, the home floor of North Carolina State's basketball team, to see their perennially proficient Wolfpack open the season against the University of Pittsburgh. When the Pitt players jogged single file onto the court, they resembled a comb with a broken tooth, for there amid the lean and tall boys trotted one who was broad and short. Standing not quite five-nine and weighing a solid 185 pounds, he looked the very opposite of a modern big-time basketball player.

This small lump of a lad was Don Hennon, from the improbable town of Wampum, Pennsylvania. He had never played in such a majestic arena as the coliseum. In fact, he had never played a college basketball game. Bob Timmons, the Pitt coach, spoke not a word to Don when the chunky sophomore finished his warm-up and wriggled out of his silver satin sweat trousers to take a position in the starting line-up. The game got under way, and Don calmly began to drop long, soft one-handers through the basket from the outside.

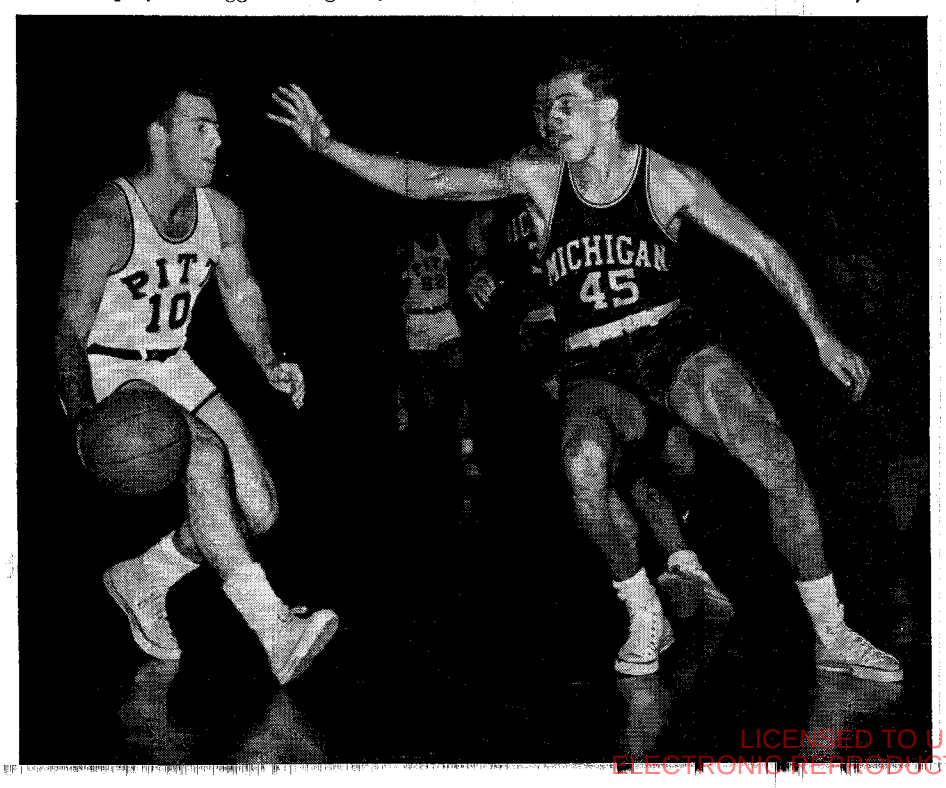
Although North Carolina State won the game, 97–85, it never did stop Don Hennon. At one point in the second half he shot ten straight field goals before missing. By game's end he had scored thirty-four points—all on field goals. He had taken twenty-five shots and hit the mark on seventeen of them.

This was the start of one of the most unusual success stories in college basketball today. Don Hennon is interesting for reasons other than his lack of height. He is the product of a remarkable basketball father and a remarkable basketball town.

When the news of his opening-game performance was flashed back home to Wampum last winter, the townsfolk were elated, but by no means amazed. In Wampum they know their basketball players as the folks in Lexington, Kentucky, know their horses. And Wampum had seen quite enough of Don Hennon—a boy who had outdone Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain in a battle for the Pennsylvania high-school scoring record—to know he would make the college grade in a big way and probably go on to be an All-American. He is already in the running for such recognition as a junior this year.

Wampum perches atop a hill overlooking the Beaver River, some forty miles northwest of Pittsburgh and about fifteen miles from the Ohio line. The town is populated by a breed of basketball fan far (Continued on Page 68)

Hennon (left) barrels down the floor like a small truck, dribbling without a glance at the ball. He plays an aggressive game, but with such control that his foul rate stays low.



In this game with Michigan, Hennon (No. 10) scored 26 points. His average for the first part of this season has been better than 27 points per game.

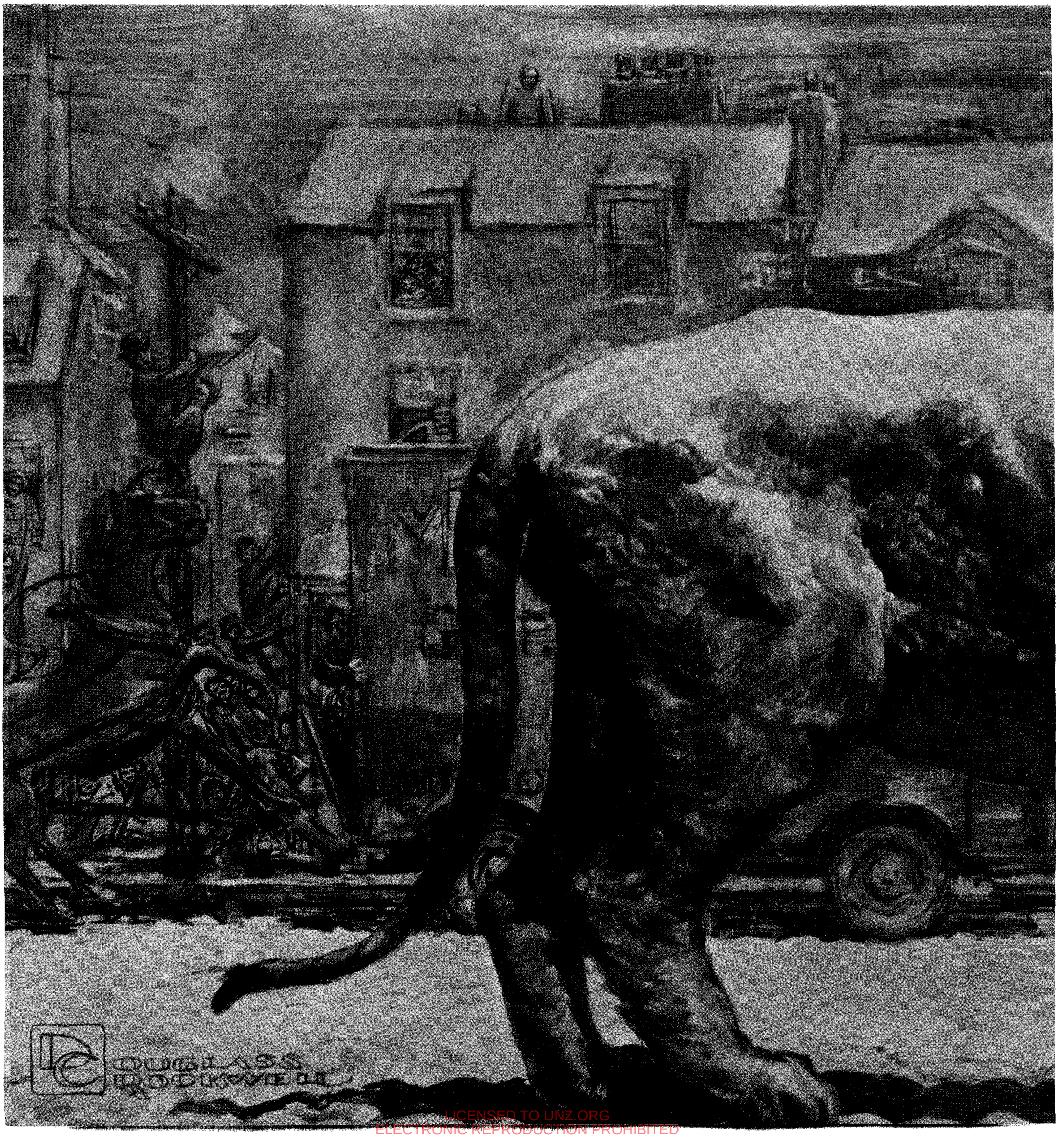
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cruel Cage

The strange story of a captive and his liberator.

By WALTER MACKEN

Illustrated by Douglass Crockwell



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

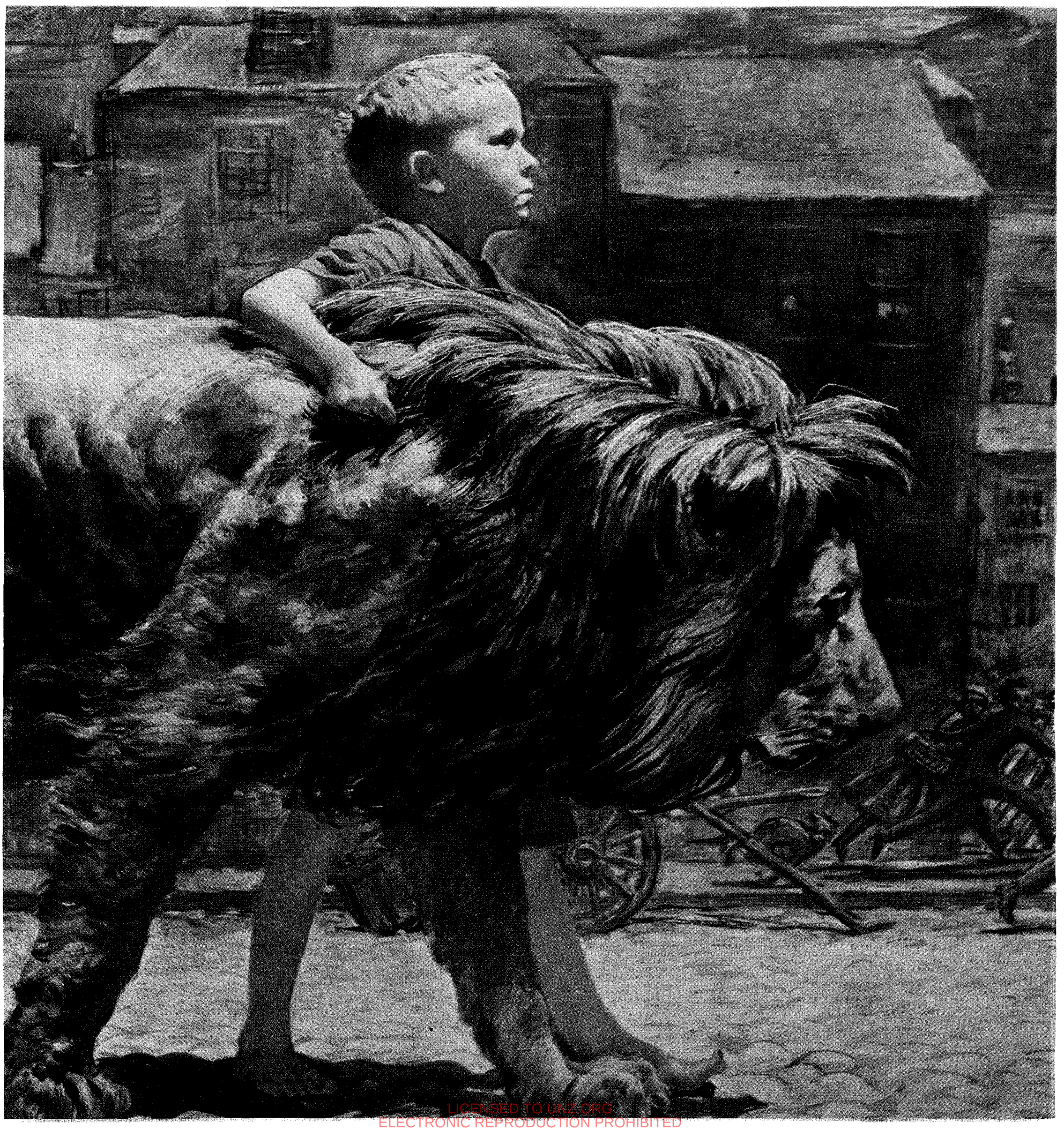
Tim stood patiently at the edge of the small crowd and waited for the appearance of the man he called Putrid in his mind.

He was a young boy. His thin hands were clasped behind his back. He wore short trousers, neatly patched, and a red jersey. He wore no shoes or socks. Anyway, it was the Irish summertime and the dust of the place was warm under his bare feet. This was the third day he had come to watch the feeding of the animals of the circus. It wasn't a big circus. The main tent was only medium size. The garish signs were mottled from the weather. The caravans looked tawdry in the light of day. Tim hadn't been inside to see the circus. He could never raise the price of it, even the matinee, but he came faithfully and watched the feeding, and then stood hopefully outside the tent. But no kind person had as yet cast an eye on him and offered to take him in. The understaffed workers just shooed at him if he got in their way.

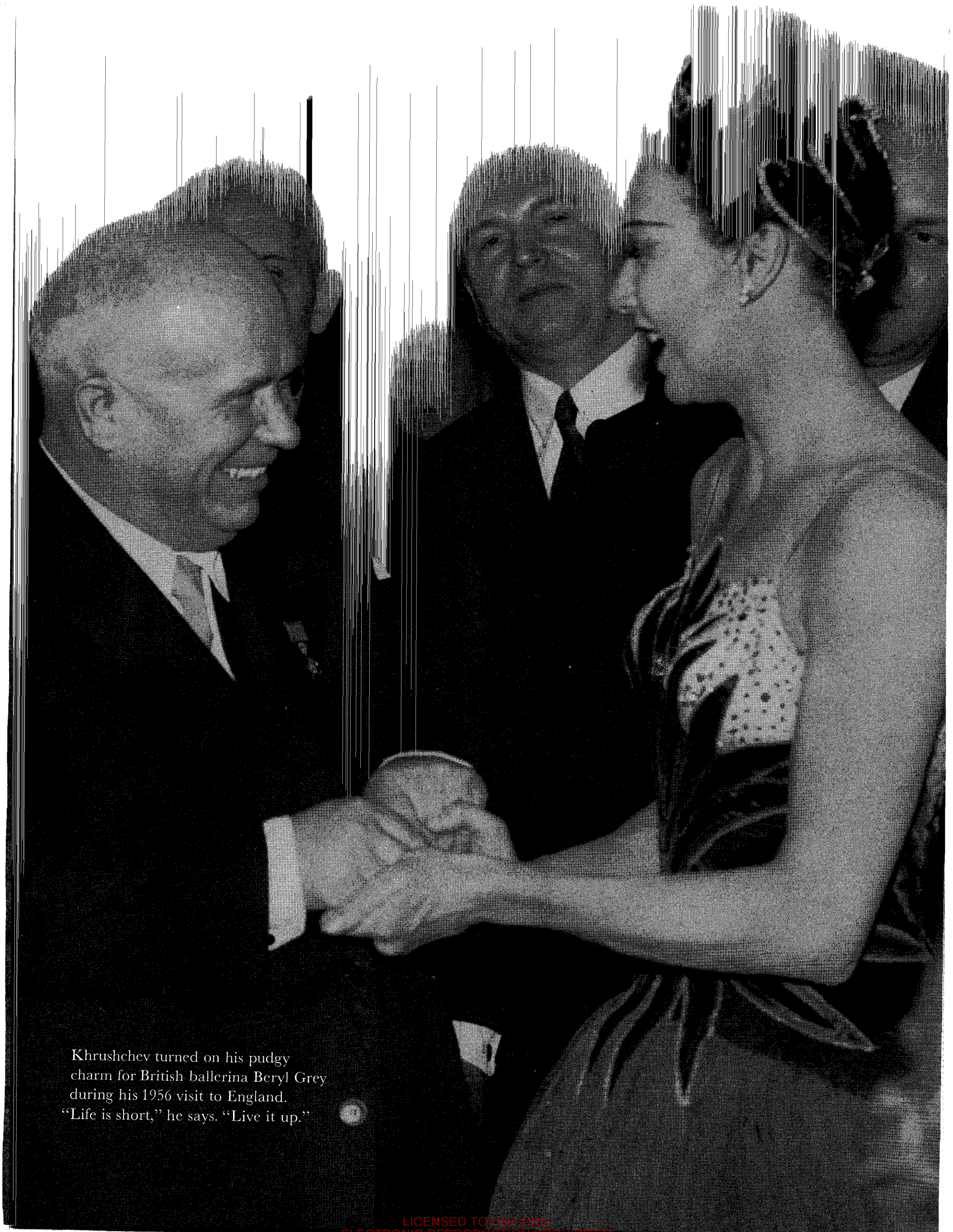
But the feeding of the animals was for free. Anybody could come and watch. It was a small menagerie—just a lioness and a tiger and a few monkeys, and Samson.

Samson was the lion. It was near his cage that Tim always stood. It wasn't a big cage. It barely fitted the body of the lion. Tim felt his own limbs (Continued on Page 74)

Tim walked solemnly on, talking to Samson, almost unconscious of the confusion and upset he was leaving behind him.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Khrushchev turned on his pudgy charm for British ballerina Beryl Grey during his 1956 visit to England. "Life is short," he says. "Live it up."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1933, Moscow subway builders Khrushchev (hand in belt) and Lazar Kaganovich (white hat) were solemn allies. Khrushchev degraded him last summer. Man with goatee is Bulganin.

Today, Khrushchev in public is a "genial, champagne-guzzling tosspot." He doesn't drink as much as legend has it; the "compulsive" drinker is Bulganin (left).

BEHIND KHRUSHCHEV'S SMILE

By STEWART ALSOP

Unlike Hitler and Stalin, this new-style dictator makes jokes about his secret police. By his own bloodthirsty standards, he measures up as a man of virtue.

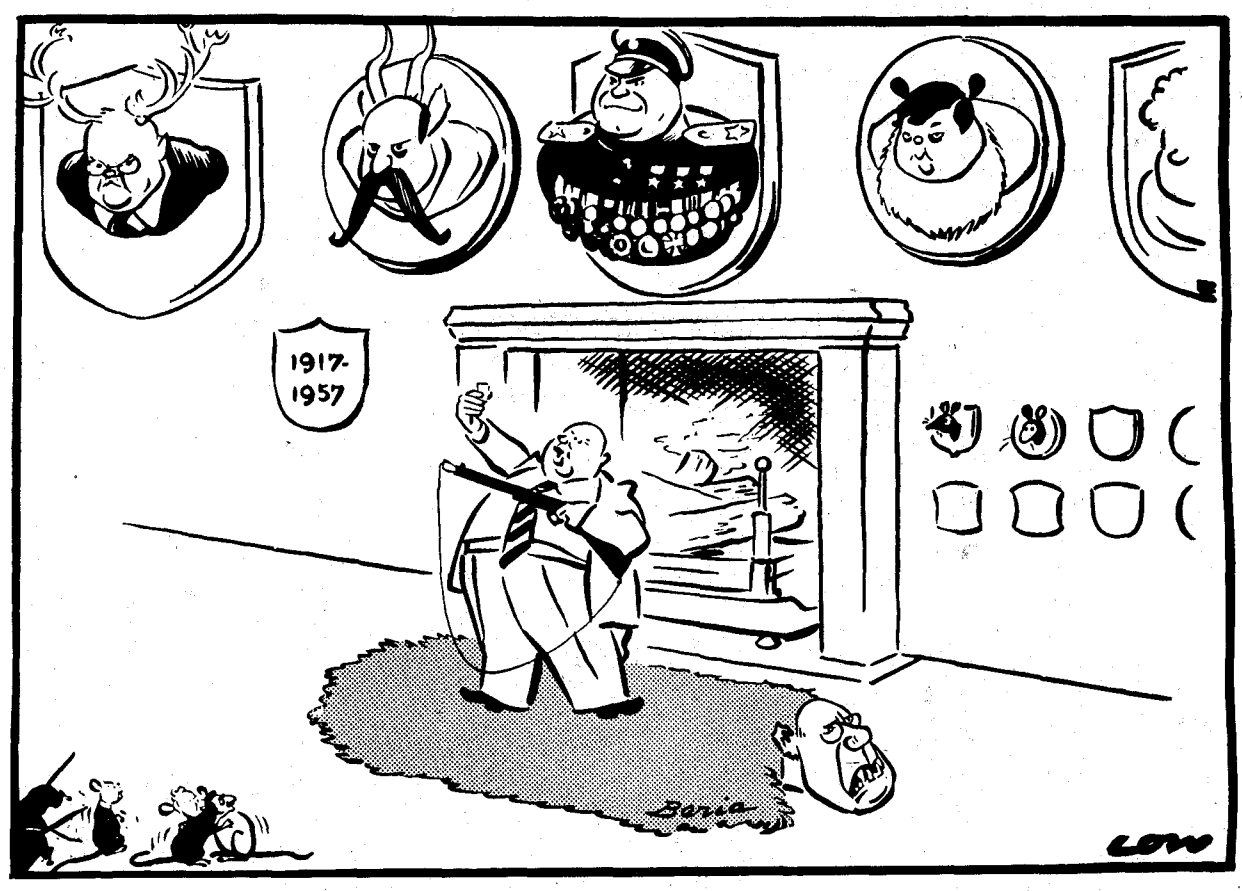
What manner of man is Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev, the bald and jovial miner's son who is heir-apparent to the tyranny of Joseph Stalin? The question is important, since a great deal—perhaps war or peace for the tired world—may depend on the answer.

Most men are like artichokes. As you get to know them better, you peel off layer after layer of character, finding constant subtle changes in taste and texture. Yet even the heart of the artichoke, the innermost man, is recognizably like the outer layer. There are other men—all of us know a few—who show a face to the world quite different from their more private personality. And this, in turn, may conceal an inner, secret nature—the heart of the human artichoke—which is quite different again. Such a man is Nikita Khrushchev.

A couple of years ago, in Moscow, I saw the outer Khrushchev, the genial, champagne-guzzling tosspot with the unpressed trousers and the perpetual grin. Several months ago, my brother, Joseph Alsop, in a long interview with Khrushchev, saw something of the serious, shrewd, immensely able man concealed behind the outer façade. And if you examine his history carefully, it is also possible to glimpse a good deal of the heart of the Khrushchev artichoke, the innermost Khrushchev of all—the daring, passionately ambitious, carefully calculating, bloodstained man who has clawed his way, grinning all the time, through mortal danger and constant betrayal to the very top of the Soviet power heap.

When you have examined these several layers of the Khrushchev personality, you can only conclude that Nikita Khrushchev, however evil his past and uncertain his future, is one of the most remarkable human beings our tortured era has produced. Yet he does not look or seem or behave like a particularly remarkable human being. And that, as we shall see, is one secret of his astonishing career.

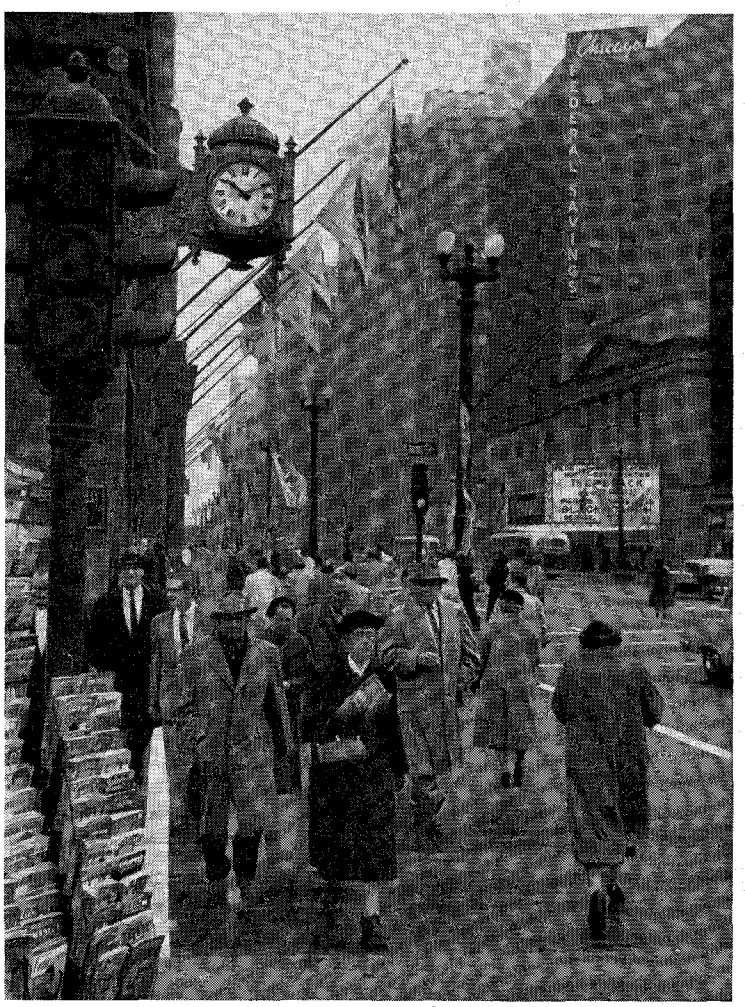
When I was in Moscow all the Soviet rulers were constantly on display. That was the summer of Geneva and (Continued on Page 65)



"TO ANOTHER 40 YEARS OF COMRADESHIP AND UNITY"

The specimens Khrushchev has mounted are, from left, comrades Molotov, Kaganovich, Zhukov, Malenkov and, under foot, Beria. (Cartoon by David Low)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



State Street, Chicago. No longer "Capone town," it wants to be America's greatest city.

Skid road, Chicago. Police (in topcoats) question two men and a girl—Southern "hillbillies" come north for work—on suspicion of burglary.

THE CHANGING MIDWEST

The Boosters and the Eggheads

The author visits two contrasting cities in America's restless heartland—big, booming Chicago and clean, educated Madison, Wisconsin.

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

University of Wisconsin, at Madison, with 16,000 students, is a Midwestern intellectual center.

CONCLUSION

Out on Navy Pier in Chicago last summer they were having a fair, the Chicagoland Fair, and day after day 30,000 people came to gaze at airplane engines and tractors, automatic machinery and milkers, water skiers and boats on the bright blue lake.

Visitors interested in finding a job were invited to enumerate their qualifications; the data were coded on a punch card and fed into a machine, which, after electronic cogitation, informed them which Chicago companies had jobs for them. Two old-fashioned human beings interviewed applicants, too, urging the benefits of working for their company—vacation and holiday pay, retirement plan, life insurance.

High in a building above LaSalle Street, Thomas Coulter, chief executive officer of the Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry, said, "We need one hundred thousand new workers a year. One Chicago company right now is looking for three thousand men."

Coulter, a big man at a big desk, red-haired, ruddy-complexioned, had the air of presiding over Chicago and (Continued on Page 84)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HONOR SYSTEM

By NORMAN KATKOV

His father had committed an unpardonable wrong. Now was the moment to face up to it.

"Last but not least," concluded Harry Lord, who had always been Frank Parisi's lawyer, "there is an interview with the old grad. It's all very casual, yet the impression the alumnus receives of the applicant is as important as any other single factor, so far as admission to the college is concerned. Harvard, Yale, Cabot, Princeton, Dartmouth—it's true of all."

"I've told you all this, dad," said Tommy Parisi uncomfortably. He did not look at all like his father. The boy was tall, thin, spectacled, slightly stoop-shouldered. Frank Parisi was heavy, barrel-chested, with big hands and enormous shoulders.

"I asked Harry to come up and fill me in again," explained Frank Parisi. "I didn't know you were going to be here, Tommy." Frank looked at his lawyer. "Tommy wants Cabot," he added. "Who's the old grad for that college, Harry?"

"John Castleberry, the real-estate man," said Harry Lord.

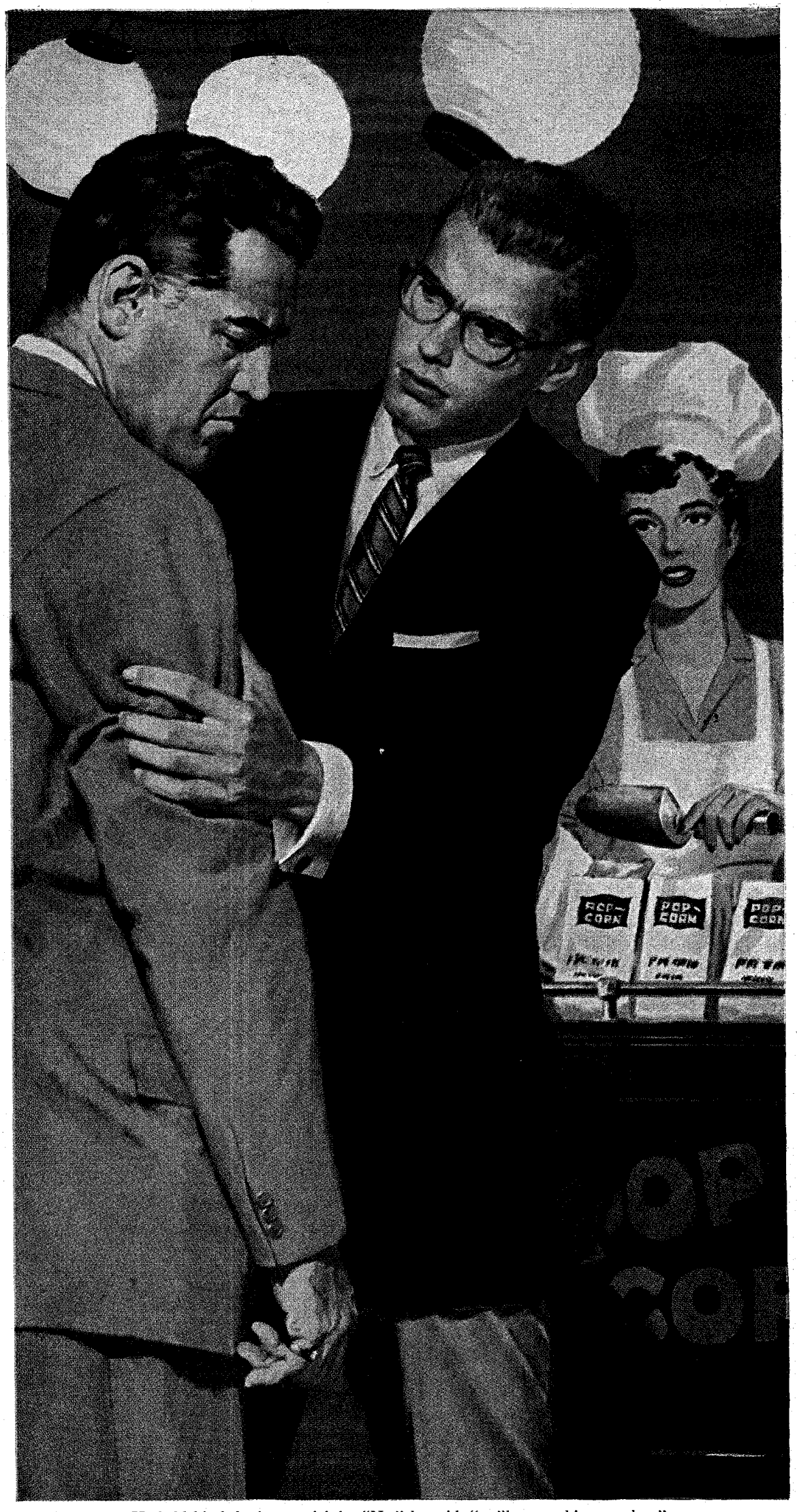
"Dad, I don't want you to ——" Tommy began; but his father said, "Wait. Wait a minute."

Frank Parisi frowned at his son. "What am I doing?" he asked. "Am I doing anything? I'm interested in my boy. Is that wrong?"

Tommy rubbed the arms of his chair. "Well, no," he admitted. "But this business of being accepted at Cabot is —— It's just a natural process, dad. They either accept you or they don't."

"Fine," said Frank Parisi. "Fine. So let's drop it. You didn't come out to the brewery for that anyhow. You came out for trucks. How many will you need?"

Tommy turned to Harry Lord. "Tonight is the Lake Como Teen Dance, the first of the season," he explained. "Helen Weede and I are working at Juvenile City in charge of transportation." (Continued on Page 38)



He held his father's arm tightly. "No," he said, "we'll go see him together."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Secrets From My Mother's Kitchen

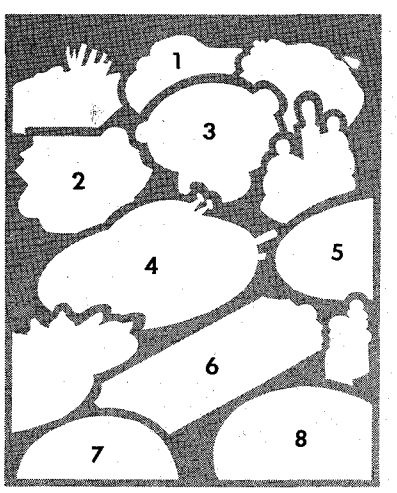
Delicious food brightened the author's boyhood. Here he recalls the succulent masterpieces of his mother's table—and some of her best Jewish recipes.

By SOL FOX

Admirers of my mother's kitchen skills used to say that, when she cooked, the angels sang. We weren't angels, my father, my two brothers and I, but when she served our big meal of the week at Friday dinner, we sang. It is Orthodox-Jewish custom to greet the Sabbath-eve meal with song, and we honored that custom. But, more naturally, we sang because there was simply no other way to express our sheer joy with the delights of her table.

Friday dinner was a lavish meal even in poor times, for God had commanded that we enjoy the fruits of our labor on this last night of the work week before His day of rest. And we did.

Even now, on a Friday afternoon, good things begin to happen to me. My mouth waters. My stomach juices stir. My mind fills with the sound (Continued on Page 72)



1. Chaleh. **2.** Matzos, bialystokers, bagels and rye bread. **3.** Sauerkraut borscht. **4.** Roast chicken. **5.** Chopped chicken livers. **6.** Apple strudel. **7.** Groats. **8.** Gefilte fish.

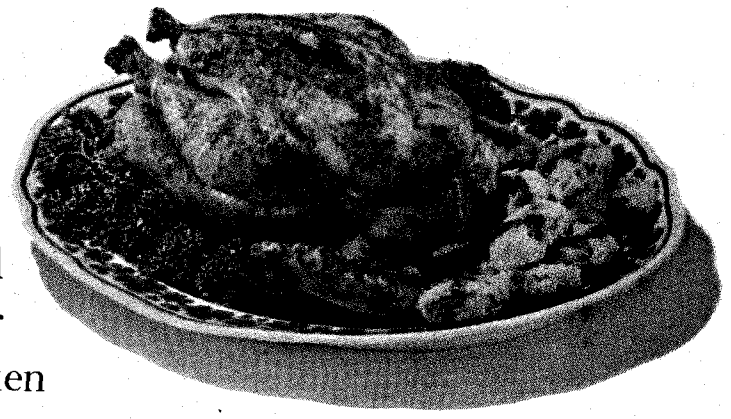
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME FAMOUS JEWISH SPECIALTIES

Knadlach, for Chicken Soup

4 eggs
5 tablespoons matzo meal
½ teaspoon salt

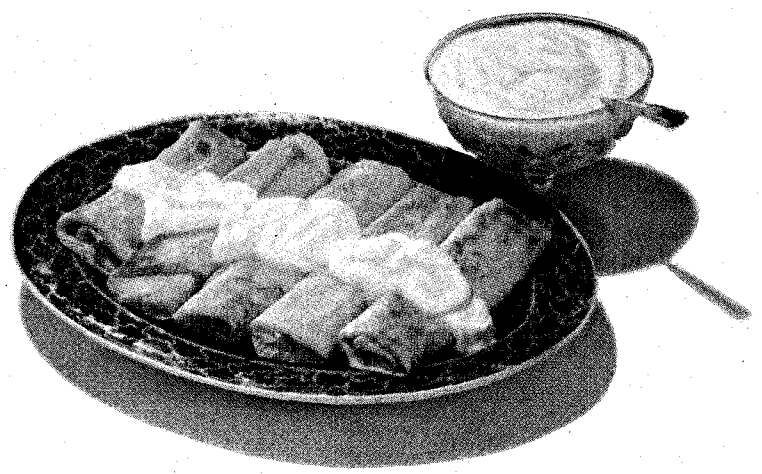
Fold beaten yolks of the four eggs into stiffened whites. Add salt, then slowly fold in matzo meal. Chill mixture for three hours. Wet hands, form batter into plum-sized balls and drop into chicken soup, which has been brought to a boil. Reduce to low flame and cook knadlach in soup for 45 minutes. Serve two knadlach to each of four bowls of soup.



Matzo Meal Dressing for Roast Chicken

3 eggs
½ cup matzo meal
3 tablespoons shmaltz
1 small onion
¾ cup water
1 sprig parsley
1 teaspoon grated carrot
1 teaspoon salt

Dice the onion and brown in the shmaltz. Beat yolks and whites separately and blend. Fold in the matzo meal. Add onion and its fat with the water, carrot, parsley and salt. Stir thoroughly and pour into chicken cavity, sewing all skin openings to seal it. Dressing shouldn't fill cavity because it will expand while chicken roasts for about two hours, or until tender. Baste every half hour and turn chicken once after first hour. A five-pound chicken serves five.



Blintzes

1 cup flour
⅔ cup water
3 eggs
1 pound pot cheese
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
salt

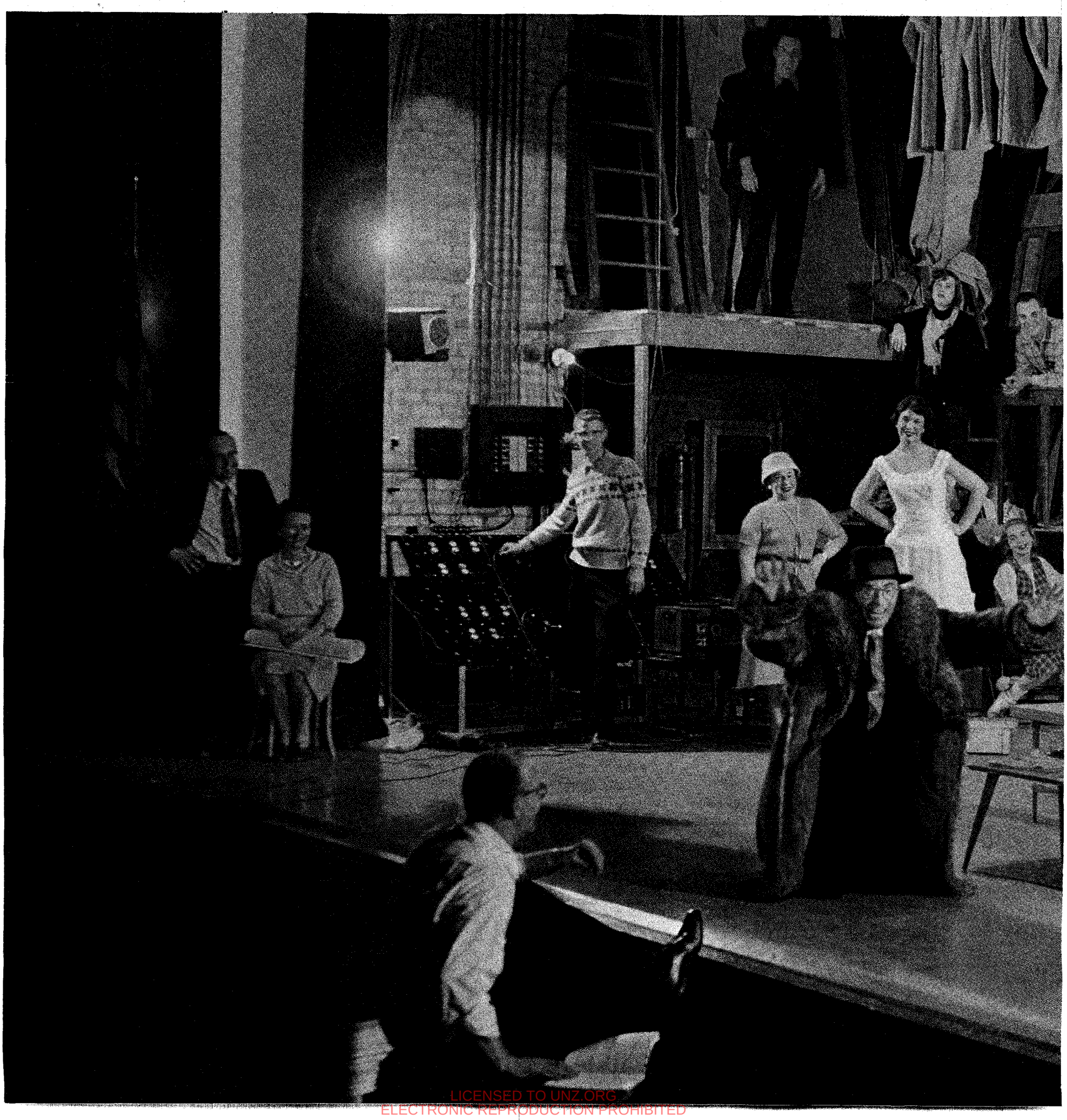
To make filling, mix one egg and the pot cheese with the cinnamon, sugar, vanilla and a pinch of salt, stirred to crumbly consistency. To make wrappers, beat two eggs lightly and add to cup of flour with pinch of salt and sugar. Add ⅔ cup of water slowly and stir to make smooth batter. Pour four tablespoons of batter from a cup onto hot greased skillet—about ten inches in diameter—over low flame. Remove to working surface after two minutes. Should yield twelve wrappers. Spoon filling into center of each wrapper and fold lightly into flat rolls closed at either end. Fry filled blintzes in butter or preferred grease over low flame until golden brown. Serve with sour cream.

Photographs by George Lazarnick

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

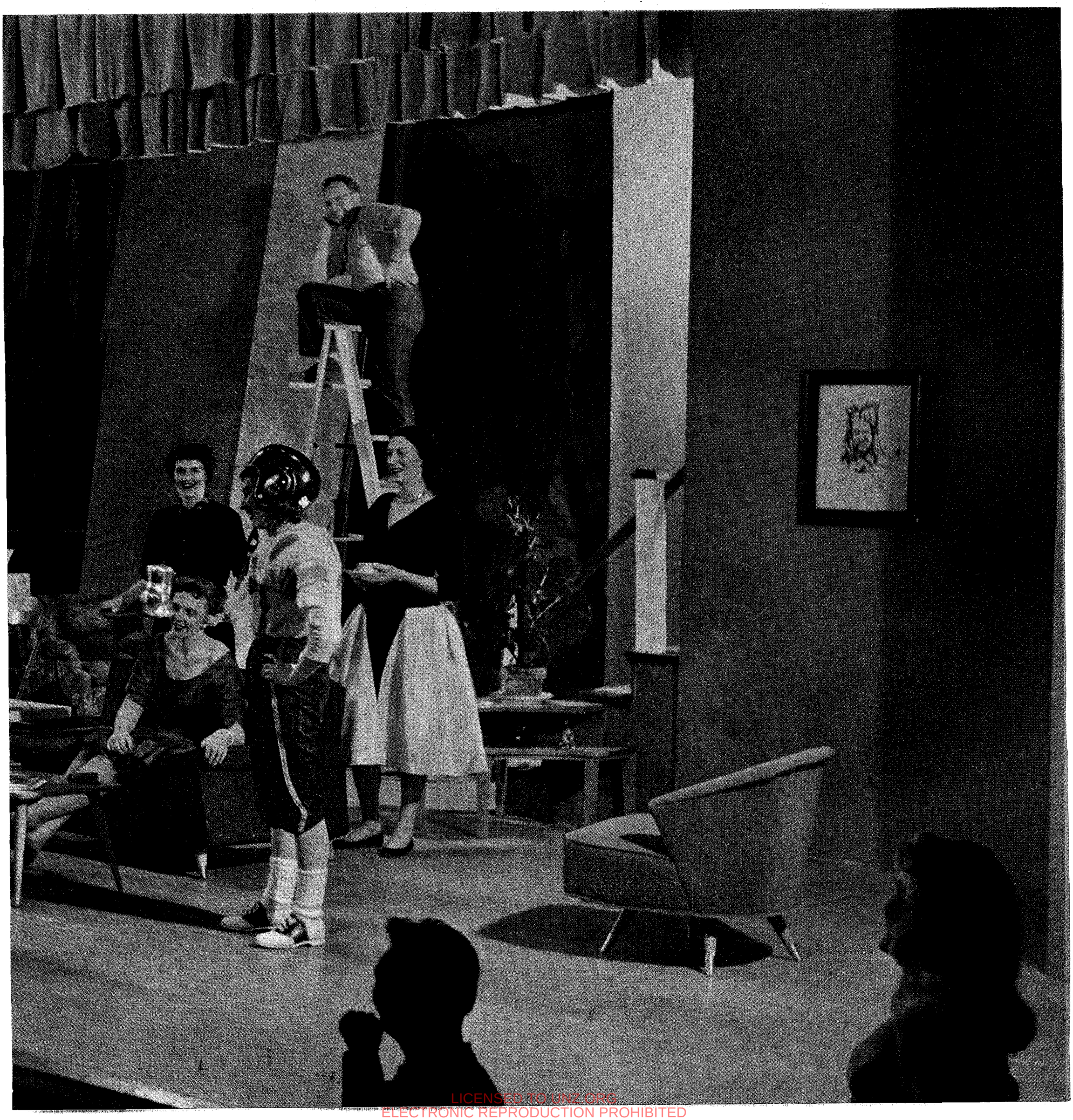
The Face of AMERICA

The Amateurs



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's no business like show business, and the amateurs get a kick out of it too. Nowadays Broadway's annual 60 to 70 productions hardly show up in the total: over 2000 community theater groups across the country put on nearly 10,000 plays a year. A typical group is the Palatine Players, of Palatine, Illinois (population about 8000),—students, lawyers, housewives, teachers, salesmen; neighbors from all walks of life. Here you see a rehearsal last spring of Time Out for Ginger, a show which failed to impress the New York critics back in 1952 but which has been delighting home-town audiences ever since. Of course, the amateurs like smash hits too. Right now the Palatinates are rehearsing a big one, Teahouse of the August Moon, for a March 15 opening. • Photograph by John Burns



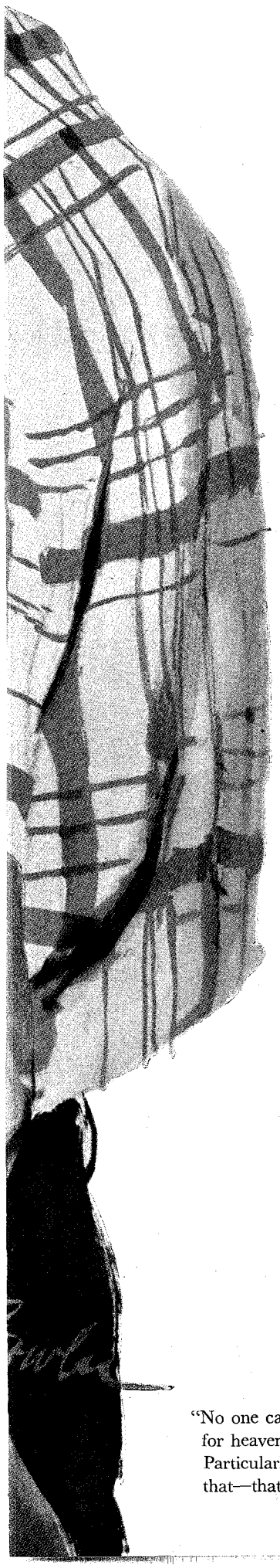
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By STEVE McNEIL

The Girl Who Took Sun Baths

She was going to make the pilot pay for being a Peeping Tom . . .



"No one can stop people from looking, for heaven's sake. Particularly when you're running around in that—that ——" He waggled a hand at her.

He was a tall and somewhat gaunt young man with unruly hair and gray eyes, and the resolute expression of a man who had looked trouble in the eye so many times that it now seemed almost routine. The man with him was short, dark, with the same sort of gray eyes, a butch haircut, and an elfish expression stemming from a refusal to worry about anything.

The tall young man, whose name was Melvin Jenkins, pulled into a parking space behind a building which was shingled, unpainted, had unwashed windows and a sign, "County Airways, Inc."

To the left of the office were a number of small hangars housing aircraft of various types. Out on the line were several other aircraft, partially owned by County Airways, Inc., partially owned by various banks. There were two crop-dusting airplanes which had had their power thoughtfully doubled, four small trainers, a helicopter and a four-place job with retractable gear, butterfly tail, a full panel and plush upholstery. This airplane was used mainly for charter.

Melvin cut his engine and turned to his passenger, Pete Lowry. "I thought the guy was real nice, didn't you, Pete?"

Pete nodded. "For a banker. I thought I detected a gleam of sympathy in one eye. It may have been the light shining on his bifocals, though."

"Well, he gave us an extension on our note. That's what we asked. He couldn't do any more than that."

"He couldn't do anything else."

"He could take our airplanes, you featherhead."

"Which he needs the way I need bronchitis."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. Well, we have sixty days, and we got those dusting and spraying jobs coming up. The weather's improving, so we ought to start selling some time before long. Or some charter jobs will show up. Tourists will want to go here and there—I hope."

"Mel, have you ever thought of buying into a service station?"

"A service station? No. Why?"

"Why! Because one guy I know is making over four hundred bucks a month in a service station. Because I can't even get my laundry from Lee Fong without greasing his hot little palm with seven-eighty-six which I owe him for the last two months. Because we gotta pull the engine on Number Two before it'll dust even my aunt's petunias, because the price of hamburger went up two cents yesterday, that's why."

"Things will get better, now that the weather's improving, Pete. We'll sell more gasoline, our shopwork will pick up. We'll probably get some fish-spotting jobs for the chopper. It's just that we've had to sweat out the winter. Everything's better in the spring."

"You believe that, don't you?"

"Certainly. You know what my mother used to say?"

"No, what did your mother used to say?"

"It was a quotation from some joker. I can't remember his name. 'You have to believe in happiness, or happiness never comes. Ah, that's the reason a bird can sing—on his darkest day he believes in Spring.'"

"Holy Hannah!" Pete said.

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

"In the first place, all some dopey bird has to think about is flying north where the worms have grown fat all winter. And in the second place, how does this guy know why the bird can sing? And in the third place, what's that got to do with airplanes? Now me, I'll settle for our little sun bather. She's back, you know."

Melvin frowned. "I don't think it's very nice of you to be spying on her, Pete."

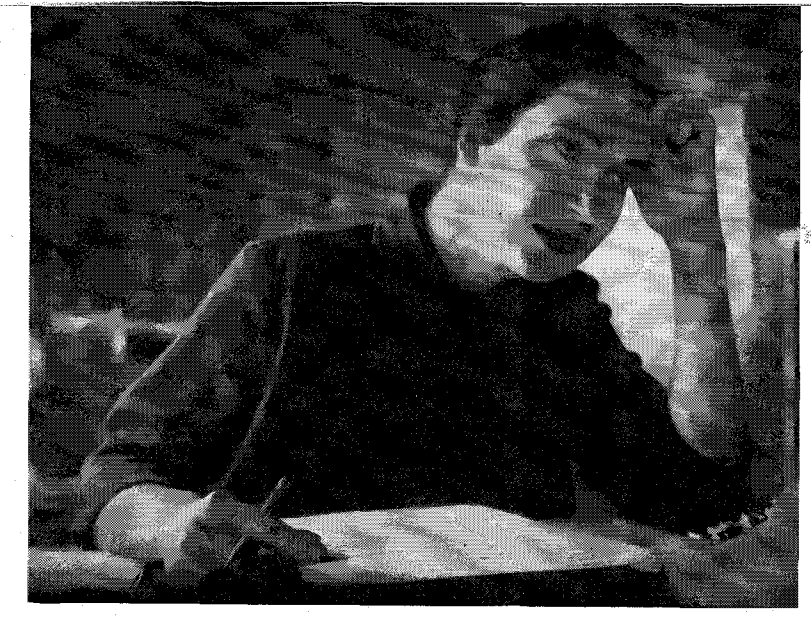
"Who's spying? Can I help it if she lives just half a mile off the end of the runway? I have to look down to see how far I'm off the ground, don't I?"

"You could," Melvin said severely, "use your altimeter."

(Continued on Page 57)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

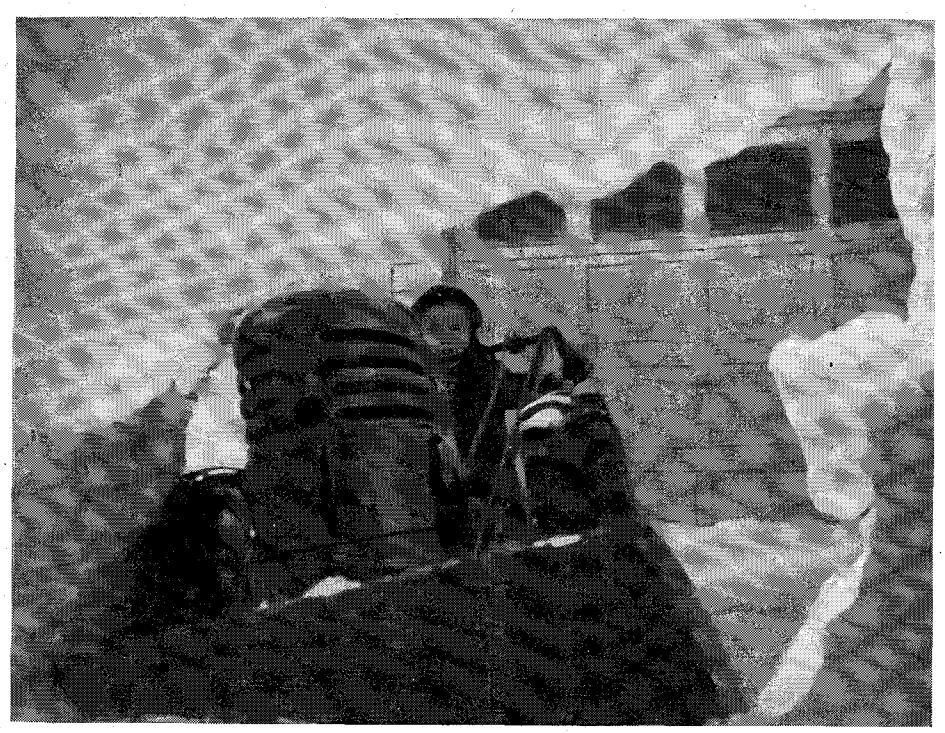


The author. "If you're going to be happy living in the country, don't fret because it's different from the city. It's different, of course, but not worse."

ROUGH ROAD HOME

The first winter, Melissa bore the child of her dead husband and almost lost an older child in a blizzard. Then with spring came another menace: Fire.

By MELISSA MATHER AMBROS



Sometimes, in the fierce Vermont blizzards, the snow drifts higher than the tops of the windows. Longin took this picture of Kitty behind the tractor-plow he used to dig out the garage.

On a farm with a herd of 15, the arrival of a new cow is a grand event. This one stumbled but rose quickly, unhurt.

Chris and Kitty attend this grade school in the village of Four Corners. It has four classrooms and four teachers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PART THREE

All of a sudden, everything was gone. Our guests ceased coming. The birds, assembling in great chattering battalions, got their orders to move out. The leaves vanished and the world looked swept bare, like a house someone has moved out of.

Clifford put his milking cows in his barn to stay. "I don't like 'em out during hunting season anyway," he said. "Somebody might take 'em for a deer."

Longin and I laughed, the uninformed laugh of newcomers.

"You think nobody would shoot 'em for a deer?" Clifford puffed comfortably on his pipe. "Why, a feller in New Hampshire painted his, last year." Puff, puff. "C-O-W, he painted on their sides. Big letters, a couple of feet high. He'd got tired, he said, of having his cows shot."

"They don't even have to look like a deer," Vivian said. "Remember the time your brother had that old car in his dooryard, and he'd draped that bearskin rug over the motor, and a car drove up and two city fellers got out and blazed away?"

"Maybe they were hunting bear," Clifford said with the air of a man who is fair-minded and doesn't care who knows it. "It sure ruined the radiator of that car." Puff. Puff.

Longin and I walked back up the hill, warmed and delighted to have been offered a joke about "city fellers."

"You know something?" I said. "Cows are really amazing creatures."

"Sure they are."

"No, but they really are," I insisted. "You know what Vivian told me? She told me that those cows they are milking now, those same cows are growing calves. At the same time!"

Longin stared at me. "Well, naturally," he said.

"Naturally, nothing," I said. "That's more than a woman can do. Carry a baby and nurse one, I mean. I'm impressed."

"You would be even more impressed by German cows," Longin said. "There they make calves, give milk, and pull the plow."

"Oh," I said uneasily, "that's too much."

We turned in at our own lane.

"How much did you pay for that field?" He pointed to the wedge-shaped field between the road and the stone wall.

"Two hundred dollars." I went on hurriedly, "I know it's too much, it's frightfully high, but the man who owned the place at the top of the hill was selling and I didn't know what sort of people would be buying and, gosh, what if they decided to keep pigs there, or something?"

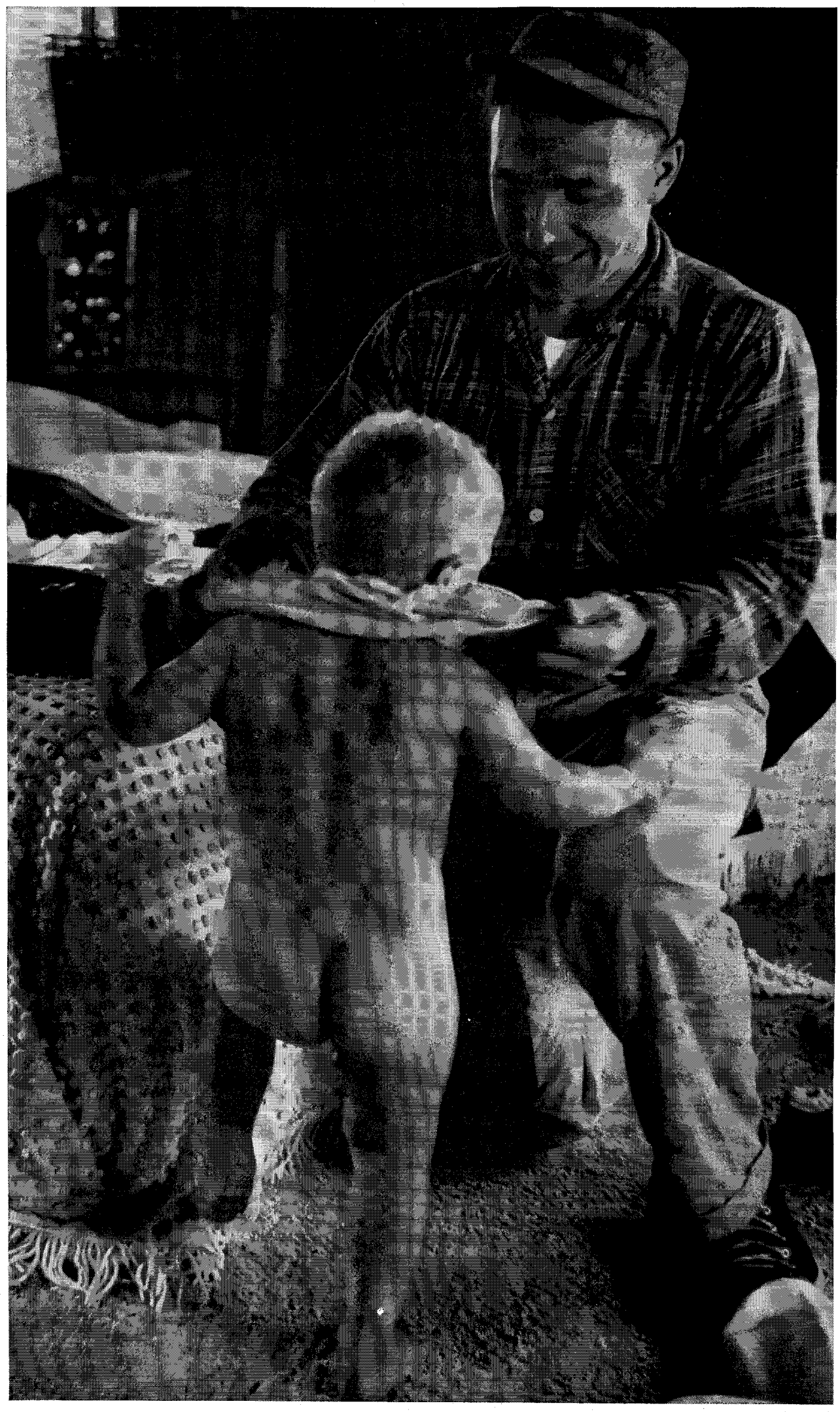
He stared at the hardhack and ferns that betrayed the sourness of the soil. "We better get some use out of it, then. Up there we plant apple trees, and down here, we grow vegetables. We fix up the soil. If I plow now, the winter will help kill the weeds."

"We fix up the soil," he'd said. There was that "we" again, and still I had not had the courage to ask him, "How long can you stay?"

So Longin borrowed Clifford's tractor and plow, and on the thirty-first of October he plowed all that was level enough, nearly an acre. And the next day, Chris' birthday, it snowed.

I don't know why it is, but birthdays in our house start out with a deceptive air of peace, but before the (Continued on Page 80)

Copyright © 1958 by Melissa Mather Ambros



Two-year-old Theodore, younger of Melissa's and Longin's two children, is readied for bed by his father, who married Melissa in the spring of 1953. All together, there are seven children in the family.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

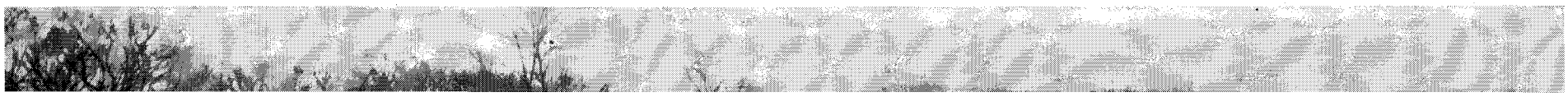
As superintendent, the author is successor to Robert E. Lee, Douglas MacArthur, Maxwell Taylor, and 40 other officers.

The general and his wife muster their own offspring on the steps of the superintendent's quarters. From left: the two-year-old twins, Bonnie and Gail; Linda, Gary, Skip and Tom.

I HAVE 2500 SONS

By LT. GEN. GARRISON H. DAVIDSON, U.S.A., as told to Roul Tunley

West Point cadets are one part military and one part mischief, their superintendent declares. Riding herd on this corps gives him plenty of tips on raising his own three boys.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

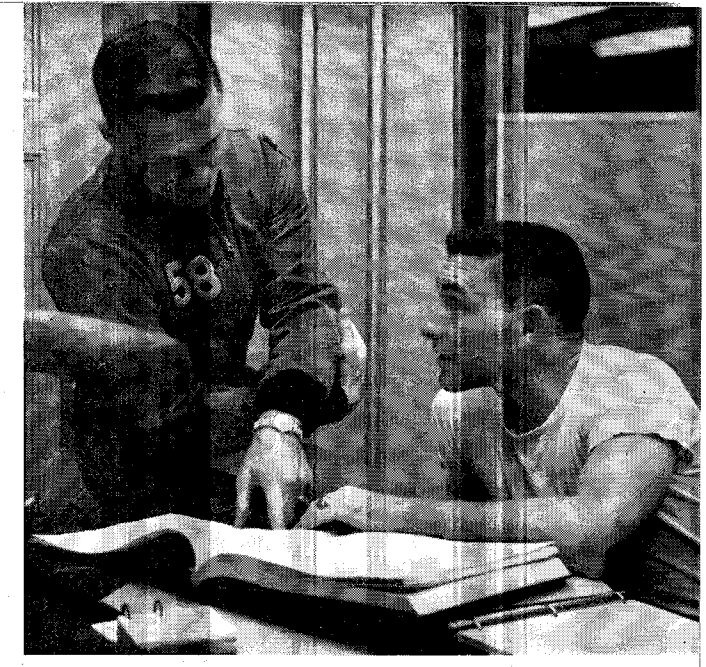
Photographs by George Burns

Two summers ago I had an experience few fathers have. My family was suddenly increased by some 2496 members. I became Superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point.

As father of three boys of my own, I was not exactly innocent of the problems of raising a teen-ager. The job can be formidable, as quite a few parents will testify. I therefore approached my new family with some trepidation. To my surprise, the task was simpler than I had anticipated. I had expected that the lessons learned in bringing up three teen-age boys would help me in dealing with the cadets, but I did not realize that the cadets would be even more useful in helping me deal with my own family. I began to see the latter in something of a new light. West Point's strategic location on the heights above the Hudson, I found, is also an excellent vantage point from which to study the foibles and follies of the young.

You may feel that calling myself "father" to a corps of disciplined and highly trained cadets is stretching the parent role a bit. Actually, it isn't. I am directly responsible for the amount of food they eat (4600 calories a day), the hour they are in bed (10:15 P.M.), the exercise they receive (plenty), the kind of clothes they wear, the place where they may smoke a cigarette, even the number of dates they may have in a school year. In a very real sense, I have more control over them than I have over my own sons, now aged fifteen, twenty-one and twenty-two respectively.

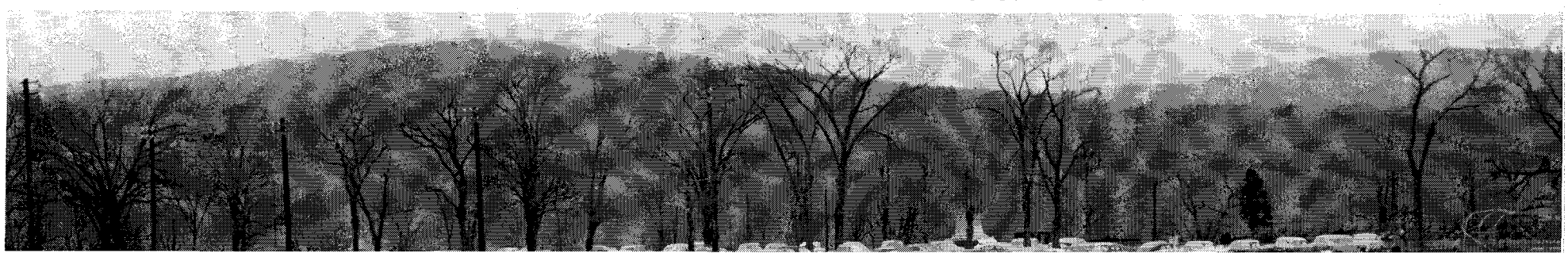
On the surface, my cadet family is a model of behavior. Almost (Continued on Page 48)



Roommates Reginald Seiler (left) of Monroe, La., and Robert Durkin of Youngstown, Ohio, are honor students. Durkin, as Brigade Commander, is the academy's top-ranking cadet.

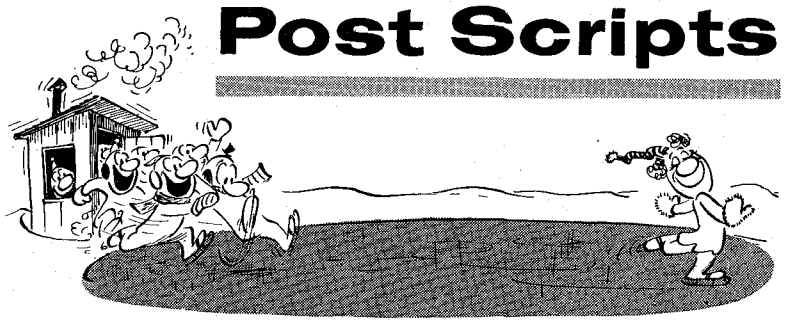
If a cadet's "drag" balks under Kissing Rock, tradition says West Point's walls will crumble. Ethel Merle-Smith here helps Clyde Brown keep the masonry intact.

Full-dress parade: "Beneath those smart gray tunics," says the author, "are the souls of high-spirited college boys."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts



Sad Dad

Junior's got the car tonight,
TV's out of kilter,
Shelf my wife's been wanting,
I've already built her.
No work at the office,
Poker pals away—
Not a single darned excuse
For missing P.T.A.!

S. OMAR BARKER

Passages From Books I Wonder Why I Read

. . . and, as a silence seemed to settle over the entire valley, Cowboy Pete, astride his horse, White Streak, rode slowly into the amethyst-colored burst of the distant sunset, his ——

. . . such a statement assumes even more importance when one stops to consider that this introduction to cultural anthropology is ——

. . . as Henrietta stood at the edge of the cliff, the wind whipping her raven hair, she viewed the angry waves which slapped savagely against the shore far beneath her. She tried desperately to fight the feeling of being drawn to the cruel arms of the sea ——

. . . Lady Gwendolyn's eyes were filled with compassion as she looked at Sir Gallant. "Hadst I but known, Sir Gallant," she said, "I would have warned thee of the danger which lurked outside the castle."

"Ah, my lady fair," Sir Gallant said, "hadst thou ——"

. . . blood seemed to freeze in her veins as she realized that the man who had emerged from the stagecoach was Dan Redford, the notorious gunfighter. Cindy Lou knew that Luke Barston hated Jim Atkins, but she had never dreamed that Luke would go so far as to hire a ——

. . . and, furthermore, the apogee of the trajectory of a rocket leaving the earth with a velocity of ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

"I'm in the driveway, enjoying some gracious suburban living."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My Objection to Games of Chance

What've I got agin 'em?
I never win 'em!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Time

What some agree on,
Some are shy on,
A few will be on,
A lot'll buy on.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

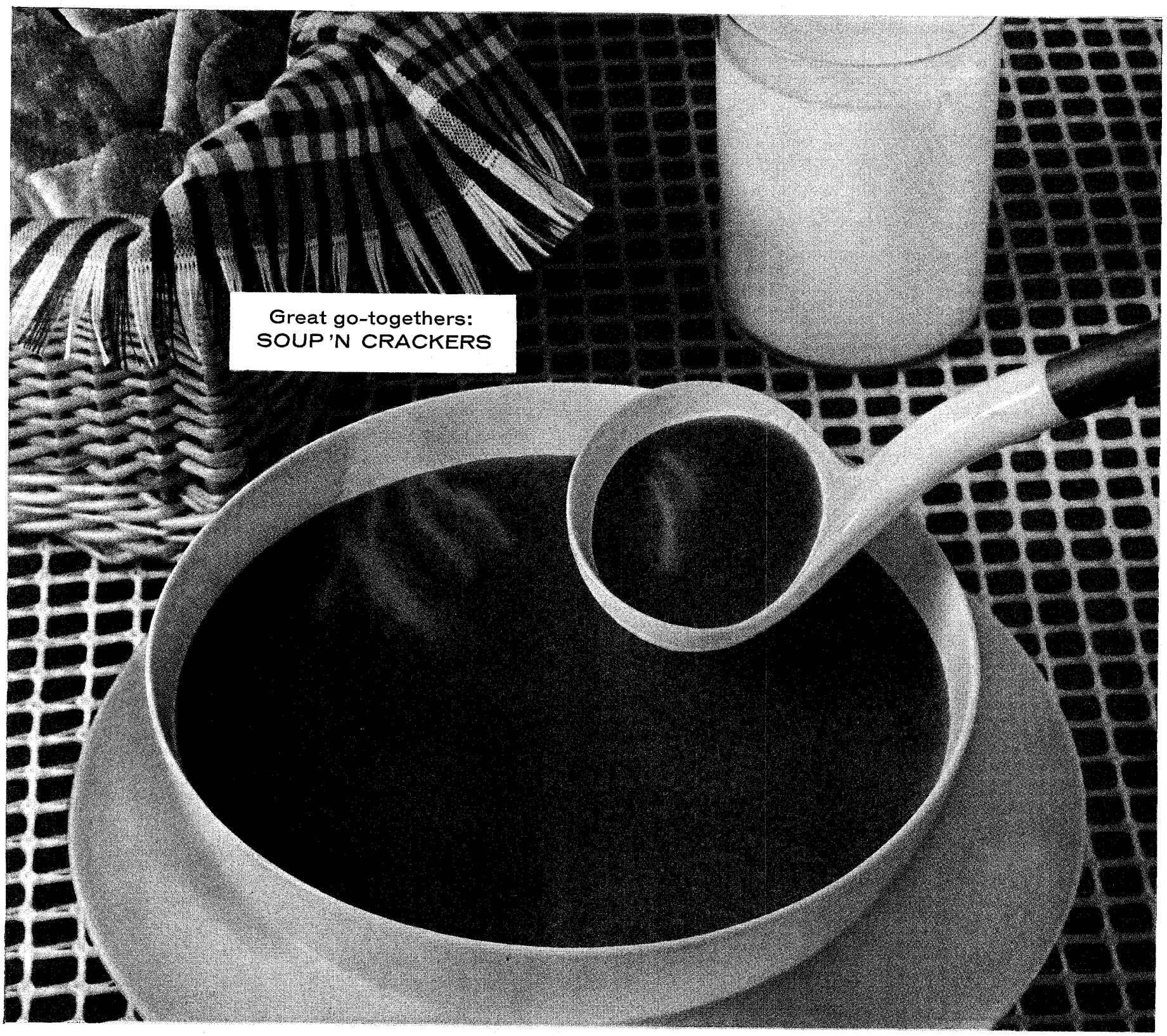
"It sure got cold during the night."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I could have told you it wouldn't do any good to argue with the conductor."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Have you had your soup today?

MORNING. Wake 'em up—warm 'em up—add a bowlful of their favorite soup to breakfast. That's a quick and easy way to give your children get-up-and-go. Especially that souper-favorite—Tomato Soup!

NOON. Good, warming soup, (M'm! M'm! Good!) with crisp salty crackers on the side. Make it Campbell's Tomato Soup . . . *delicious* with the fresh, right-off-the-vine flavor of the famous Campbell Tomato.

NIGHT. Campbell's Tomato Soup starts off any meal with the pleasantest things you can think of: warmth and cheer—bright tomato flavor (nobody can match that Campbell Tomato flavor) . . . and nourishment.

M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good! Gives you vitamins, proteins—minerals, too!

So . . . once a day . . . every day . . . Soup— *Campbell's*, of course!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Honor System (Continued from Page 25)

To his father he said, "I don't know yet, dad. I've got to call Helen at eleven o'clock. She'll have the number of kids who want rides."

"We'll get you whatever you need," Frank promised. "You tell Joe Varrone in the garage I said whatever you need."

"Thanks, dad," said Tommy, getting out of his chair. "Good-by, Mr. Lord," he said, shaking hands with the lawyer.

When the boy was gone, Harry Lord said, "He's a nice lad, Frank."

Frank Parisi touched his chest with his forefinger. "I know he's a nice boy, Harry. You know he's a nice boy. Who else knows?"

"Frank, you're being foolish."

"Foolish?" Frank Parisi asked. "You think so?" He pushed himself back from the desk and reached down to pick up the newspapers at his feet. "You haven't seen these," Frank said. "You heard the kid. He's spending the summer working at the Settlement House down on the Flats. So when I read about this big summer program in town, I went down to their headquarters, this Juvenile City on Fifth Street. 'I'm in the beer business,' I told them. 'I got trucks. You need transportation to take the kids to ball games, to museums, I'll furnish the transportation.' Also, I gave them a check."

Frank brought his fist down on the papers. "So here is what the newspapers make of it," he said. "They bring it up that I'm an ex-con. I'm working angles, they say. Me, who hasn't even had a parking ticket since the day Tommy was born. I swore on his mother's grave I would never shame that boy."

"It's a dirty deal, Frank," said the lawyer.

Frank Parisi shook his head. "I don't care about me. They can't hurt me. It's Tommy. Why didn't they talk to Tommy in Connecticut where the prep school is?" he demanded. "Who knows me in Connecticut? Why do they have to get my son here in St. Paul where half the people in town used to buy booze from me?"

"First of all," explained Harry Lord, "it isn't 'they' who will talk to Tommy. It's he. John Castleberry. Second, the alumnus wants to see the boy at home, Frank. That makes sense."

"Like twenty years to life, that's the kind of sense it makes," said Frank. He made fists of his hands. "Here's two kids," he continued. "Smart kids. Popular kids. Nice kids." Suddenly Frank opened his right fist. "Number One," he announced. "His father was graduated from the college. Harvard, Cabot, like that. Also his grandfather graduated from the college. His great-grandfather."

Now Frank Parisi opened his left fist. "Number Two," he continued. "Same kind of kid as Number One. His grandfather and great-grandfather, they never even saw this country. His father—well, his father graduated, too, but from a different kind of place. From prison, you get me? Leavenworth. Which kid are they going to take, Harry?"

The lawyer studied his old friend. "With Tommy's record in prep school," he said, "and with his score in the college boards, I think he can make it on his own. A word of advice, Frank: don't interfere. I don't think Tommy would like it if you interfered."

"One, maybe I'm not going to interfere," said Frank. "Two, who's going to know if I interfere?"

"Not I," said Harry Lord, going to the door. "I've got a client coming."

"Thanks for filling me in, Harry," said Frank Parisi. The lawyer was almost at the door when Frank said, "That girl Tommy mentioned—that Helen Weede. Is that ——"

"Philip Weede's daughter," said Harry Lord.

"The ex-con's son and the banker's daughter," said Frank Parisi. "See, Harry, that's the life I want for him."

For a long, long time after Harry Lord was gone, Frank Parisi sat motionless behind the desk. Then he reached into his pocket for his wallet. He put the wallet on the desk and opened it. He looked at the picture of the young woman in the wallet, the lovely young woman who had died when Tommy Parisi was three years old.

"I just want the best for him, honey," he said to the picture. "I want him to have what he deserves, not what I deserve."

With the wallet there before him, Frank Parisi dialed the phone. "Police," he said.

When the police answered, he said, "Press room," and when, in the press room on the second floor of police headquarters on the edge of the business district, Oscar Lewis, of the News, said, "Lewis," Frank Parisi said, "How are you, Ozzie? It's Frank Parisi."

"Frank, is it really you?" asked Lewis.

"Ozzie, I need some help."

"Frank, anything. For you, anything."

"Do you know John Castleberry?"

"Real estate?"

"That's him. He was born in this town. Lived in this town all his life. Maybe you could tell me something about him."

"If I can, Frank, it'll be a pleasure."

Frank Parisi replaced the receiver. He closed his wallet and replaced it. He looked at the newspapers, at the old, ugly picture of himself they always used in the newspapers. He kept his hands in his lap, rubbing one hand over the other.

Once he said, "If they would do it right, I (Continued on Page 40)

Sunset on the 5:10

By Elaine Toby Kaplan

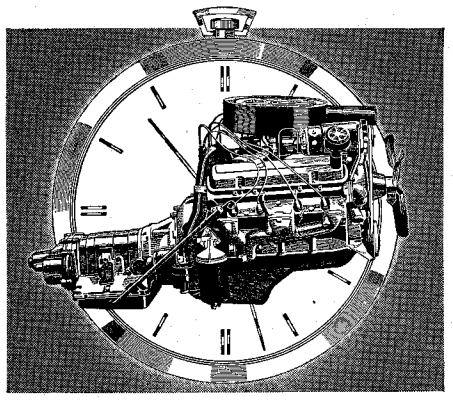
It was just like any other
evening
On the 5:10;
Two mummies to a seat
Wrapped up in centuries-old
problems
Sincerely believed to be
personal.
But a comment broke the
timeless silence
And eyes turned toward
windows:
To see the sky
Exploding with blushing
fireworks
And the trees punctuating the
picture
With a black filigree frame
And an all-embracing echo on
the river . . .
The flaming river
Lulling its romantic travelers
To their respective castles.

UNDER THE WONDER OF ITS BEAUTY...

Engineering's Hottest Advances!

Take the wheel of a new kind of car! All that is best of tomorrow is here—from the dream-sculptured lines and sumptuous interiors of New Direction Styling to a revolutionary chassis that makes possible tremendous improvements in riding and handling ease. Step into this bold creation of the industry's hottest engineering team and experience the thrill of an Ever Level Air Ride* that turns highways into skyways . . . a new kind of suspension system that ends dive, sway and bounce . . . a radically different safety body that surrounds you with Circles of Steel . . . and much, much more that you've never known before! So get acquainted *now* with all the advantages of Pontiac advanced engineering. There's a revelation awaiting you at your Pontiac dealer's . . . a drive and a deal you'll never forget! *EXTRA-COST OPTION

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

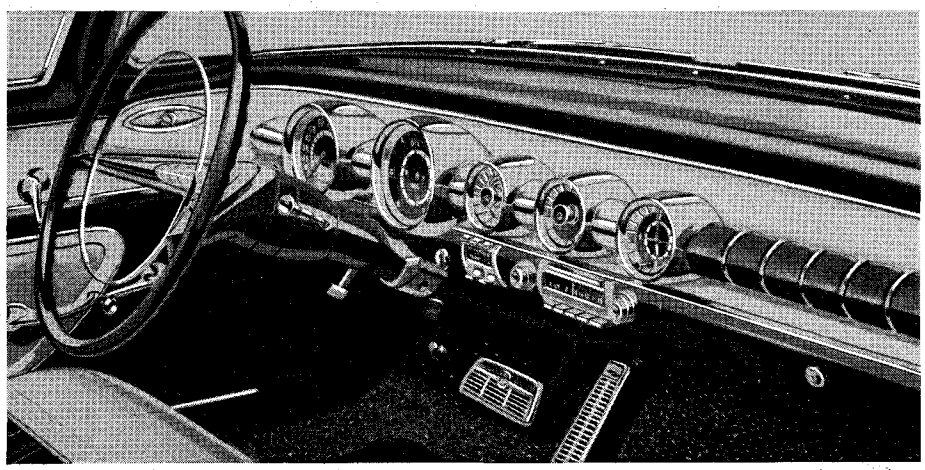


TEMPEST 395 PERFORMANCE

It's exclusively yours in Pontiac—an advanced V-8 power plant built to tolerances finer than the finest watches! Try its new jeweled-action response!

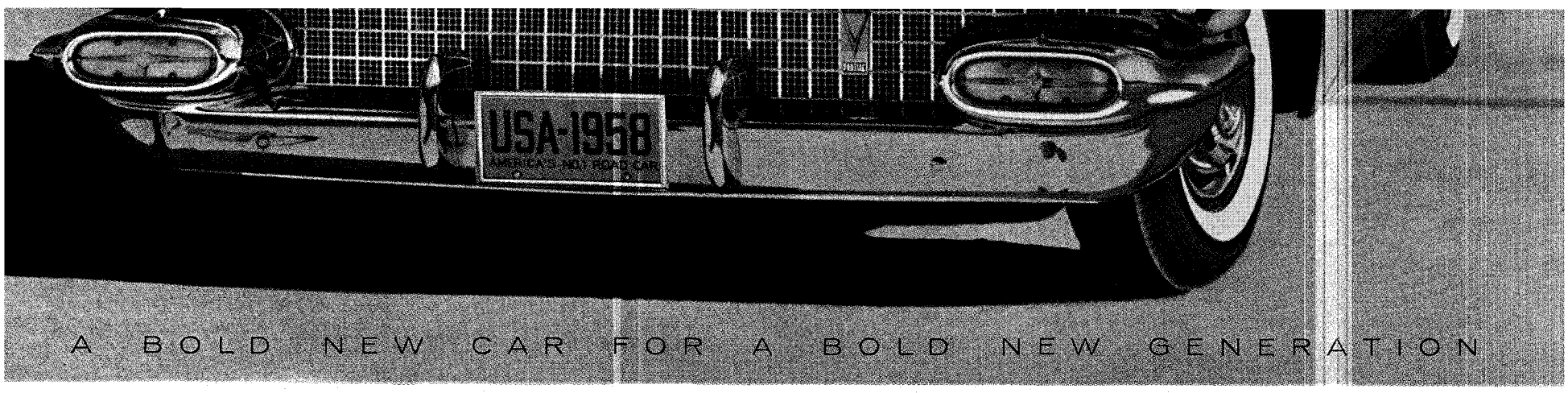
NEW CUSTOMIZED INTERIORS

Choose from 200 color combinations—60 spacious interiors! You can match or blend upholstery, carpet and body colors to the limit of your imagination!



BIG BOLD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A BOLD NEW CAR FOR A BOLD NEW GENERATION

PONTIAC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 38*) would do it right," and again he said, "Who's going to know?"

Then he rose from his chair and came out of the office of the brewery he owned; he walked down the hall to his cashier. He wrote a check for $500 to cash and asked for fives and tens. He did not count the money and he did not put the money in the wallet with the picture. He put the money in an outside pocket before leaving the building. There was a diner on Raymond Avenue where he could get a sandwich.

All through lunch and all through the long walk he took after lunch, he told himself not to worry. *Just take it easy*, he told himself, as he returned to the brewery. *Maybe you'll hear from Lewis today, and maybe you'll hear next week*, he said to himself, climbing the stairs to his office. *Maybe Lewis will wait a day or two so you'll know how much trouble he's having on your behalf. Maybe you won't hear at all.*

His secretary was still at lunch, so Frank Parisi rummaged in her desk for plain envelopes. When he had what he wanted, he brought them to his desk. He put $250 in one envelope and $250 in another, and he did not seal them. He lifted his telephone, put the envelopes under it and set the instrument back in place.

It was almost three o'clock when his secretary put her head in the door and said, "A Mr. Lewis to see you."

"Yes," he said. "Yes, send him in."

Ozzie Lewis was not too tall and not too short. He wasn't thin. He wasn't heavy. He wore double-breasted dark suits, white shirts and undistinguished ties. He carried his hat in his hand. In his hat was a small square of yellow copy paper. As he stood in front of Frank holding his hat, he was like a schoolboy reciting his lesson.

"Frank, this Castleberry is murder. Murder, Frank," Lewis complained. "He's always doing good deeds: with the civic stuff, with playgrounds. You name it. For instance, you know that Juvenile City? That's his buildin'. He donated the buildin'."

"It figures," Frank murmured. "And Philip Weede will probably lead the orchestra tonight. So there's nothing."

"Well, Frank, not altogether. I'll tell you, about eighteen months ago there was this —— Why don't I sit down, Frank?"

"You do that," agreed Frank, lifting the telephone and removing one of the envelopes. He held the open envelope in his hands, waiting.

"I'll tell you, Frank, I've been moving ever since you called. I mean, I had to see several different parties."

"I can understand that, Ozzie," said Frank, pushing the envelope forward as though it were a chess piece.

"Frank, it's a lulu," said Ozzie, looking into his hat. "This is the sweetest swindle I ever saw, and I've been around for a few years. Just about eighteen months ago, when they started buying up land for the new airport, do you remember who was an unpaid consultant?" He nodded. "Mr. Castleberry. So they went out past Lake Owasso and they bought up this land. Thousands of acres. Well, four hundred and fifty-five acres of what they bought, they bought from the estate of Lyman T. Riggs." He looked up from his hat. "Do you know who that is, Frank?"

I think so, Frank said to himself. His arms were on the desk and he pushed the envelope all the way across the desk. "Count it, Ozzie," he said aloud.

Ozzie Lewis shook his head. "I don't have to count it," he said, putting the envelope in his hat. "Not with you."

"You've got all the facts," said Frank. "All of them."

"Could you put it in the paper, Ozzie?"

"I don't know. I really don't know. It's a tough one. I'm a leg man, Frank. I don't write. I'm at police," Lewis said, as his host lifted the telephone once more and removed the remaining envelope. Frank pushed the second envelope out into the middle of the desk.

"Even if I could, it would have to be the Sunday paper, Frank. Saturday night after eleven o'clock, all who's left in the city room is Clyde Larson on late rewrite. He can get a story in. I mean, he knows a printer downstairs, and this printer could break into the press run. I'd have to square around Clyde and the printer," Ozzie added, as Frank pushed the second envelope all the way across the desk.

"You don't have to count this one," he told the reporter, "because it's the same as the other."

"Frank, I'm not going to count anything," said Ozzie Lewis, dropping the second envelope in his hat.

"Lyman T. Riggs," said Frank, rising.

"*R, i, g, g, s*," said Ozzie.

"Let me call you," said Frank. "Maybe you won't have to put the story in the paper."

"Frank, anything," said Ozzie. "Anything."

"Ozzie, thanks very much," said Frank Parisi.

"I still remember the old days, Frank."

"Yes," said Frank. "A lot of people remember the old days. Newspaper people."

"That was a crummy thing to do, what they did to you today, Frank," Ozzie agreed. He began to back toward the door. "Let me hear from you, Frank. Don't always be a stranger."

Ozzie, I hate you, said Frank to himself; and aloud, "Ozzie, I love you, and thanks a million."

When Ozzie was gone, Frank said aloud, "You're a busy boy today, Frank. You aren't selling beer, but you're awful busy." He opened the door. "Will you get me John Castleberry, the real-estate man, please?" he said to his secretary.

He had just reached his desk when his secretary buzzed him. "I have Mr. Castleberry on three," she said.

"Good," Frank said, and pushed three down on his telephone. "Hello. Hello, Mr. Castleberry?"

"Hello, Mr. Parisi. I don't believe I've had the pleasure of meeting you."

"Likewise," said Frank. "I'll tell you why I'm calling, Mr. Castleberry. It's about real estate. I'd like to talk about some real estate."

"My favorite subject, sir. When can we meet?"

"Well, you must be a busy man," said Frank. "When it's convenient with you is O.K. with me."

"It's convenient now, Mr. Parisi. Real estate is my business, and these are my business hours. I can be in your office in twenty minutes."

"That would be O.K., Mr. Castleberry."

"See you then, sir. Good-by, Mr. Parisi."

Just this one thing, Frank said to himself. *If it was for me, I'd let the whole brewery go before I'd do this. I'd go back to the Flats where I started. I'd open a poolroom*, he decided. *But it's Tommy*, he said to himself, and without getting his wallet, he explained it all to Tommy's dead mother.

When his secretary announced John Castleberry, Frank got up immediately. He came forward with his hand out. Frank Parisi had to look up at Castleberry.

"I like your beer, sir," said Castleberry.

"Well, we can arrange some of that," said Frank, starting for the wall refrigerator.

"Not during working hours," said Castleberry. He led the way to the desk, setting an attaché case down beside the chair on the guest's side. "I'm here to work. What can I do for you, Mr. Parisi?"

"Well, mostly I need advice, Mr. Castleberry. Advice that I want to pay for. Then, later, commissions on whatever comes up. I'll tell you, I need a bottling plant upstate. I can get my beer up to Duluth and vicinity, but I want to spend some money up there. You know, employ local people." He was watching Castleberry, and the man in the chair was looking squarely at Frank.

"What I'd like to do," Frank continued, "is take a run up there one of these days. With you. I know your time means money and we can arrange that."

"When would you like to go, Mr. Parisi?"

"Next week?"

"I'm tied up Monday and Tuesday. But we could fly up Wednesday morning if that suits you."

"Fine. Fine," said Frank. He was smiling. "You know it's funny we see each other today. I just learned today you're a Cabot man, Mr. Castleberry."

"Why, yes," said Castleberry. "Yes, I am. My family has always gone to Cabot."

"That's wonderful," Frank said. He had his hands folded on the desk. "I never went to any college, but my boy—I've got one kid, Tommy—he went to prep school in Connecticut. Cabot's always been his choice. He could have his pick, you know, but Cabot's for him."

For a moment the room was absolutely still. Then Frank Parisi, who had sat through a trial and served a prison sentence without an outward sign of emotion, cracked his knuckles. Then John Castleberry rose, the attaché case in his right hand.

"I've been told you started this brewery from scratch after your release from Leavenworth," he said. "That takes initiative and intelligence. Did you really believe I'd go for something like this?"

"Well," said Frank, gesturing aimlessly, "I figured it was worth trying."

"It wasn't. Let me tell you about Cabot College, Parisi. Last year I recommended a boy whose father is the bootblack at the Gopher Club. I had my shoes shined there today. I tipped the boy's father. I'm planning to be at the boy's commencement three years from now since it will coincide with the twenty-fifth reunion of my class. At that time I hope the boy and his father will do me the honor of dining with me. Do I make myself clear?"

"I've got a boy, too, Mr. Castleberry. Do I make myself clear?"

"We're wasting each other's time, Parisi."

Frank let him start for the door. "How about wasting the taxpayers' money, Mr. Castleberry?" he asked.

The tall man stopped short. For a moment he did not turn, and in that moment Frank came out to meet him. When Castleberry turned, Frank was not three feet away.

"Just what do you mean, Parisi?"

"Just what I said. I said the taxpayers' money. That's what I mean. I mean four hundred and fifty-five acres of land out near Lake Owasso."

Castleberry shifted the attaché case from his left hand to his right hand. He took one step forward. He raised his right hand and his forefinger was extended. "I told the county commissioners, when they asked me to serve, that my wife owned that land. Her father had left it to her. She wanted to keep it for our sons. I told all this to the commissioners. They asked what I thought of it for the airport. It was and is my professional opinion that the land was the best buy in the Twin City metropolitan area."

Frank shook his head. "You still don't get what I mean," he said. "I believe you. The county commissioners believed you. They bought the land, so they must have believed you. But how about the rest of the town? I know people maybe a little better than you do, Mr. Castleberry. See, I call you 'mister,' but you dropped that a while back. Well, anyway, Mr. Castleberry, how (*Continued on Page 44*)

People are Like That

It is well established that various sections of our country differ in living conditions and population. Do you suppose, however, that the cause and pattern of fatal accidents varies according to sections?

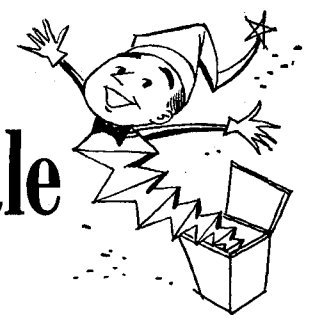
Apparently it does. Falls cause more deaths in New England, which has many old folks and icy winters, than in any other section. Massachusetts leads with 25.9 deaths per 100,000 population. Deaths from fires are most frequent in the flimsy-housing areas of the South, with Mississippi running as high as 9.9 per 100,000. Poison deaths, largely from overdoses of barbiturates, are commonest in Arizona and California. Motor-vehicle fatalities are heaviest in the mountain states, with Nevada leading with 47.1 per 100,000.

Arthur Larsen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now TV With High Fidelity Sound At No Extra Cost . . . During

Admiral's 2nd Annual Surprise Value Sale

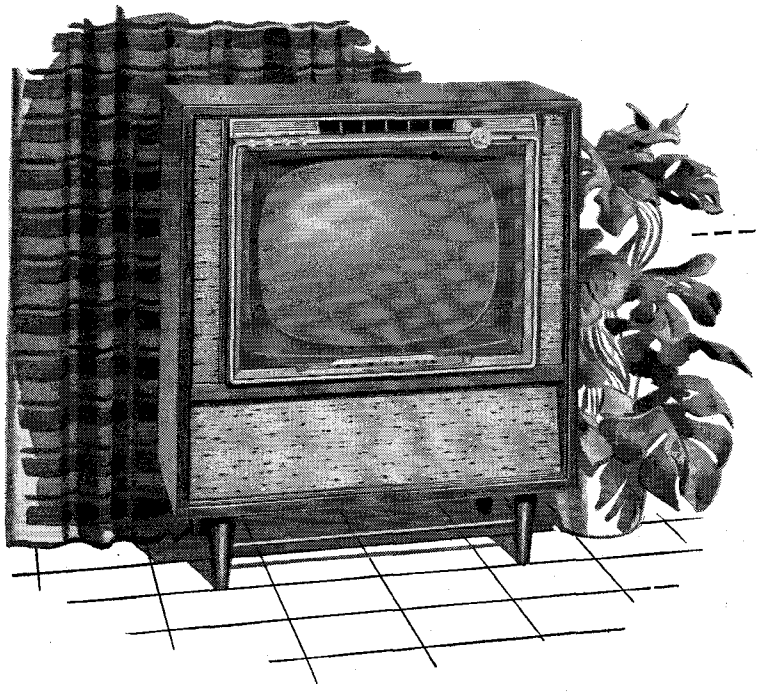


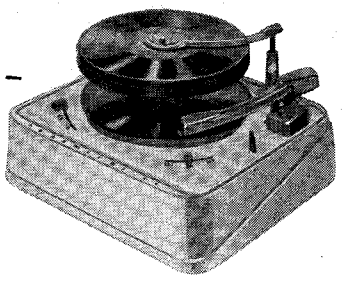
TREMENDOUS TRADE-INS! NEW LOW PRICES! LIMITED TIME!

Here is your once-a-year opportunity to get a huge trade-in allowance *on top of* special sale prices. Unbelievable savings on new High Fidelity TV with living hi-fi pictures and complete hi-fi sound system built in. Plus an amazing hi-fi Record Changer offer. All on easy budget terms. Look for the Surprise Value Sale price tag at your Admiral dealer right now. Act fast because this annual sale is for a *limited time only!*

SURPRISE VALUE SPECIAL #1—New! 21"* high fidelity *swivel* consolette at a cost less than some table models! 3 hi-fi speakers. Famous 5-watt audio power pack in the back. Extra powerful 330 chassis. Dual hi-fi tone controls. Slimline 110° picture tube. As little as $2.19 a week. (The Claridge, TH21E51)
*Overall diagonal; 262 sq. in. viewable area.

SURPRISE VALUE SPECIAL #2—New! 21"* high fidelity full console at the price of ordinary single speaker TV. 3 big hi-fi speakers; 8" woofer, 5" mid-range and super tweeter. Separate 5-watt hi-fi amplifier. Separate hi-fi bass and treble controls. 110° picture tube. As low as $2.39 a week. (The Stratford, CH21E26)
*Overall diagonal; 262 sq. in. viewable area.





AMAZING HIGH FIDELITY PHONO OFFER!
Get *two* for the price of one! A complete hi-fi phonograph system and Slimline TV! This 4-speed hi-fi record player (regularly $54.95) at sensational savings with purchase of Admiral 4-speaker hi-fi TV. Plays through complete hi-fi sound system built into your Admiral TV.

SURPRISE VALUE SPECIAL #3 (*left*)—21"* high fidelity full console with 4 hi-fi speakers. Two 10" and two 3½" speakers. Separate 8-watt hi-fi amplifier. Separate hi-fi bass and treble controls. Imperial 440 chassis. 110° picture tube. Slimline cabinet. As low as $3.75 a week. (The Seton, CH21F54)
*Overall diagonal; 262 sq. in. viewable area.

Admiral®

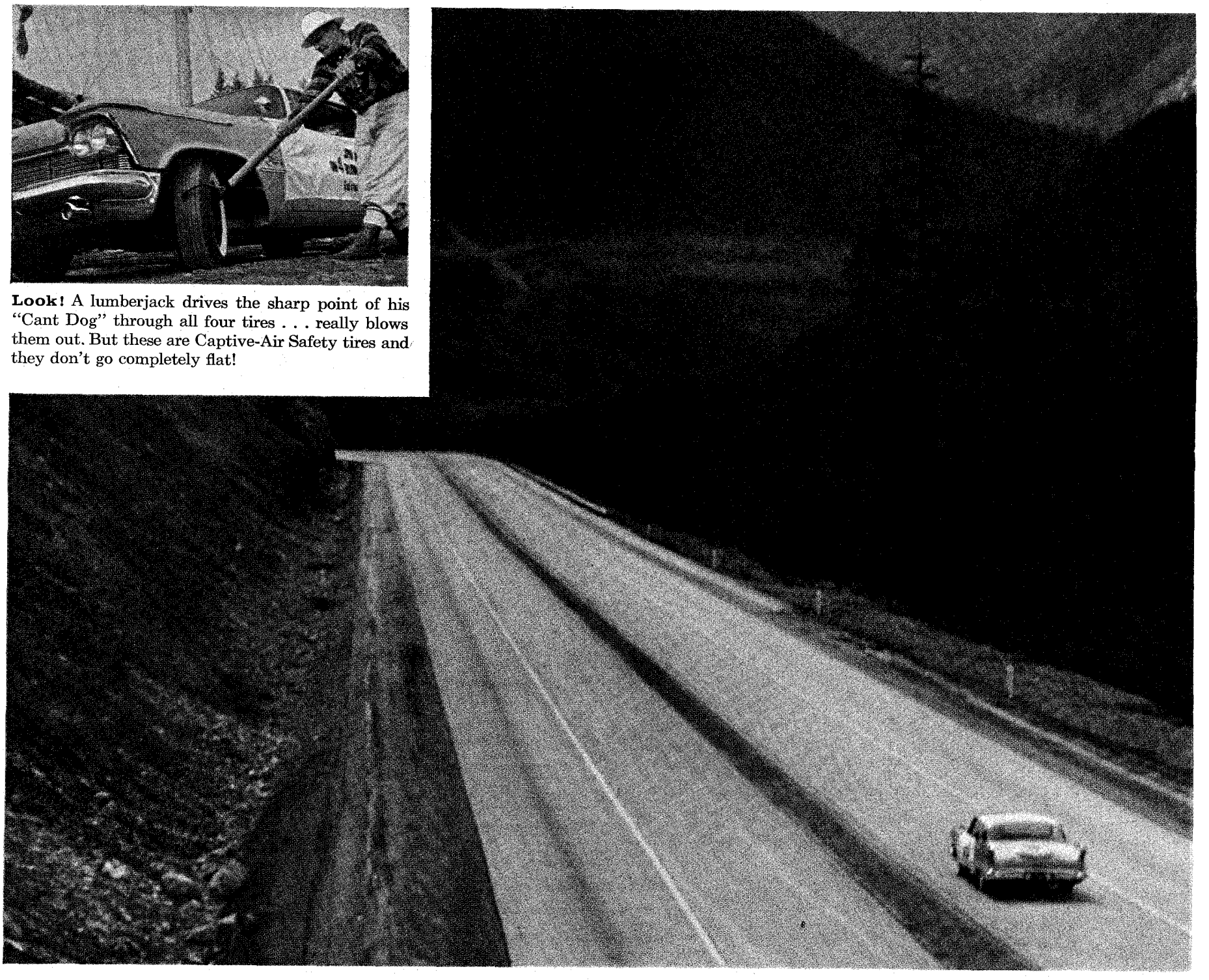
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

320 Miles on Fo

No swerve! No s

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values... better tire care... convenient credit terms.

Look! A lumberjack drives the sharp point of his "Cant Dog" through all four tires . . . really blows them out. But these are Captive-Air Safety tires and they don't go completely flat!



45 to 50 mph on four blowouts! We're all alone in Washington's Snoqualmie Pass—taking in the scenery as if nothing had happened. *One* blowout with any ordinary tire could pitch a car over the deep, dangerous drop-off ahead. But our Captive-Air Safety tires, each with its multi-ply nylon "spare," let us roll along safely—*on air*—without swerve or sway. Here's dramatic proof that now *you* pick the place for repairs—not your tires. Aren't Captive-Air Safety tires the tires for your family's car—especially if your wife or children drive?

Only Captive-Air gives you a spare where you need it . . . in the tire that's on the road!

GO

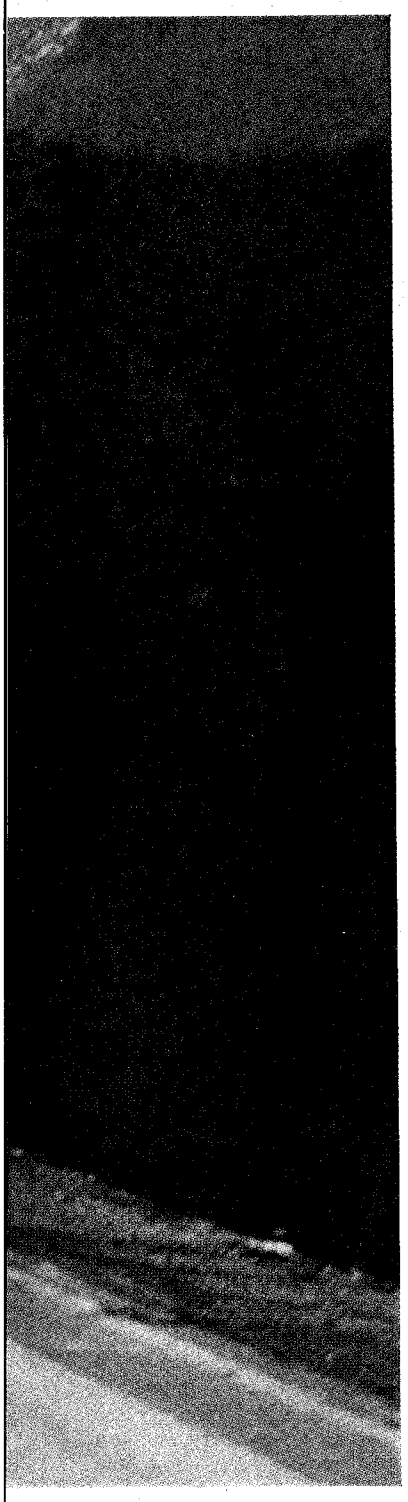
Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV—every other Monday, 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.

MORE PEOPLE F

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

r Blown-Out Tires!

ay! No forced stops!



Goodyear's exclusive double-air chamber principle gives you the greatest road safety ever! The nylon Captive-Air "inner spare" virtually ends roadside tire changes in the event of a blowout or puncture!

ALL FOUR TIRES, *deliberately blown out,* survived a history-making run from Spokane to Seattle undamaged!

Every Captive-Air Safety tire has a built-in spare designed to carry you safely and comfortably after a blowout or puncture. There's no sudden wheel drop or loss of steering control.

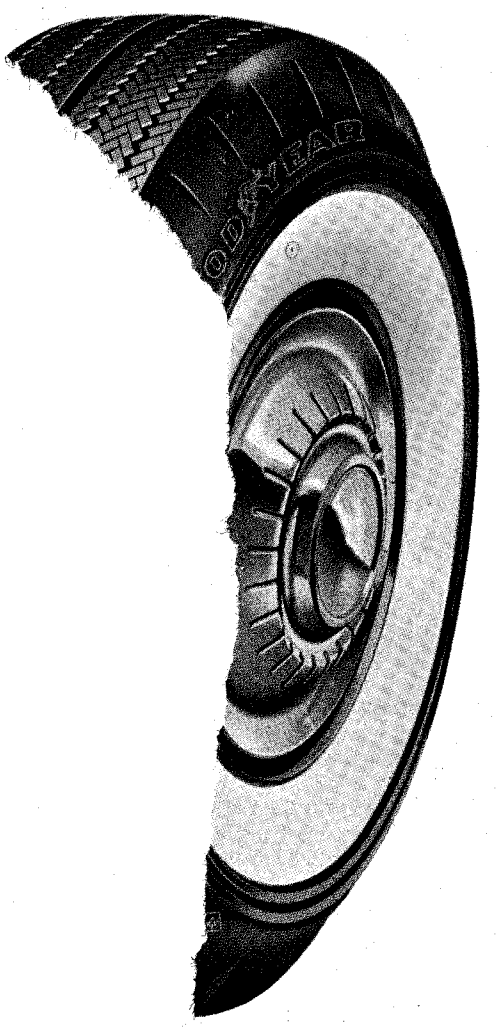
With this double-air chamber tire, it's possible to drive on a "flat" 100 miles or more with no stopping—no inconvenience—no danger from roadside tire-changing.

The outer tire is made with triple-tempered 3-T Nylon Cord to give you a rugged first line of defense against tire injuries. And the "inner" tire is made with brawny nyl

The Captive-Ai
proved in Detr
equipme
Ask fo

Se
o

This latest safety development from Goodyear tually frees you, your wife, and your children from danger of blowouts and punctures and the inconvenience of roadside tire changing.



& Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

OD

ON GOODYEAR TIRE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 40*) about the people? How about if they should read that in the papers?" Frank asked. He wanted to run out of his office, the first time he had wanted to run since the ride to the cemetery fifteen years ago. "Maybe the people wouldn't believe you if they read it in the newspapers," he said.

John Castleberry set his attaché case down on the floor. "At Cabot College there is a tradition we call the honor system, Parisi," he said. "It means that no man is guarded to make certain that he behaves with honor. Each man is the guardian of his own honor. I'm going to introduce you to that system, Parisi. I'm going to use your telephone," he said, and he did. He dialed for outside, he dialed a number, and he said, "This is John Castleberry. I want to talk with Roderick Small."

When Frank heard the name of the owner of the News, he suddenly saw, quite clearly, the face of his son; saw Tommy's face and closed his eyes.

"O.K.," said Frank. "I lose, Mr. Castleberry. You can hang up."

"Rod?" said John Castleberry. He looked across the desk at Frank Parisi. "John Castleberry. Rod, of course you remember that I was a consultant to the county commissioners on the new airport last year?"

"Forget it," said Frank.

"Hold on a minute, Rod," said Castleberry. He put his hand over the mouthpiece. "It's going to be printed, Parisi," he said. "If you think the way you do, then some other people are thinking the same. I'll go before the Real Estate Board here, and in the state, and in the country, if I have to. I acted morally. Now. Can I finish my conversation here or do I have to finish it outside?"

So Frank heard Castleberry tell the publisher the facts. He heard Castleberry call the two morning newspapers and repeat what he had told Roderick Small. He watched the man replace the receiver when he had finished, walk to Frank's side for the attaché case, and pause for a last look at Parisi.

"This is my ninth year as alumni r
resentative for Cabot," said Castleb
"I suppose I've seen well over a
sand applicants; seen their moth
their fathers. You're the first
kind, Parisi. You are unique."

As Castleberry left, Fra
into his chair. He sat motio
shadows began to slide ac
Long after his secret
telephone rang, but
might be Tommy, coul
moved away from the
answer it, and finall
escape the ringing, g
steps into the huge g

Driving, he turned
sissippi River bluffs,
because Tommy mig
ing for the evening.

An hour later he
near Mendota for a
fee, but when the wa
dropped a dollar on
because he knew the
his car across the da
that he could not ever

As he came across
he wanted very muc
Lord, but knew he co
stop light, he wantec
wallet and look at the
ashamed to look at th
the outskirts of the p
Como, he almost turn
wanting to write a note
be gone somewhere, an
son returned, but Fra
knew absolutely, that he
boy before John Castle

boy: tomorrow morning, or tomorrow afternoon, or tomorrow night, or whenever the tall, quiet lad appeared for his interview with the local alumnus of Cabot College.

So he parked his car far back beyond the softball fields. The roadway around the entire pavilion area had been roped off, and to the left he could see his trucks parked, waiting for the evening to end.

Frank Parisi stayed in the shadows, walking around the dance area until he reached his trucks. He went from driver to driver, asking for Tommy, until one remembered seeing the boy inside the pavilion.

Frank waited then until a medley ended before starting across the dancing area toward the short flight of steps leading into the pavilion.

Inside, the refreshment counters had been taken over by Juvenile City workers for the night. Hot dogs, soda pop, ice cream were all free for the asking, and Frank Parisi tried to stop in the crowd so he could find Tommy. But the press of youngsters was too insistent, and he had to keep moving until, in a corner, beside a huge popcorn machine, Frank Parisi saw his son just as Tommy saw him. Tommy waved at his father, using both hands to summon Frank Parisi, and beside him a pretty girl wearing a white apron raised a metal scoop and waved too.

They were both waving him forward and smiling, and Frank Parisi forced himself to smile. He kept the smile as he reached the popcorn machine and Tommy pulled him out of the crowd.

"Dad, this is wonderful! I didn't think you'd come!" He was radiant with happiness. He touched his father with one hand and the girl with the other. "Helen, I'd like to introduce
this is Helen We

"I'm so
Weede
you.

"We need more popcorn," Helen Weede said, and was gone before Tommy could protest.

"What's the matter, dad?" asked Tommy, and Frank Parisi couldn't tell him. For a moment he could not talk. He stepped back, leaning against a barred window until the boy reached out to touch him and say, "Are you all right?"

Frank Parisi nodded. He swallowed. He tried to wet his lips and then he said, "I had Castleberry up to the office today, Tommy."

"Oh," said Tommy.

"I asked him to come up," said Frank.

"Oh," said Tommy, and he took off his glasses. He wiped his face with his hand and then looked at his father without his glasses.

Frank reached out behind him and held the cool iron bars, and began to talk. He told about the Duluth plot and about the honor system and about the telephone calls. He told Tommy, who looked at him as squarely as John Castleberry had looked at him, that Harry Lord had warned against interfering.

Frank Parisi saw Helen Weede return and glance at them before busying herself with the popcorn machine, but he didn't stop. He finished it, watching his son's hands become fists and hoping, hoping, Tommy would hit him.

"So—uh—I want to sell the brewery. I'm no good for you, Tommy. I'm—uh—there's something wrong with a man—a man—a man ——" Frank Parisi swallowed and brought his hands out in front of him. "Maybe you can tell Mr. Castleberry you got no father. Tell him you don't want a father who done—did what I did. Can't you tell him that, Tommy?"

The boy slipped his glasses on. When
bed one hand over the other, he
looked like Frank Parisi.
an or not," Tommy

see this
ing to
him

"He's out with the orchestra, Tommy," Helen Weede said, watching Frank Parisi.

"Well, I'll say good night," Frank said, and wondered how much she had heard.

But Tommy took his father's arm. He held his father's arm tightly. "No. We'll go see him together," Tommy said, looking at his father.

The boy was silent as they began to make their slow way through the crowd of adolescents in the pavilion, but he never relaxed his grip on Frank Parisi's arm. He held Frank all the way through the pavilion. He held him as they reached the doors, and as they emerged, stopping for a moment to find John Castleberry.

Frank said, "There he is," and moved to the right toward the tall, erect alumnus of Cabot College.

John Castleberry didn't see them until father and son stood before him. Then, before he could speak, Tommy Parisi said, "Mr. Castleberry, my father and I want to apologize for embarrassing you this afternoon."

"No," said Frank. "Not you, Tommy," but the boy only shook his head, holding his father's arm.

"My father and I didn't act at all honorably," the boy said.

And Frank Parisi said, "Mr. Castleberry, he didn't even know till a minute ago."

Tommy turned to his father and smiled at him, and said, "Papa, you get A for trying. Thanks, papa." Tommy had not called him papa for fifteen years.

Then Tommy looked squarely at John Castleberry. "You see, sir, he was only trying to help. He thinks he has hurt my life with his life. He wasn't going by the book, but he never had a chance at the book. You and I know about the honor system, but all he knows is loyalty."

Tommy would not let his father go, and neither he nor Frank Parisi saw Helen Weede come out of the pavilion, holding the butcher's apron in her hand.

"So we can sort of consider this my—my interview," said Tommy, "and thank you very much, Mr. Castleberry."

John Castleberry looked from father to
He looked carefully at the son. He
"See here, young man, are you try-
tell me how to conduct my inter-

sir. I ——"
, then, I suggest you let me han-
own affairs. I presume you'll be
the next few weeks in the

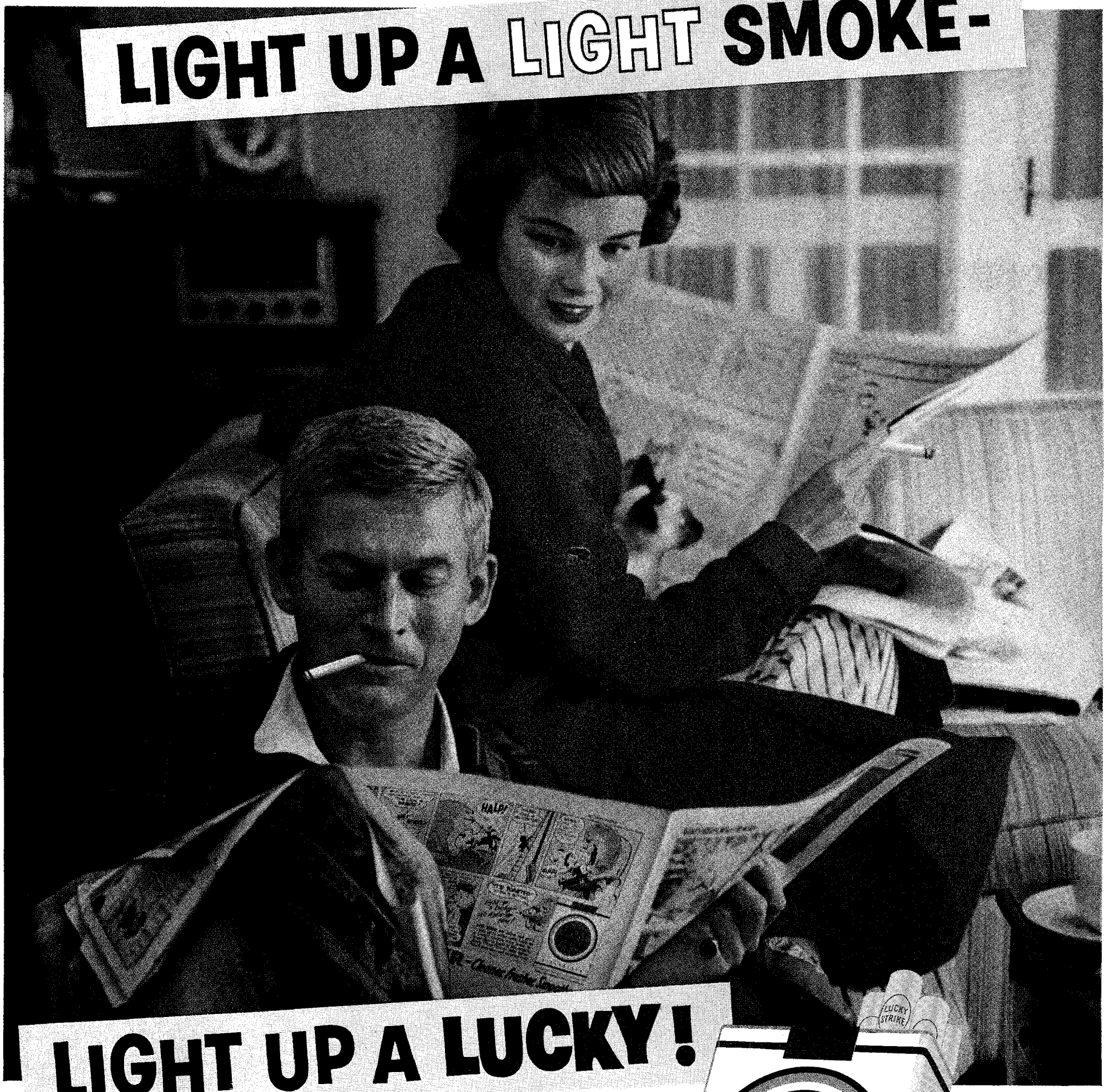
sir," said Tommy, and Frank
ew he could never thank John
y. He could never mention it to
tleberry, to whom he would
or the rest of his life.
e you scheduled," said Castle-
ily. "You'll be hearing from me,
an," and when Tommy said,
nk you," Castleberry was gone.
hem there on the pavilion steps,
down across the empty dance

Helen Weede joined them, they
ave to ask her if she had heard.
, "I'm awful," to them both, and
said, "Tommy, I'm so proud."
belong with them, Frank Parisi
nself, and aloud, "I'll go now,"
ed away from the boy and the
rned to the steps as the orches-
to play. He was halfway down
before Helen Weede reached
ng the butcher's apron back at

, "Mr. Parisi, you can't go."
ak turned to her she said,
t this dance together, so how
ave?" She put her arm through
and I," she said. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIGHT UP A LIGHT SMOKE-



LIGHT UP A LUCKY!

WHEN YOU SMOKE A LUCKY, YOU'RE SMOKING LIGHT! A LIGHT CIGARETTE, AND ALL CIGARETTE—THAT'S A LUCKY! IT'S MADE OF LIGHT, GOLDEN RICH, NATURALLY GOOD-TASTING TOBACCO THAT'S **TOASTED** TO TASTE EVEN BETTER. LIGHT UP A LUCKY. YOU'LL SAY IT'S THE RIGHT SMOKE FOR YOU!

THE BEST-TASTING CIGARETTE YOU EVER SMOKED!

(©A. T. Co.)

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cincinnati Housewife Comes Out of Hiding

Overweight all her life, Frances Schuerman uncovers a beautiful figure and a new lease on life

EVEN AS a child, Frances Schuerman was plump. By 18 she had accumulated 10 pounds for every year of her life, to tip the scales at 180 pounds.

After she was married, she continued to fight the "battle of the bulge." She tried one way after another to reduce, including many starvation diets. She only emerged ravenously hungry, to eat her way back to the original mark and past it. Strenuous exercises also left her exhausted and hungry.

Frances had little energy for social activities those days. Even her naturally lively personality seemed to be hiding in a fortress of pounds, like a sleeping beauty waiting to be aroused!

Then after years of reducing trials and failures, she discovered the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan.

In a matter of weeks the "real" Frances began to come out of hiding. As her figure grew more lithe and attractive, the world around her grew more exciting. She began to take part in more social activities, to have more fun with her children. Her proud husband, a successful auto dealer and real estate investor, insisted she go everywhere with him.

Today at 35, the girl people once said was "born to be fat" has proved her prophets wrong! As a slender lightweight (125 pounds) she has found a new world of activity, pleasure, and admiration.

For more information about this plan that is changing lives all over America, drop a postcard to: Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, Dept. S-28, 1919 Vineburn Avenue, Los Angeles 32, California.

With the Cincinnati skyline in the background, Mel and Frances Schuerman celebrate her new figure and new lease on life by dining at the Gourmet Room of the Terrace Hilton.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Always a plump little girl, Frances Schuerman ate and gained her way to 180 pounds at age 18. Some people said she was "born to be fat." Seventeen years later she had leveled off at 160, had tried many different ways to reduce without success. Her excess weight left her continually tired.

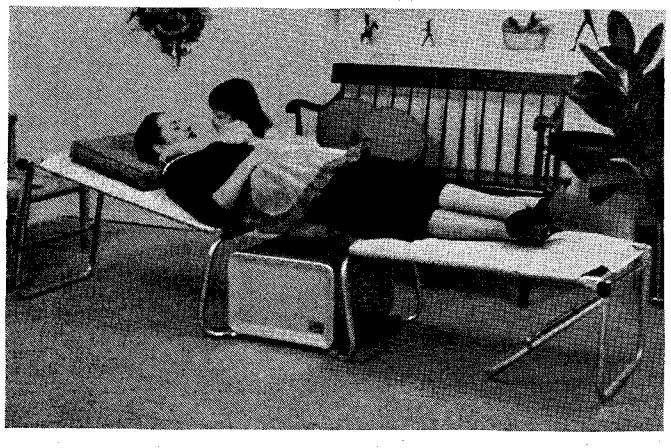
Today a trim 125 pounds, Frances Schuerman steps out in one of her new size 11 dresses from Shillito's. Frances completely reproportioned her figure with the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan which combines effortless exercise with the type of calorie control doctors advise. Women with only a few pounds to lose also find the Stauffer technique ideal, for it trims away hard-to-lose inches from hips, tummy, thighs, arms—gives new proportions which diet alone cannot do.

Asked to model at a P.T.A. fashion show, Frances attends Kathleen Wellman's charm school. Her new figure brought a desire for complete self-improvement.

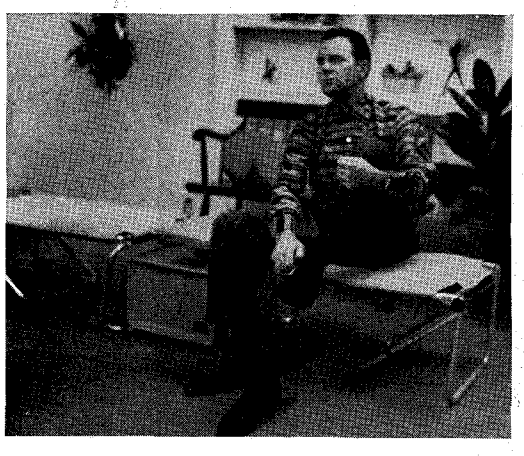
Frances and husband Mel meet for lunch. He has already trimmed his waistline four inches with Mr. Stauffer's "Magic Couch"—the Posture-Rest® unit.

The Schuermans pause for a moment after an evening on the town. The Stauffer Home Reducing Plan also gave Frances a beautiful new posture.

Sunday is a family day, and the Schuerman's attend church with Wayne 11, Debbie 3. Later Frances enjoys cooking a big dinner and playing with the children.



Relaxing on the "Magic Couch," heart of the Stauffer plan, Frances maintains her new figure, while muscle tissue is firmed, toned. She found diet alone doesn't give a lovely figure. It also takes exercise which the "Magic Couch" supplies without fatigue.



Mel gets ready to take his turn on the "Magic Couch" which is portable, lightweight, may be used while reading. Like many men, he finds it ideal for easing normal tensions that build during a working day.

A Stauffer counsellor checks Frances' progress, giving important assistance to her slimming program. To find how Stauffer can help you get and keep a lovelier figure, write

STAUFFER HOME REDUCING PLAN,

Dept. S-28, 1919 Vineburn Ave., Los Angeles 32, Calif., or 1500 N. Ogden Ave., Chicago 10, Illinois, or 5929 Riverdale Ave., New York 71, N.Y. No obligation.

Copyright 1958, Stauffer Laboratories

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Have 2500 Sons (Continued from Page 35)

frighteningly so. The spit-and-polish uniforms, the braced posture, the precise drills against the gray, granite background of West Point give the stranger the impression that all is order, coldness and obedience. "A bunch of automatons!" commented a recent visitor. "Not a surprise in the package."

No surprises indeed! I imagine few fathers have ever had to face the kind of situation one of my predecessors faced a few years ago when a teen-age cadet got into an argument with his physics instructor. The youngster, who, if he is an automaton, would have to be classified as a particularly uninhibited one, took the position that the academy's plumbing was inadequate. Particularly in the stone barracks which he shared with 500 other cadets. What would happen, he asked, if everybody turned on the water at once? Nothing, answered the instructor.

This unusual man was not the sort to be disputed, even by an officer. He planned his rebuttal for weeks. One evening, when all was ready and everybody's wrist watch in the barracks had been synchronized to the split second, he took up his post in the center of the barracks quadrangle. At the precise moment agreed upon, he lowered his arm briskly. Observers planted at each window shouted, "Now!" Simultaneously the plebes, who had been stationed in each bathroom, opened every faucet and showerhead and flushed every toilet. There was a mighty roar of water coupled with a muffled explosion as the big pipes under the barracks were ruptured. The cadet, to put it mildly, had made his point with the physics instructor.

He had also made himself the most restricted man on the campus. A cadet with an I.Q. of almost genius level, he never could quite learn to apply himself to his studies. Because of a series of similar, if less drastic, escapades, he gradually slid from the top to the bottom of his class, the position in which he ultimately graduated.

An interesting thing I've learned about youngsters who are on the point of becoming adults is that you can never take maturity for granted. They constantly fool you. Just when you think you're dealing with a man, the boy crops out. And vice versa.

One evening during study period, a normally quiet upperclassman, who certainly appeared grown up to most of us, took it upon himself to boast to his roommates that he had an unusually large mouth. So large was it, in fact, that he could put his whole fist in it. He thereupon proceeded to do just that. The fist went in all right, but it wouldn't come out. He yanked and yanked, but the fist wouldn't budge. At first, his roommates roared, but it soon appeared that the young man was in considerable pain. Finally, they became concerned, got him down on the floor where they could study him, and decided to give his arm a concerted yank, which managed to retrieve the fist. The cadet was none the worse for the experience except that he was not able to eat properly for three days.

No, I don't think there is any danger of turning our cadets into automatons. Beneath those smart gray tunics are the unfettered souls of college boys with all the high spirits native to the breed.

In drawing any comparisons between the corps and my own family, I would be less than honest if I did not admit that handling several thousand cadets is a lot easier than handling my own children.

For one thing, I know where a cadet is most of the time. Unless he is on a week-end leave—and these are strictly limited—on his summer vacation (one month), or at a dance on the post, he is in bed at the same hour every night. He is not allowed to drink within twenty-five miles of the academy, and he is seldom that far away. He cannot have an automobile until several weeks before graduation. He is up for reveille at six each morning, and he is forced to dress immaculately, with shoes sparkling. He makes his own bed and cleans his room. He gets regular food and regular exercise.

Although my wife, Verone, and I do not have problem children in any sense of the word, we would certainly be delighted to settle for even a tiny fraction of this order in our own household. In fact, when I arrived at West Point a year and a half ago, the contrast in behavior between my two "families" was so great that I reanalyzed my whole role as father and decided that a little more discipline at home was just what was needed.

In some ways, I've failed. Take the matter of "going steady," for example. Neither my wife nor I think it's a good idea for a boy in his teens to tie himself to one girl. We feel that young men and women need to meet others as a basis for comparison, and yet my sons have scorned this idea. Going steady, it seems to me, is also apt to lead to early marriages, which I am opposed to. I feel that the stability they bring to youngsters is apt to be temporary.

I made a point of expressing my ideas about going steady to the upper-class cadets this year, but I also told them frankly I had given the same advice to my own sons and they refused to take it. I expect little success in this matter with the cadets. Contrary to the situation a decade or so ago, most of them have the same girl up weekend after weekend, and dance every dance with her. At the end of four years, they are apt to marry her without any real idea of whether she is suited for the kind of life led by an Army officer. Since no cadet is allowed to marry and stay in the corps—according to tradition he may have "no horse, no wife and no mustache"—the wedding usually takes place right after graduation, generally at the Point. Last June, we had the first marriage thirty minutes after graduation, with seventy-five taking place the first week.

In some ways, having sons of my own has given me a fresh viewpoint on some of the long-established traditions of the academy. Drinking is one of them.

Last summer when my two older sons, Gary and Tom, were home from college, they spent their vacations working as laborers at the post in order to supplement the seventy-five dollars a month I give each of them toward his total college expenses. Occasionally after a day's work, they would come home, sit in the garden and have a glass of beer with me. I was conscious that on the other side of the fence were men of exactly the same age who were not allowed to have that glass of beer. I do not know whether any change will result in the academy's drinking rules as a result of this observation, but at least the question has been raised and is under consideration by the authorities. Already I have revised regulations to the extent that when an upperclassman is visiting another post, he may observe the drinking rules of that post.

In my own family, I have discussed with my older sons the problems of drinking, but I have also told them that if they have the urge to take a drink, I would prefer they do so at home. The results so far have been good. They will take an occasional drink, but it is in no way a habit with them.

During the last few years there has been considerable liberalization in the life of the cadet corps in general. Prior to the end of World War II, for example, no drinking at all was permitted a cadet even when he was outside the twenty-five-mile limit. It was found that this policy was unrealistic. Boys would often drink at home and on leave, and it was felt there was no real harm in this if they behaved themselves. The twenty-five-mile limit was imposed simply because the cadets were rarely that far from the post except on vacation or on official weekend leave.

In addition, the leave policy has been loosened up a bit—I have allowed first classmen who stand sufficiently high in their studies, for example, to start their weekends on Fridays rather than Saturdays, if they wish—and there has been an easing of rules regarding the use of cars, receiving money from home and many minor matters. Hazing, of course, has long since been a thing of the past.

Most important change of all, however, is the much greater accent on "positive leadership." By this I mean that when a cadet is punished for some infraction, he is made to understand the reasons behind the rule he violated. Formerly, punishment was meted out strictly on a "Yes, sir; no, sir; no excuse, sir" basis, and no whys and wherefores were gone into. Furthermore, each cadet now has a tactical officer as a counselor, and the relationship between the two is on a friendly and informal basis.

These changes have been brought about because, to put it bluntly, they produce better soldiers. In World War II, it was found that a man trained under more liberal conditions—that is, strict, but sympathetic—was apt to do more thinking as well as to be better disciplined. For, contrary to popular opinion, a liberal policy—with penalties for misbehavior—improves discipline. It teaches a man to discipline himself and gives him a greater sense of responsibility.

It was also found that when life at the Point was too monastic, too unrealistic, the cadets would find the plunge into more normal life after graduation too sudden. Not all of them could adjust.

All things are relative, of course, and despite a certain easing up, the life of a cadet is still highly regulated and disciplined. He rises at 5:50 A.M., falls in for reveille at 6:00, has breakfast at 6:30. At 7:55 he is at his first class, and except for a short midmorning break to return to his room, classes go on until noon. At 12:10 he marches to lunch, and from 1:00 until 3:15 in the afternoon there are more classes. At 3:30 he engages in some form of athletics, and is perhaps able to get in a few moments of rest or study until the call to supper (6:20) at which time he marches to the dining hall again. At 7:15 there is a call to quarters, and for the next two and a half hours there is a study period. Following this, a cadet has about

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Miss Lucy, who inherited a bar from her Uncle Amos, left such details as paying the help to her bartender, Bill. For New Year's Eve, she hired three musicians to play until closing time. It being a holiday, she agreed to pay them double the regular rate. They faithfully fiddled away. But when they asked Bill for their pay, he balked at the double rate because he was not paid likewise. An argument ensued. Snatching the bass fiddle, Bill smashed it over the fiddler's arm, breaking the arm. The fiddler subsequently sued Miss Lucy for his injured arm and shattered bass.

"Bill was acting in his capacity as Miss Lucy's employee when he wrecked my bass and me," the musician contended. "Therefore she should pay for the damages he inflicted."

"When Bill went berserk, he engaged in a personal battle that was no part of his job," Miss Lucy replied. "I hired him to tend bar and run the business, not to wage war. What he did is not my responsibility."

If you were the judge, would you make Miss Lucy pay?

• •

Miss Lucy had to pay. The court said that in authorizing him to disburse her money, she assumed the responsibility for whatever harm he inflicted in connection with it.

Based upon a 1957 Michigan case.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thirty minutes before lights out. On Saturdays there are classes until noon and on Sundays, except for compulsory chapel and marching to meals, a cadet has the day to himself.

During the first year a man does not leave the post at all for eleven months, except for two possible weekend football games away from the academy. In his third year, he is permitted two weekends, and in his fourth, he may have nine.

This may seem pretty strict to the layman, and it is only by comparing the rules and privileges with what existed years ago that it is possible to note any over-all changes in the direction of liberalization. A number of things at West Point do not change, however. Of these, the most important is the honor code. This is the heart of the system. Basically, it simply means that a man will not lie, cheat or steal. Any violation of this code is dealt with strictly by the students who administer it.

A few years ago the nation was shocked to learn that ninety cadets were dismissed for cribbing. It is significant that the student who reported the cribbing to the honor committee was not blamed in any way by his classmates. All of them are honor bound to do the same thing. After the shock had subsided, there was no doubt but that the corps of cadets felt that dismissal was the only possible solution under the circumstances. Today, the honor system is stronger than ever.

Rules and regulations are another matter, however. Violation of these causes demerits and punishment—restriction of liberty, extra marching, and so on—and has nothing to do with honor. There's a strong instinct in most every boy to kick over the traces, and in this regard the cadets are no different from other young men. In the 155 years of the academy's history, there is only one man who has ever gone through the full four years without a demerit, and that was Gen. Robert E. Lee. As both a father and a superintendent, I am aware of the fact that most sons are not Robert E. Lees and that youngsters often violate rules just for the sheer pleasure of getting away with something.

This was brought home to me the other day when an upperclassman was caught with an electric coffee-maker in his room. (No cadet may have cooking appliances in his quarters.) When a civilian visitor asked him why he didn't use instant coffee and the hot water that came out of the tap, he replied significantly, "Sir, that would hardly be getting away with a thing!"

As a parent as well as a public servant, I'm aware, of course, that some of the academy's regulations are contrary to the normal inclinations of a growing boy, but for obvious reasons there's very little I can do about it. Take pets, for example. There's nothing wrong in wanting to befriend a dumb animal, and yet no cadet is allowed to keep one. It would be impossible, with several thousand men living close together under barracks conditions, for it to be otherwise.

Naturally, the ban has not stopped students from acquiring pets. For a century and a half they have been pitting their wits against those of the inspecting officers in an attempt to flout the rule. Touchingly, they have taken to their hearts hamsters, parakeets, dogs, cats, mice, snakes and alligators. They have been unbelievably ingenious in finding hiding places in their sparsely furnished rooms, and bringing back the necessary food from the dining hall. A monkey once lived a year in a barracks trunk room, and a goldfish swam happily for months in an overhead light globe until an officer spotted his shadow on the floor during a sunny inspection day. One of the most interesting logistics solutions on military record—that of supplying fresh milk for a pet kitten—was achieved when the owner rounded up a group of plebes and had each bring back a mouthful of milk at the end of every meal. The method was hardly sanitary, but the animal throve.

In the flouting of rules, cadets keep strictly up-to-date. At the moment, the most popular extracurricular activity in the barracks is the smuggling of television sets. They have been put together piece by piece, and concealed in ventilators, fireplace flues, laundry bags and false drawers. Transistor radios are also much in vogue, especially with those cadets forced to walk punishment "tours" on Saturday afternoons.

I don't know whether it was a desire to break the rules or merely good, old-fashioned free enterprise that caused a cadet to go into the midnight-snack business recently, but he had a flourishing trade under way with an illegal sandwich grill in the barracks. He delivered toasted-cheese sandwiches by rope to the rooms of his various classmates after lights. This activity was brought to an end one night when an officer surprised the youthful chef just as he was completing a sandwich. The officer, in keeping with the academy's more "liberal" viewpoint of discipline, decided to take the grill and leave the sandwich. Just as he was about to leave, however, he heard a voice out the back window shout, "Hey, Mike! Where's my sandwich?" Mike didn't say a word, but the voice got louder and more insistent. While those in the room stood in silence, the officer suddenly noticed a head appear upside down at the window. After one startled look at the scene inside, the head quickly disappeared. The officer then rushed upstairs and read a lecture to the occupants there on the dangers of being held by one's feet, head down, four stories above the ground.

Naturally, many of these high jinks have had counterparts in my own family even before we came to West Point, and although we live in a big house in the center of the academy, I cannot blame the cadets for an occasional upsurge in misbehavior among my own children. My youngest son, Skip, for example, needs no such inspiration. Recently, while my wife and I were away, he got bored and decided to do some shooting with a BB gun. He said he was aiming at a tree, but most of the shot landed in the room of a cadet who was studying. The cadet quickly tired of this and came to complain. Skip was unimpressed. Finally, the officer in charge appeared, and that put an end to the shooting. After that, my son was given the sort of punishment a cadet would be given. He was restricted to school, home and gymnasium for six weeks.

Unlike the academy, we have never had any runaways in our family, although this seems to happen to most boys at one time or another. At West Point, despite the fact that a cadet is free to resign at any time except during the first two months and the gates are always wide open, we still have occasional runaways. Last March, for example, a plebe who thought he'd flunked a physical-aptitude test and "wanted to get away from it all," ran away from the post and took refuge in a railway boxcar. He was inadvertently locked in, and lived for eight days on raw potatoes. When the car was opened in Hoboken, New Jersey, and he was found, he was fifteen pounds lighter and much dehydrated, but little the worse for wear. The next morning his tactical officer, who is directly responsible for the young man's behavior and morale, received a

the first guided cough medicine

THOREXIN

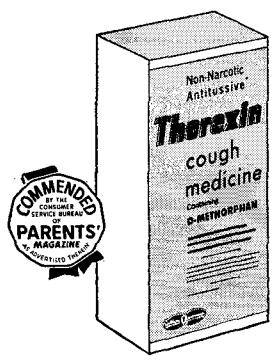
WITH D-METHORPHAN

Thorexin—the first *guided* cough medicine—relieves coughing as easily as aspirin stops headaches—fast, sure, safe! Thorexin soothes your throat . . . then speeds safe relief through your blood stream—directly to the *cough control center* (the spot where coughing is controlled). That's because Thorexin contains medicine's first non-narcotic cough suppressor, *d-methorphan*.

Thorexin is so effective it brings prompt relief to all 5 major types of cough: (1) Common Cold (2) Bronchial (3) Flu (4) Irritation (5) Excessive Smoking.

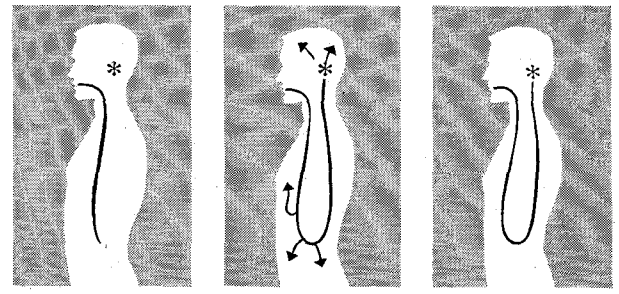
Yet Thorexin is so safe and mild you can trust it to relieve your youngster's sleep-disturbing cough. And children love its cherry-like flavor.

*speeds relief directly to the cough control center**



SO SAFE no prescription needed

$1.25 at your nearby drug store



Ordinary cough syrups don't even touch the cough control center, which (as doctors know) really governs coughing.

Narcotic cough medicines depress the cough control center, but narcotics may leave undesirable side effects.

Thorexin speeds relief through the blood stream directly to the cough center to relieve your cough without narcotics!

GILLETTE LABORATORIES • *Division of The Gillette Company*

RELIEVES COUGHING...LIKE ASPIRIN STOPS HEADACHES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

large, warm potato from his superior officer. It had a tag on it labeled: "Subject: GIFT."

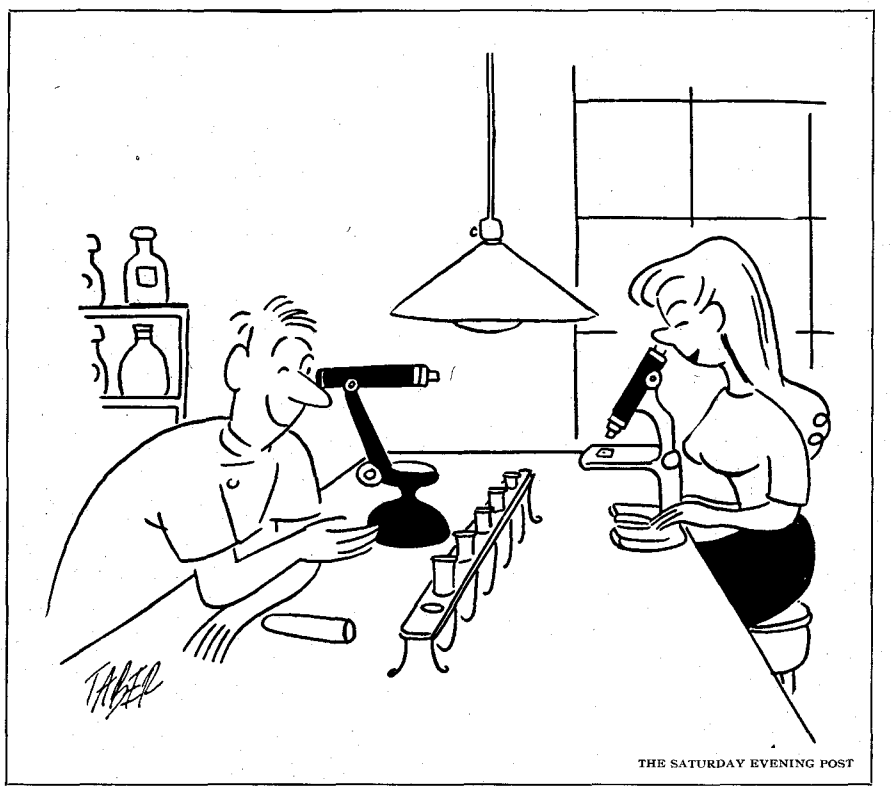
Perhaps the most important lesson I've had demonstrated to me during my superintendency is the folly of trying to get your son to follow in your footsteps unless he's so inclined. It has been said that a father sees in his son a last chance to rectify his own mistakes, and there is a good deal of truth in this. At West Point we constantly find that the men who do most poorly are those who have come to the academy to please a parent rather than because they themselves wanted to do it.

For this reason, I have tried very hard not to influence my own sons in becoming cadets, although I would have been very pleased if they had decided to do so. To date, there are no cadets in my family. My oldest son, Gary, decided that he would not like the military life and was unwilling to accept an education at Government expense—cadets not only get their education free but receive a monthly stipend of $111.15 as well—and then resign after putting in the three required years as an Army officer. My second son, Tom, wanted to become a cadet, but was, unfortunately, unable to pass the eye examination. My third son, Skip, is still too young to have to make a choice. Whatever that choice is, however, I want it to come from him.

As far as my own life is concerned, there was never any doubt about what I wanted to be. My father, who worked as Registrar of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, was an ardent National Guardsman and his civilian soldiership rubbed off on me. At five, I buckled on my father's sword and, using a pot cover for a shield, swashbuckled around the kitchen in command of an imaginary army.

As soon as I got through high school, I managed to get an appointment to West Point, where my first love was football. Staying on after graduation as coach, I met Verone, who was visiting her brother, now Gen. Alfred M. Gruenther, then also stationed at the Point. We were married in 1934 and immediately started raising a family. Because of two wars—World War II and the Korean War—in which I spent long periods overseas, however, I was away from my three sons a good deal while they were growing up. This is one of the reasons why Verone and I started "another" family when I returned from the Korean War—a family entirely of girls. In 1952, Linda was born, and three years later, a pair of twins, Gail and Bonnie. I call this my second family, and this time I hope to have the chance of watching them grow up without the interruption of a war. That the problems will be somewhat different from a family of sons, I am already aware.

My daughter Linda, for example, is now five, and she shows no reluctance at becoming more of a cadet than the cadets



themselves. In fact, she seems to be under the impression that the entire corps was created for her special benefit. She never tires of the military life, and it is hard to get her off the parade ground. The other day, after a drill, she stopped to talk to a cadet who was with his girl friend. After a while he wanted to be alone with his guest and he left Linda with the casual words, "See you later!" She took this literally, with the result that it was very difficult to get her to leave the spot even for lunch. After lunch, she went back to the parade ground to wait. Both my wife and I hope to be able to get her through kindergarten before she is engaged to a cadet. We are not unaware, of course, that if Skip by any chance decides not to enter the academy, Linda may be our last chance for acquiring a cadet in the family.

Obviously, I share Linda's enthusiasm for the corps. However, I would be less than honest if I pretended that the West Point system is perfect. My admiration for the academy, with which I have been associated, off and on, for thirty-four years, does not blind me to the fact that there is room for improvement.

Here are two areas in which I believe the system could be improved:

1) Appointments. Although West Point takes 750 boys each year—boys of every color, creed and family background—and molds most of them into men with some stamp of leadership, it does so at the cost of a high rate of attrition. Almost 25 per cent of the boys who enter fail to make the grade and are returned to civilian life, mostly in the first year. Although it may be no fault of his own, the boy suffers a major failure in life, one which he can't always overcome. This is a blow both to his parents and to us, and it's expensive for the taxpayer.

To my way of thinking, many of these heartaches might be avoided by a closer screening of all candidates in a manner similar to that which we now use in determining the competitive appointments. Under this system candidates are judged on a whole man basis—mental abilities, physical aptitude and leadership potential. Studies we have conducted indicate that a system of selection which is vested in our academic board should improve the standards of the candidate. However, under the present congressional-appointment method, which accounts for 85 per cent of our cadets, there is no comparable system for determining the relative potential of the candidates. Our degree of selectivity, therefore, is limited.

Since our academic board has had extensive experience with the qualities which make for a successful cadet, I think it only wise that they should have some part in the selection of candidates. We are prepared to assist any congressman in reviewing candidates with the aim of selecting those individuals who appear to be best qualified for a cadetship and a career of service to our country. Under this proposal, congressmen could select a list of six or eight individuals and have the academic board evaluate their potential and establish an order of probability of success. The congressman would still make the final selection as he sees fit. The academy thereby would continue to receive candidates of high caliber from each of the forty-eight states. In other words, the academy would offer advice, based on past records. I believe this system would lower the attrition rate and everybody would be happier.

2) The Curriculum. This important aspect of the West Point system is still being studied, and I'm not yet prepared to make specific recommendations, except to say that certain changes will be made, especially in the field of English. It is the general feeling—bolstered by an intensive survey recently made among former graduates—that the teaching of English needs to be expanded. Certainly, nothing is more important than that an officer be able to express himself clearly, completely and concisely, both orally and in writing.

At present, the West Point curriculum is divided roughly as follows: 60 per cent scientific and engineering; 40 per cent liberal arts and humanities. It is possible that this is not the ideal ratio for the needs of an officer in a modern army. This is something that will be determined only after exhaustive study.

There are probably many other ways in which the West Point system could be improved, but to my mind these are the most important at the moment. Times change and requirements change, and it is the duty of the authorities at the academy to anticipate the kind of officer who will be needed in the generation to come.

If hard work will produce that kind of officer, certainly the present system will do it. It is interesting to note that in an age when the working week is getting shorter and shorter, and the world is getting increasingly leisure-conscious, the cadet today is the busiest in history. The curriculum is so jammed that he spends 25 to 30 per cent more time in the classroom than the average college student. He also has less vacation: nine months are spent in classroom work, and two more in military training at camp. In spite of all this, he does not seem to be any the worse for the extra work. Nor do the grinding physical drill, the busy athletic schedule or the early hours seem to stifle his drive or imagination.

In this regard, it seems to me that the academy makes a point worth noting outside the military circle as well. I don't think it's possible, or even desirable, for the average parent to try to turn his son into the equivalent of a cadet. I do believe, however, that in an age when we seem to be constantly trying to make things easier for our kids in every way—from buying them television sets to chauffeuring them six blocks to school—it's possible to learn a lesson or two from the West Point system. I have found it so.

As far as the authorities at the academy are concerned, we have learned over the past few years to temper old-fashioned discipline with a little more leniency. On the other hand, as a parent, I've learned to temper leniency with a little more old-fashioned discipline. In an age of gang warfare and juvenile delinquency, this may strike a lot of other parents as a pretty good idea too.

Perilous Ascent (Continued from Page 18)

the tent that they had used last night after climbing above the yak pastures from the highest town in Nepal. He fastened down the supplies. He helped Jan Cooper arrange himself in his climbing equipment; his parka over his brow, his ice ax in hand, his rucksack on his back, his laces well tied on the spiked shoes. He was more indolent with himself, lounging against the morning wind in a golf cap, wearing a light jacket, British knickers, woolen socks and western golf shoes. The climb was a simple matter for him, and one for which he would be mocked when he returned to the town; the town that knew him as a braggart who would lead a strong expedition in even better fashion than the Sherpa Tenzing, who had reached the top of Everest with Hillary.

He fixed the rope about himself and Jan Cooper, and said, "It is all ready."

They set forth. Namgyal sniffed the air; yes, weather conditions fine, crisp. Snow would hold, ice be correct. An easy climb. Except for the drag of this man. But the rupees mattered. Money always did.

He led, and looked back on the tall man, with the aquiline young-old tense face, revealed as Namgyal held up the light. What kind of a blind fool was this man? But what did it matter?

"The *paga*," he called, "the rope, how does it feel?"

"Good, it's good."

With sturdy hands—with his voice too—Namgyal led his client. His short, strong Sherpa's arms and legs held the tall American on the rope and the ascent. He smiled to himself. This was ridiculous and degrading. But he would humor the man, and make money.

The rope was taut around Jan. And as he ascended in the usual fashion, slowly but with no pauses, he felt the pull of a greater need; to make the ascent if he could, and to prove something in himself; a vagrant, half-felt need that had been goading him for a long time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He seemed, in the first hour, to feel the rope as a symbol of the pull that had brought him here. He was thirty-five, and had been blind for twelve years, two years before he met and married Betty, who had been one of his students. He had been blinded in a hunting accident in Canada. In those days, his climbing legs had been eager and resilient. And he had tried to keep them in fair shape by daily calisthenics.

Regardless of his infirmity, he had become a professor of romance literature, and in the last ten years he credited much of his accomplishment to Betty's ardent collaboration.

Two months ago, they were relaxing on the couch, after working on a lecture. He felt her taut, hard, in his arms.

"Jan," she said, "a letter came today—from the end of the earth."

"Don't sound so mysterious!"

"It came from Katmandu," she said; "from the king. He wants you to lecture there, at the college, to the students of the department of English. But—I'm afraid I haven't been invited."

He laughed spontaneously, then felt the anxious beat of her heart. "What're you afraid of? What in the world ——"

She did not answer at once, and then he knew it was not necessary. He stopped laughing, and a huge exciting pause was in his mind. Nepal, and its capital, Katmandu. Bounded by Sikkim, Bengal, Tibet. His mind received the impressions of his past reading, and those which Braille or Betty had formed in him: he saw the regions of Nepal, the jungles of the tiger, the lands of the bear and the pangolin; the Alpine wilds of the musk deer, the yak and the eagle vulture. He saw beyond that, to the ranges of the high Himalayas, Everest, the crown of the earth. And he saw into his past physical accomplishments, so early terminated, before he could discover all the beauty and struggle of those who rose to full combat with the forces of the body, emotions and nature.

He was well over six feet tall, and his body was strung with desire to accomplish—and in the realm of the mind and the imagination he had accomplished much. But he was conscious of the fact that although he had a hard, but lean fist, he was a romantic; that even his reactions to books were based on his infirmity. He wondered what he would have been if circumstances had been different.

He wondered—and then did not care. Holding Betty, moody both, he was filled with the adventures that books told; and now, especially, of Nepal, and the conquest of the highest mountain on earth.

Everest. Attempts had been made on the mountain many times, and men had died in some of those attempts. For over thirty years, brave, strong men had tried for the top, and finally Edmund Hillary and the Sherpa, Tenzing, had made it.

Holding Betty, Jan Cooper found an odd fascinated dream working in him.

"You're sweating," said Betty, with strange reproach.

"Betty, I'm going. Yes, darling, I—I must, alone."

"Have you hated—needing me?"

"Never," he said. "But I have to know, once more, how it is to be by myself."

"You won't do anything foolish?"

He said, "It will not be foolish."

He had flown into Katmandu from India, the only way a person could go unless he walked. The representative of the college, who met him, took him in a limousine to the palace annex where he was to be billeted. Jan learned that the car, as all others here, had been carried into the valley on the backs of porters. With his desire for all information, he had asked, "What about pack animals?"

"Useless here," he was told, by Doctor Bhimsena. "Useless everywhere here. Swinging plank bridges over gorges—no pack animal could traverse them."

During the five weeks of the lecture series on romanticism in American literature, Jan and Doctor Bhimsena of the English Department became fast friends. Toward the end of the series, Jan expressed his desire to go into the valley of Nepal, as close to Mount Everest as possible.

Bhimsena said, diplomatically, "It is quite restricted. As a matter of fact, you are one of the first Americans who have gained admittance here, much less been invited."

They were drinking tea in the evening, after dinner. Previously they had walked through the old and new parts of the city, to the temples and bazaars, to the new modern buildings. As they walked, Bhimsena described everything to Jan. Now, back in Jan's quarters, they were slouched into chairs that had come from London.

Jan was not one to allow diplomacy to interfere with truth. "Are you considering my blindness?"

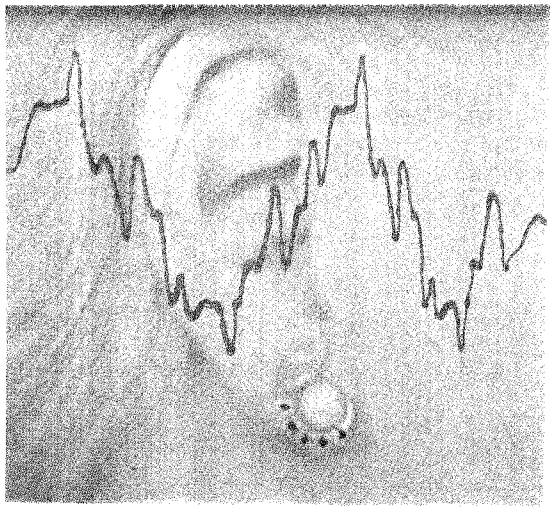
"I am taking it into consideration. But—more than that—why must you do this?"

"Why go near Everest when I can't see it? There are many things I can't see, but I speak of them. I must speak of them well, or you would not have invited me here."

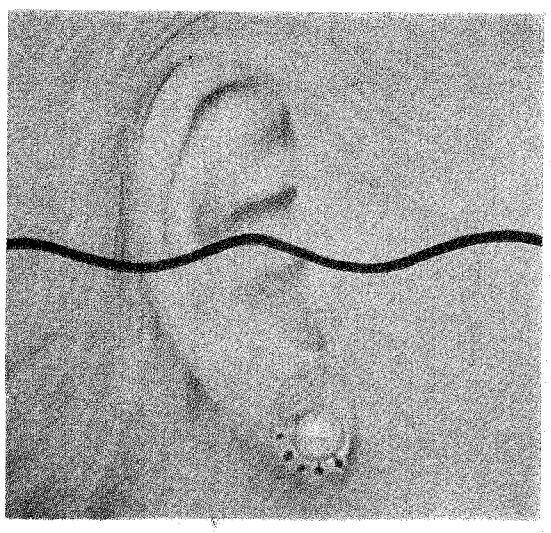
"You were invited here," said Bhimsena, "as an experiment in foreign culture. Frankly, we did not know you were blind. Equally frankly, we were glad you were, and that (*Continued on Page 54*)

When you care enough to send the very best Hallmark Cards

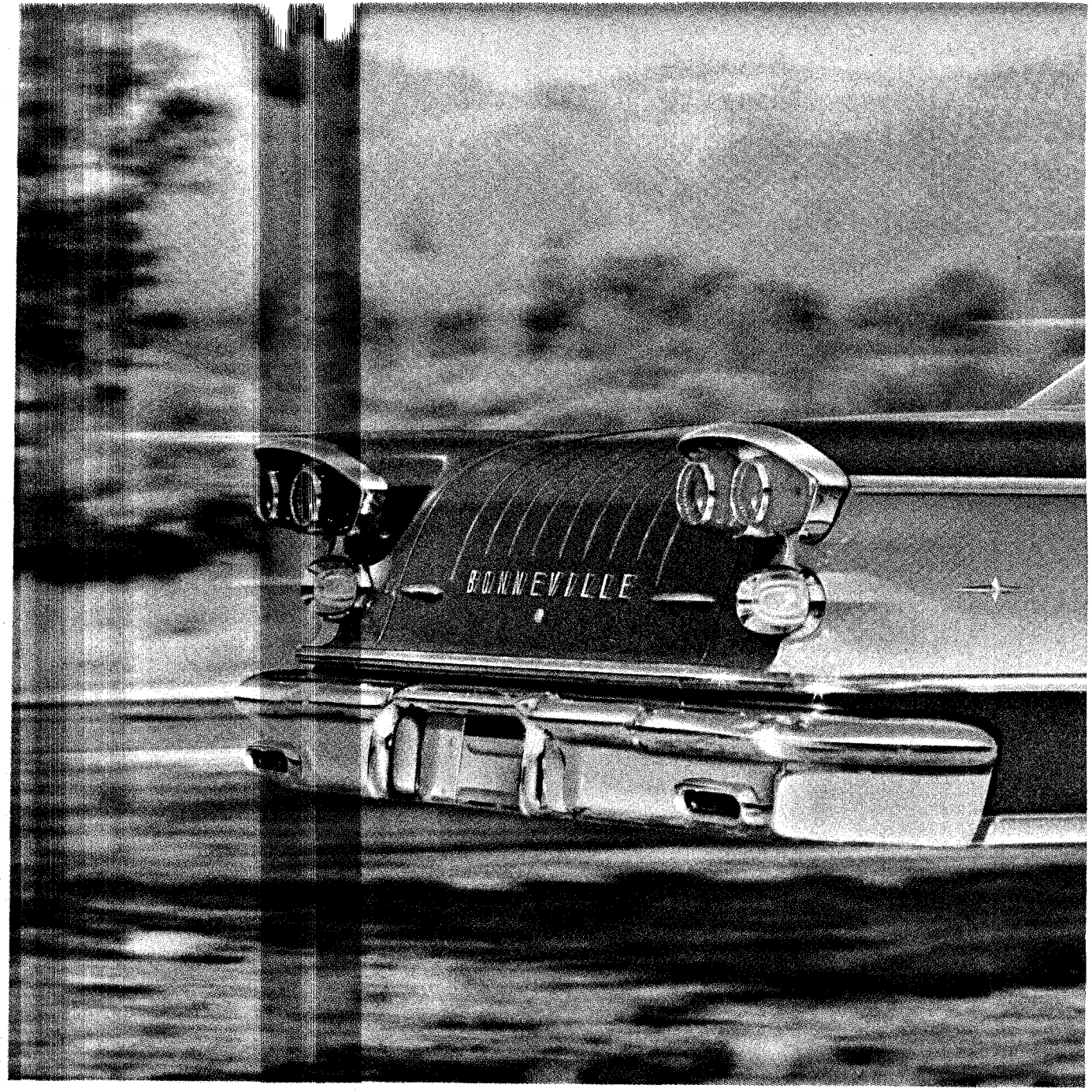
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NOISE YOU CAN SEE. Here, heard through the electronic ear of an oscilloscope, are the road noises of a 1958 car body before the application of 23 "Sound Barrier" insulating and sealing materials.



QUIET ZONE. Same road. Same speed. Same oscilloscope. Only that gently curving line means that road noises are now shut out, thanks to Fisher Body's exclusive "Sound Barrier" construction.



You can hear how well it's the new "SOUND

You can judge the "build" by what you hear.

In the new "Sound Barrier" Body by Fisher, there's an absence of rattles — a freedom from road noise.

This silence tells you that here is a *solid* body — a *tight* body — a body that will be pleasant to live with for years.

The reason: Life-Span Build! Because every "Sound Barrier" Body is an *integrally joined* unit, it is stronger — quieter — roomier.

When *you* buy, remember this: only Fisher Body gives you Life-Span Build.

The new "Sound Barrier" Body is the latest achievement in 50 years of Fisher Body "firsts."

Body by Fisher is an exclusive feature of the "GM Five"—another bonus that makes Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac your best buys for 1958.

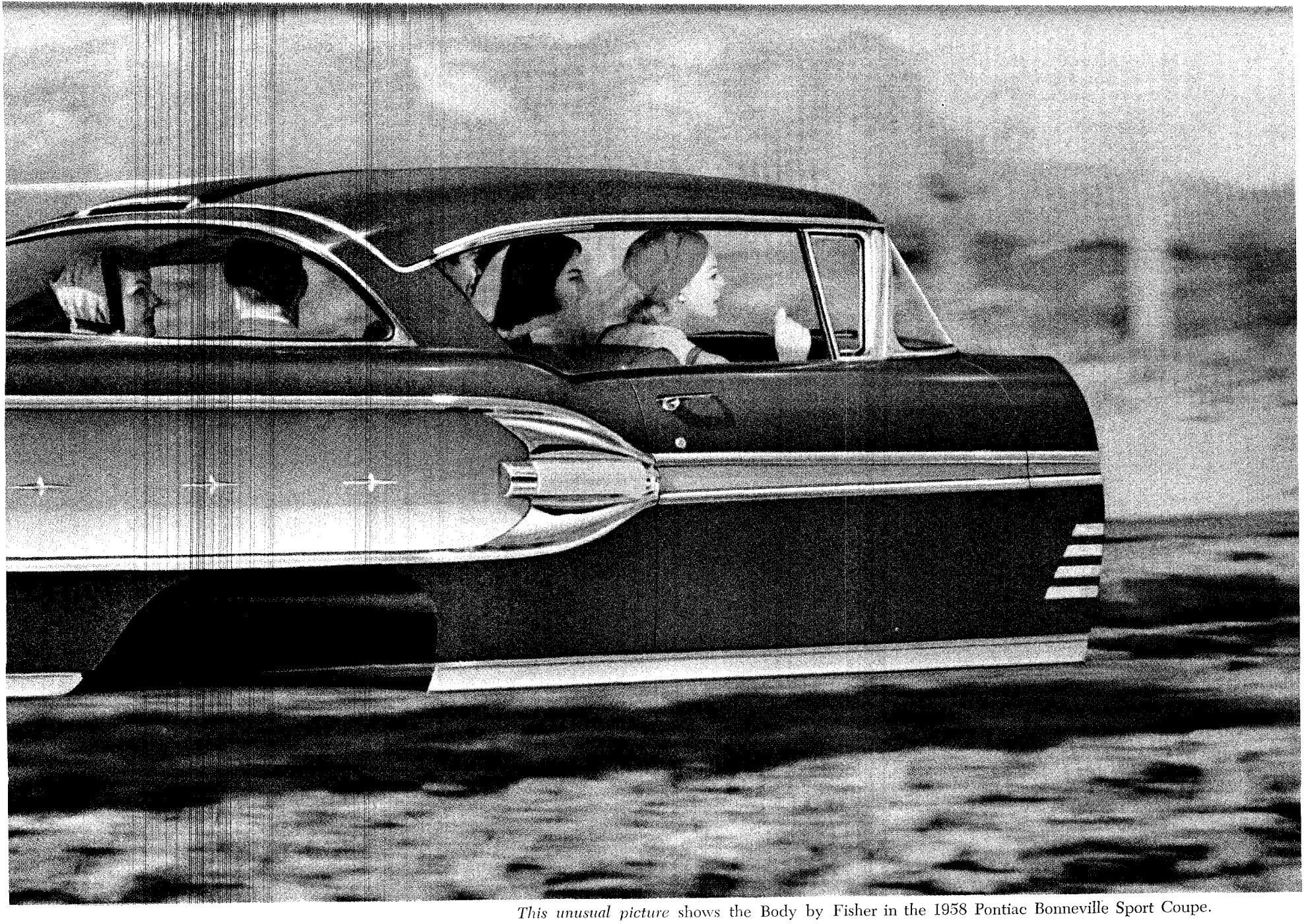
1908 GM 1958

50 YEARS OF BODY BUILDING LEADERSHIP

Only the "GM Five"

CHEVROLET

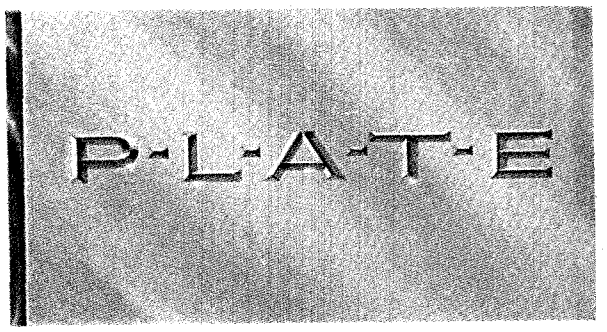
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



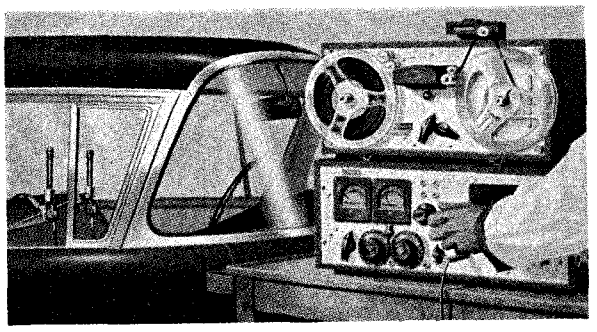
This unusual picture shows the Body by Fisher in the 1958 Pontiac Bonneville Sport Coupe.

built—

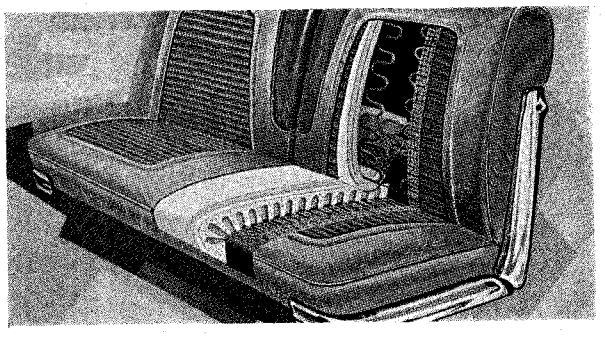
BARRIER" Body by Fisher



SAFETY PLATE ON EVERY WINDOW. Look for this word etched front, rear *and sides.* Fisher Body gives you Safety Plate—not safety *window* glass—in every window. Only Safety Plate glass gives you a ripple-free view *clear around.*



BUILT ACOUSTICALLY. The 23 different kinds of insulating and sealing materials in a "Sound Barrier" Body are tested by high fidelity, stereophonic sound equipment. This is just one of the checks that assure *on-the-road* silence.



"BOTTOMLESS" SEAT SPRINGS. Comfort is *layers* deep in the new "Sound Barrier" Body by Fisher. Beneath downy cotton blankets and foamy cushions there are "S"-shaped seat springs. You don't touch bottom—even on the bumps!

ive you the Bonus of BODY BY FISHER

ONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 51*) you are American. You have given us a vision in romantic literature that we won't easily forget."

"I don't understand why you're glad I am blind."

Bhimsena shrugged to himself. "Your courage inspired us. And small independent countries need it."

Jan was quick to take advantage. "Then let me stand as close to Everest as possible." He leaned forward. "I've told your students about Moby Dick, about whales and the sea. I've told them about the mythology of our West. Let me—let me breathe the mythology of your tallest mountain!"

"What good will it do?"

"Good?" Jan Cooper lifted his aquiline head. "I'm surprised, doctor. Even a blind man needs to feel, occasionally, the heady wind of realism." He smiled. "Even a romantic likes to know where the books come from."

"I will do my best," Bhimsena said.

Three days later Bhimsena said: "Professor Cooper, I have a young man, a Sherpa ——"

"Good!"

"I wouldn't be so enthusiastic, Professor Cooper. This young man is an arrogant person. But there are some good considerations. His father is a trusted merchant of the town nearest Everest. And this young man is a climber, who should be able to tell you of the mountains, and, most of all, he can speak English. He is to lead, tomorrow, a column of porters on a two-week journey to his town, the porters carrying items for his father's store. But, sir, this Sherpa is not a kind young man, although we know he is competent. He has agreed, for a certain sum in rupees, to lead you to his town and back again. I am sure that you would be well maintained on this journey, but I question the full usefulness of it."

"There is no other Sherpa?" asked Jan.

"None other at this time."

"I will take him," said Jan. "Gratefully."

"Betty," he cabled; "I have decided to make a small side trip."

They started the long trek to the town from Katmandu, and the attitude of Namgyal was soon apparent. He spoke politely to Jan, but his disdain was obvious. He himself was as lithe as one of the tigers in the jungles of the lower regions, and he was impatient with the tall white man who always grinned, but always stumbled too.

Also, of all—Namgyal, the porters—Jan had the least stamina. Although he had studiously done his exercises, he held the entire caravan to a slow walk.

It was a Tuesday night when they reached the town, and most of the people were out to see them arrive, standing under the light of torches. A runner had taken word ahead.

Ang Dawa, the merchant, father of Namgyal, received Jan in his house for dinner. The native stew was served, and cheeses, sour milk and hot beer. All during the long meal, people of the town came in and out, drinking chang and curiously watching one of the foreign people. Namgyal easily fell under the influence of the beer, and against his father's protest, spoke of his dreams.

"Namgyal," he said, "means conqueror. Conqueror!" He was speaking for the benefit of the American; no others but his father understood English. "A name I have taken for myself," he said, "as is our privilege." He preened, and sucked his beer through a bamboo straw. "My father had a more gentle name for me, but I would not have it. Is that not right, father?"

Ang Dawa bent his head in embarrassment. "One does not boast of a name that is all sound and no accomplishment."

The liquor went to the cheeks of the young man. "I'm going to be famous," he proclaimed; "famous all over the world. I'll be known in Paris, and in London. Your papers in America will speak of me. Namgyal, the greatest of them all. I'll be famous, rich. Women will want to come to me and speak to me. I shall speak only to the best."

Ang Dawa said, "The chang has influenced my son."

Jan said, "Ambition has influenced him. His dream is a good one, to climb high, be brave and famous."

Ang Dawa said, "Sahib, you speak with compassion for my son. I can tell. There is no money, there are no women on the top

of the mountain. And he who goes there only to seek those things, finds nothing."

Namgyal laughed, lifting his head from the bowl. "And what does he find, father? Snow and ice? No! I have seen snow and ice all my life, and it is unimportant. It is only important to have the world hear of you." He put his bowl down with a bang. "Now I go to bed. I am disgusted with small things. I will not have to stand it for much longer. A great expedition will come, and then I will prove myself. Good night."

After he had gone, Ang Dawa said, "Forgive my son, sahib."

But Jan had not been listening. He drank from his own bowl, and at length said, "I would climb also. Not as your son might someday; but climb, climb, so that all the words, the pictures in my mind will become more real. I want to feel the poetry of truly doing it."

And it had begun. "Be careful," called Namgyal. He was toeing a rock, and Jan was ascending ice steps that Namgyal had cut. Namgyal looked back, over his shoulder, wondering if the full ascent could be made. Then he glanced down again on the fumbling, stern man, who came upward as if he were snow-blind. Namgyal was wearing snow glasses, and Jan looked strange to him in his approach. The rope between them tightened, Jan teetered, and Namgyal held fast. Jan regained his footing, and came inexorably upward, irritating Namgyal, who could not understand such a persistent, blind stubbornness.

His chest heaving, Jan stood beside Namgyal. Namgyal said, "It's past noon. We have far to go. We should turn back."

"No," said Jan.

Namgyal said heavily, "I am the Sherpa. And I decide."

"I will pay you double."

Namgyal frowned. The matter of the rupees was good; he had already been well paid, and more would be more. But they had gone only halfway, and the rest was harder. Why should he exercise himself crazily for a man who did not know the dangers, and could not really appreciate a true climb, a climb for real men?

"We are behind schedule, sahib; there is danger for you."

Jan moved inside his parka. He felt nausea, dizziness. He swayed.

"You don't feel well," said Namgyal, without solicitude.

Jan calmly admitted how he felt. And Namgyal said, "You have mountain sickness. It often comes at this height. We'll go back."

"We won't go back," said Jan. "I have heard about it. I know it can pass. I'll fight it."

Namgyal smiled to himself. "If I order it, sahib? To go down?"

Jan waited, and made a decision. It was rash and mad, but it was one that somehow he had to make. All during the time of his blindness he had resolved that his decisions would be his own, and that never, even figuratively, would he be led. But now a man, a very young man, was dictating to him, on the basis of his infirmity. This he would not take. And then, even as he started to ascend alone, he knew he was in effect blackmailing Namgyal, who no doubt would feel the sympathetic need to go on with him. So he stopped and turned his head.

"If it's necessary," he said, "I'll write a paper, exonerating you from any responsibility for me. But I am going on."

"On, sahib? You won't know when you reach the top."

Jan looked stricken. Namgyal gathered in the slack of the rope.

"Sahib, no paper is needed. Everyone knows the mountains have danger. But I will go on with you."

The day turned cold, a wind arose. Namgyal looked far back, toward the town of tile and brick, the pastures and the small cultivated areas for potatoes, barley and maize. Worriedly, he looked at the sun, the clouds and at the summit—that he had scaled even when he was years younger. But today it began to take on a ferocious aspect, as if he had never seen it before. Ruins of ice, houses of snow. And above were rocks, with an overcrop. An easy climb, even for a girl sometimes—but how would it be today, with a man who was blind?

A vast humiliated anger rushed into Namgyal: he who had wanted since childhood to lead a big expedition was being made a fool of. On a daughter of a mountain, a hill among true mountains, he was experiencing emotion, fear and struggle.

No! cried out everything in him: No!

The rope between them on the snow slope was at a twenty-foot length. Namgyal had it twisted on the implanted ice ax. Like a figure of terrible determination, the tall white man came, hand over hand on the rope.

"We will rest," said Namgyal; "we'll rest a moment." He took out dented flasks and cups, and they drank tea and sat on a flat of snow.

Namgyal saw that when Jan drank, his hand shook. He said, "Sahib, it is enough." And now it was not only because he wanted to give the least for the money on an absurd expedition; it was because this man looked so haunted, so tough, and yet so weak. His blue eyes stared constantly, and Namgyal feared them somewhat, as if they were those of an inconsolable priest of the mountain. He disliked himself for superstition, because even though he was a Buddhist he considered himself sophisticated. But he felt something indomitable in this man, and he did not wish to acknowledge it.

"Sahib, it is much harder from here on. Why do you insist?"

Jan said, "I want to know how it is to achieve. To climb a mountain."

"You have achieved, sahib," Namgyal said.

Jan was indomitable. "I haven't climbed the mountain."

Namgyal shrugged. There was no real danger to himself, and he was being well paid. So on with it.

He put the small flasks into his pockets. His hands, too, were shaking.

The sun had started to lower. Namgyal was cold. He cursed himself for wearing the costume he had on, and then for coming at all. They had, at the most, two hours before they would be in danger on the mountain. And the summit was still above them; not far above them, true; but up a rock face that Jan Cooper could not be expected to climb.

"Sahib, we would have to use pitons here. We have not much time. The weather is turning bad. We can go down easily, I believe. I think we should go down."

This time Jan Cooper did not offer money.

He said, "Where is the face? I'd like to touch it." He walked forward.

"It is here, sahib."

Ice and dark was the rock face. Jan Cooper put his hands against it.

"Namgyal, if you are afraid, I won't ask you to go on."

"Afraid? Namgyal, the conqueror?" He stood beside Jan and looked up. And for the first time in his life he was really afraid. His knees were trembling, and his breath was dry and aching. He wondered if he could go up and take this man with him.

"I'm not afraid, sahib, but I think it would be foolish to try it."

Jan Cooper had his forehead against the stone. "How high is it, how far to go?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . and this is Harold's den."

Namgyal looked up and winced. "Only—only —— Not far."

Jan Cooper shuddered and covered his head with his arms. At length he turned, and said, "O.K.; if you wish, we'll go down."

A long dark cloud passed over them, a plume of snow followed and fell on their faces.

Namgyal said, "No, sahib. We will go up."

The pitons. Like nails in the crevices, and then the hooked rings, and the ropes passed through. But for Namgyal it was not like an ordinary climb, when the man or men below must lift him on the ropes to the piton, and then to the next. He was climbing alone, knowing that Jan Cooper did not have the strength to lift him. His fingers, in climbing usually used only for balance, were now used as instruments of strength, and his weakened legs followed, foot on foot, upward, and soon he was hearing his own breathing, as strident as Jan's.

But he got to the top, and the ropes were in place, and Jan Cooper could ascend. Namgyal said, "Wait, wait a moment." And he lay on his back, exhausted, and the sky looked on him in blue, black and gold, and the wind sang around his ears. He had never been so tired. Willingly, he would have given back all the rupees that Jan Cooper had given him, rather than have to suffer this. And it was not over.

A call from below. "Can I come up?"

"Climb, climb, sahib!" Namgyal held his end of the rope. He felt wild, mad, angry, lost, and weary.

Jan said, "How far am I?"

"Sahib, halfway. Sahib, hold on." The guide's hands were weary and wet with blood. His feet were braced against a small fount of stone.

"I can't find a hold."

"Feel, feel; I have you, feel!"

In the rope there was the vibration of both; Namgyal was trembling, his knees bent, and his arms; and Jan was kissing the face of stone, without wishing to.

It took a long time, with Namgyal braced and struggling, before Jan's head came over the top of the face.

Namgyal grinned through aching teeth. His teeth and all around the gums were on fire, and his eyes felt as if they were pushing out of his head from behind the glasses. He lay back on the rope, and Jan Cooper clambered up to the side, above and over him, and lay beside him on the summit.

They did not know how long they stayed that way, although it could not have been long. Then Jan jumped up, still panting, and yelled, and clapped Namgyal on the shoulders, and cried: "We did it, we did it! We came to the top; we did it!" He took a deep, painful breath—exhaled it in a passionate gust. "Now I know how it is—now I really know!" He took another tremendous breath. "Betty—this is for you!"

Namgyal looked at Jan Cooper deliberately, trying to remain aloof. But his own body was trembling, and the after effect of fear was there, and he knew he had been afraid for this man, and not for himself. And some of Jan's triumph possessed him—or was it his own? The pure simple joy of achievement.

"Shabash," he said; "shabash; well done." And he was speaking to himself also.

Looming, came dusk. Sparkling, fine, silver snow and night. Dimly, fading into the air, Everest and its company.

"We have been too long on the mountain today. We can't go down now. Lie down, sahib."

They held each other in the night, for warmth, and to hold each other from blowing away.

In the morning they woke to a twilight that lasted shortly, and then a warm sun came across them. They did not speak at first, stretching the cramps from themselves. They were shy and embarrassed, knowing that they had become comrades.

Stiffly, they made the descent to their base camp. Expertly, Namgyal put up the tent and on the small stove made hot tea and soup. They drank, relaxed and listened to the soft purr of the wind flicking against the sides of the tent.

A glow of triumph, a dream become reality, knowledge experienced, was on Jan's face. And after a time he said, "Namgyal, you have given me a wonderful adventure. It means a great deal to me—although it might have been a small thing to you."

Namgyal shook his head vigorously, even though Jan could not see it.

"No, sahib, it was not a small thing. Now I know how Sherpa Tenzing climbed the mountain—and it was not for fame and money."

He looked into distance, as Jan seemed to be doing. He smiled quietly and said, "Perhaps now, sahib, with enough humility and courage, Namgyal can earn his name."

THE END

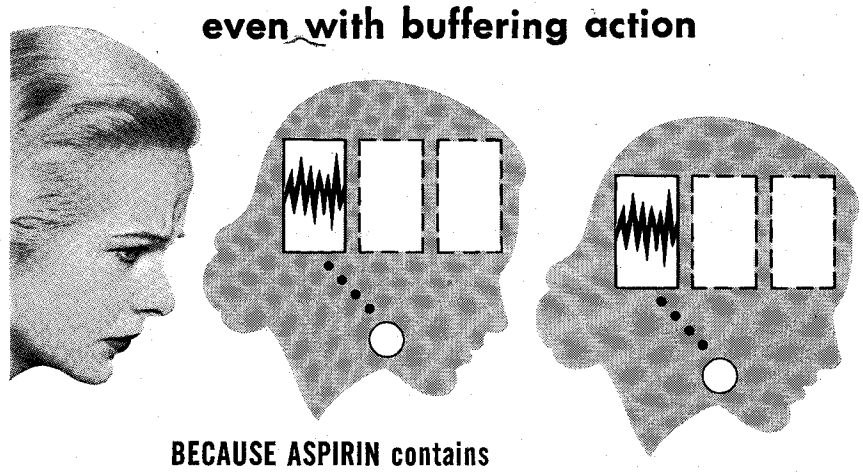
How and why

ANACIN®

gives more complete relief from

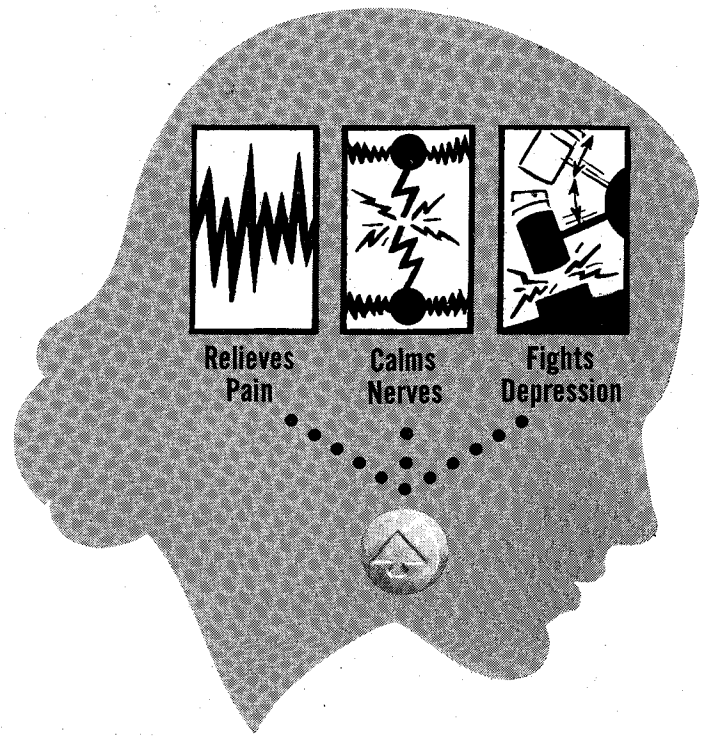
TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES

better than aspirin . . .
even with buffering action



BECAUSE ASPIRIN contains only one pain reliever.....

ADD BUFFERING ACTION and you still have only one.



BUT ANACIN relieves pain, calms nerves, fights depression.
Leaves you more relaxed

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven, active ingredients. Anacin (1) gives fast relief from pain of headache, neuritis, neuralgia. (2) Calms jittery nerves — *leaves you more relaxed.* (3) Fights depression. That's why Anacin gives you more effective and better total results in pain relief than you get from aspirin, even plus buffering action. And Anacin does *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin Tablets today.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEED QUEEN

So pure-water clear

So powder-puff soft

GAS OR ELECTRIC

You may also enjoy the virtues of Stainless Steel in your Speed Queen wringer washer.

Golden Anniversary

ROYAL PAIR

Washes and dries *all* fabrics

Queen ... swing open the door on a Speed Queen Dryer . . . ... most valuable features in the laundry appliance field. ... Rust-proof. Chip-proof. Corrosion-proof. Complete ... washing compounds. Always a smooth, sparkling ... speed for life.

... matic Rinse Conditioner — the new Wash 'N' Wear ... the new, built-in Suds Saver.

... the Stepped-up drying speed — and the 3-way Heat ...

... at your Speed Queen dealer. Or, for literature, ... Edison Co., Ripon, Wisconsin.

SPEED QUEEN

McGRAW EDISON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Girl Who Took Sun Baths

(Continued from Page 31)

"Uh-huh."

"Also, I don't think it's necessary to hover right over her house with the helicopter."

"I only did that once. I took my glasses with me. I wanted to see what she looks like."

"Well, what does she look like?"

"I dunno," Pete said gloomily. "She turned over on her stomach when she saw the chopper. She's a blonde, and she was stretched out on a red-and-white-striped beach towel on that flat roof of her house."

"Well, there'll be no more hovering over her place, Pete. We could get in trouble with the CAA for that, you know."

"It would almost be worth it, I think," Pete said. "You oughta go see for yourself, Melvin."

"I have more to do than leer at some blonde," Melvin said.

They got out of the car and walked over to the office. Knuckles McGee, their A. & E. mechanic, was peering morosely at a carburetor.

"What's new, Knuckles?" Melvin said. He was almost afraid to ask.

"If I told you, you'd never believe it," Knuckles answered.

"Go ahead, anyway."

"We got three airplanes in today. One for an overhaul, another for a radio installation and a third for a number change and a paint job."

Melvin brightened. "No kidding!"

"Also a guy was in here from Pendleton. They want to make a breakfast flight in here two weeks from Sunday. There'll be about eighteen to twenty aircraft. They're gonna eat over at the country club and have a golf tournament. We'll sell a lot of gasoline."

"You see what I mean about the bird, Pete?" Melvin said.

"Huh?" Knuckles said.

"Melvin's been quoting poetry," Pete said. "You have to believe in birds, or something."

"That isn't it at all," Melvin said. He repeated the quotation for Knuckles.

"That's it," Pete said. "Here's this dopey bird, and ——"

"That's kind of nice, you know?" Knuckles said. He wrinkled his forehead. "I'll try and remember that, Melvin. My wife will flip if I start quoting poetry. I need something like that. Yesterday I stopped to have a few beers ——" He shook his head. The remembrance seemed too painful for him to continue. "Oh, I forgot. Some guy wants to charter the blue job. Seems he's going up to Canada for some fishing. The way I get it, he wants her for ten days or maybe two weeks. I quoted him the price, but he didn't drop dead, like I figured. He didn't even stagger. He just nodded and flicked the ashes off his dollar cigar."

"Who was this guy, Knuckles?" Pete asked. "How do we know he isn't some nut?"

"We don't, except for the two-hundred-dollar check that he left for a deposit."

"Why, anyone ——"

"Never mind. I called the bank. The man there acted as if I'd lost my marbles for being suspicious."

"Fine, I always wanted to see Canada," Pete said.

"We can't spare you," Melvin said. "We'll get hold of Dick Riley and let him make the trip."

"Oh, sure, let Riley get all the plush jobs. Me, I'll stay here and bust my knuckles on Number Two; then bust my neck dusting crops."

"You're a stockholder," Melvin told him.

"Stop reminding me!" Pete yelped. . . . "Come on, Knuckles; let's get to work."

The two of them left the office. Melvin started going over some bills, and then heard the door open. A feeling of helplessness came over him as he saw the girl enter. He sternly reminded himself that she was probably married, had two children, and that even if she was single, she was probably spoiled, expensive and just too doggoned beautiful for an ordinary airplane driver.

She was wearing jodhpurs and boots and a white shirt open at the throat. She was a sun-streaked blonde with a generous, sensitive mouth, the biggest brown eyes in all the world, and a fuselage as streamlined as an F-102A.

Melvin made an agitated movement and knocked a bottle of ink off the desk. It didn't break. He retrieved it and said hello.

She peered at him. "Is anything wrong?"

"No, nothing."

"You seemed a little startled when I came in. But then, I guess that's understandable."

"It is? Why?"

"You don't recognize me? But then, of course, you wouldn't, with my clothes on."

"What?" Melvin yelped.

"Oh, now don't tell me you aren't the Peeping Tom."

"See here, Miss ——"

"Dimon. Diane Dimon."

"—— Miss Dimon, are you sure you're in the right place? This is County Airways, Incorporated. We dust crops, give lessons, charter ——"

"You also leer at young ladies."

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"Miss Dimon, you're off your rocker," Melvin said. "I never leered at anybody in my life."

"Oh, is that so?" she said. "I suppose you don't fly your airplanes right over my house when I'm trying to take a sun bath. Clear up on the roof of my own home, safe from prying eyes, and then you come along with that whirligig, hovering right over me, with field glasses yet."

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" Melvin groaned. "You're the one?"

"Yes, I'm the one, you peeper."

"Miss Dimon," Melvin said, "it won't happen again. You see, that was my partner, Pete Lowry." Melvin searched for a plausible explanation. "He—he had some engine trouble and he was looking for a place to land."

"Oh? He was going to land on me, maybe?"

"Not at all, Miss Dimon. He was merely surveying the terrain."

"Surveying the terrain, eh? That's a new name for it. I call it peeping, and I want you to stop flying your airplanes over my roof."

"Well, that's not possible. When we have a west wind, we take off over your house, and when we have an east wind, we land over it. It just happens to be in the pattern."

"Well, move the pattern."

"We can't."

"Oh, then I suppose you want my father to move the house?"

"Not at all. Have you ever considered giving up sun bathing?"

"Listen, Slim, this is a free country. Why should I give up sun bathing on the top of our own house? I'm not bothering anyone. Why don't you wear blinders?"

"We can't. We have to watch for other aircraft."

"Well, then ——"

"We could use the honor system, Miss Dimon. Promise not to look."

"Ha!"

"Well, we can hardly shut down County Airways just because you're afraid someone will see you on the roof," Melvin said. "You don't own the air, you know."

"I own more of it over my house than you do."

"Miss Dimon," Melvin said patiently, "you can't own air."

"What's your name, Slim?"

"Melvin Jenkins. I'm the president of County Airways."

She tilted her head and looked quizzically at Melvin. "You know, you don't seem like the Peeping Tom type. Serious, solemn airport owner. You married, Melvin?"

"No, I've been too busy. Someday when I get things squared away, a few thousand in the bank, I'll think of marriage, children, a home somewhere. Right now ——"

"I see. Got anyone in mind to marry, have these children, fill this home somewhere?"

Melvin shook his head.

"You'd be quite a catch for some girl, provided she doesn't dig into your past and find that you're an air Peeping Tom."

"I'm not a Peeping Tom!" Melvin screamed. "I told you ——"

"Now, now, don't get excited, Mel. Bad for your blood pressure."

"I'm a busy man, Miss Dimon, and ——"

She looked at the ceiling and said, "I must be slipping." She turned her beautiful eyes on Melvin. "You aren't going to ask me to go to dinner and talk over this air space over my house? You aren't going to ask me to take an airplane ride or anything?"

"You aren't the only woman in the city who takes a sun bath on her roof. Why, I'll bet ——"

"Ah-ha! How do you know?" she said. "That is, if you aren't peeping?"

"I don't know for certain," Melvin said, louder than he intended, "and I have not been peeping, but it's a ten-to-one bet that you're not the only one."

"Maybe I'm the only one who cares who's leering."

"Miss Dimon," Melvin said helplessly, "why don't you just stay out of the sun?"

"I never knew an airplane driver could be so dull," she said hotly. She turned and went out the door. As she did so, she nearly collided with Pete, who was on his way in. He glanced at her, did a double-take and watched her walk away.

"Holy Toledo!" Pete said. "Who was that?"

"Why, that's Miss Dimon," Melvin said.

"And you let her get away!"

"For crying out loud," Melvin said angrily, "a woman isn't something you tie down, like an airplane, stupid!"

"Is she single, did you get her telephone number, and if you say that you never thought to ask, I'll strangle you with my bare hands."

"She's single, I know where she lives, and she's hotter than a nuclear reactor about you spying on her when she's sunbathing."

"You mean she's the one?"

"I mean she's the one. Now listen, Pete, just fly the airplane or the helicopter, and, if possible, drift a little bit to one side of her house or the other. She could give us some trouble."

"Boy! You aren't kidding. She could give anyone trouble. Why, the girl is sensational."

"That isn't what I mean, you airborne Casanova. She could ——"

"I know. Put in a beef to the CAA. But I don't know what good it would do her. She doesn't own the air."

Three days later, it seemed that Miss Diane Dimon, her father, Charles F. Dimon, and their attorney, Leonard Ryerson, had a slightly different view on the matter of who owned the air above the Dimon residence.

Melvin came to work that particular morning feeling that the fates were treating County Airways with a gentle touch. The Fishermen's Co-operative Association wanted to hire the helicopter to search for salmon; the blue plane had taken off the day before on the charter job. In addition, there was a possibility of getting a contract for supplying forestry lookouts by helicopter—something Melvin had been working on for two years.

He came into the office whistling. Pete and Knuckles were sitting down in two chairs, their legs stretched out, as gloomy as a cellar full of water. "What's the matter with you characters?" Melvin said. "Someone steal your all-day sucker?"

"You know that dame, Melvin?" Pete said.

"What dame?"

"That sun bather."

"Yeah, what about her?"

"She's suing us."

"For what?"

"She says she owns the air."

"Owns the air!" Melvin screamed. "Why, that's ridiculous!"

"It may be, but here it is." Pete picked up a sheaf of legal-sized papers. "Says right here. She's charging that our aircraft flying over her home substantially interfere with and disturb the reasonable use, privacy, enjoyment and occupancy of the plaintiff's home and property."

"Lemme see that!" Melvin yelled. He took the papers and read further: "'In effect, these aircraft are trespassing in air space owned by the plaintiff.'" Melvin threw the papers down. "Call a lawyer!"

"I did," Pete said. "I called Johnny. He says they're way out in left field on this, but that this dame might be able to get a temporary injunction while the judge is deciding who owns the air."

"Temporary injunction!" Melvin yelped. "Why, you know this law routine!

Loyalty

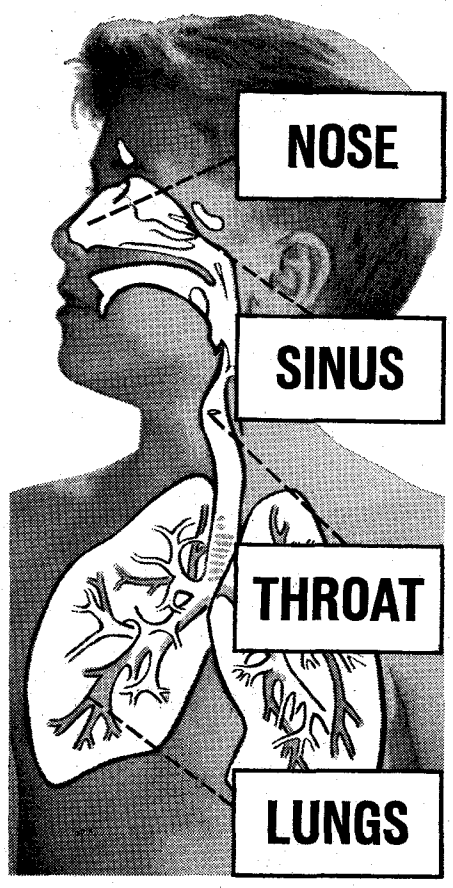
By Elijah L. Jacobs

A woman's loyalty begins at three
Or thereabouts. Dear Doll—her only name—
Is grimy, deeply scarred, limp-necked, quite free
Of hair, and waterlogged, but all the same
She goes with Emily to bath and bed.
One eye is gone—it has not greatly mattered;
The other never closes. No child, we've said,
Could really love a toy so old and battered.
But fresh, unmarred replacements get rebuff;
"Dear Doll," says Emily, "is new enough."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIRUS COLD OR ASIATIC FLU?

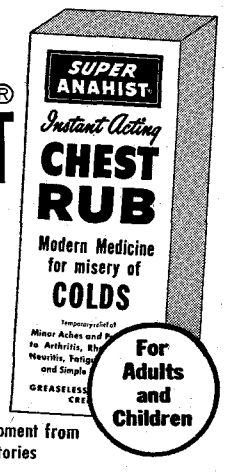
New Instant-Acting Chest Rub Speeds Relief Through



- CREATES MORE MEDICATED VAPORS, FASTER
- ACTION PENETRATES FASTER AND DEEPER
- BRINGS UP TO 6 TIMES MORE CIRCULATION OVER THE AFFECTED AREAS

Now, from Anahist research comes this new wonder formula for chest misery accompanying virus colds or Asiatic flu. New SUPER ANAHIST INSTANT-ACTING CHEST RUB speeds more medicated vapors faster through nose, sinus, throat, lungs . . . while its deeper penetration breaks up congestion . . . and increased blood circulation flushes away stagnant cold "poisons." Get this new greaseless, stainless cream, today. © 1957, ANAHIST CO., INC.

SUPER® ANAHIST
Instant Acting
CHEST RUB



A Remarkable Medical Development from Anahist Research Laboratories

It might take three or four months; the summer would be gone! We'd be busted!"

"Yeah," Knuckles said, "the dame gets brown and we get burned. Fine thing."

"Why, if they get away with this, it'll close down every airport in the country," Melvin said. "Well, they aren't going to get away with it. I'm going over and see that dame."

"What good will that do?"

"Hey!" Knuckles said. "Why don't you marry the dame, Melvin? She wouldn't sue her own husband."

"Oh, that's a great idea," Mel said. "How do you think up such screwy notions?"

"I dunno," Knuckles said. "Just lucky, I guess."

"I'll go over and straighten that dame out so fast she'll hear something snap. You guys hold the fort." He left the office, got into his car and threw gravel getting out of there. He drove over to Diane Dimon's home, squealing tires in the driveway as he stopped. He got out of his car and started for the front door.

"You're late," she said. "I thought you'd be here before this."

He looked up. She was flat on her stomach, peering over the edge of the roof. "Come down off that roof," he said; "I want to talk to you."

"Go ahead and talk."

Melvin realized that she had him at a disadvantage. He could hardly straighten the girl out while he was a good twenty feet below her. "I can't talk while you're up on that roof."

"Well, that's too bad, Melvin. See you in court."

"Look, this is a serious matter to me. Please come down so we can straighten this matter out. There's no need to go to court."

"Oh, you'll have to do better than that. Like asking me out to dinner or something. Or offer an airplane ride in the moonlight."

Melvin groaned. "Miss Dimon, won't you please ——"

"Dinner?" she said.

He took a deep breath. "All right," he said. "Dinner."

"Goody. Here I come." She pulled her head back. In a quarter of a minute the front door opened. She was wearing a couple pieces of cloth which Melvin noted would hardly interfere with her getting plenty of sun. Again the feeling of helplessness came over him, more pronounced this time. She was sleek and gently tanned and rounded where she should be rounded.

"Want to go around on the patio and talk?" she said. She was standing very close to him. The top of her head hardly reached his chin. Even so, she seemed more formidable than anything Melvin had yet faced.

"Look, what's the big idea of suing us?"

"Well, it wasn't exactly my idea. Do you know Leonard Ryerson?"

Melvin shook his head.

"He's an attorney. He also feels very strongly about people peering at me. I told him about it after I saw you the other day at the airport. He made a rather impassioned speech about invasion of privacy, trespass, the enjoyment of one's own property. He was almost apoplectic about it. He got father all stirred up. You know how fathers are."

"No, how are fathers?"

"I mean about protecting their children, threatening to horsewhip young men, if someone so much as lifts a finger—or in this case a helicopter."

"He can't stop people from looking, for heaven's sake. Particularly when you're running around in that—that ——" He waggled a hand at her.

"Oh, you noticed? I'd started wondering whether you had strawberry ice cream instead of blood in your veins."

"Yes, I noticed," Melvin said grimly.

"Anyway, Leonard thinks he's going to marry me."

"He does?" Melvin said. He wondered why he suddenly felt so depressed. He took another look at her. Then he knew.

"But he isn't."

"He isn't?" Melvin's spirits lifted like an elevator.

"Unh-uh. He makes speeches. I mean if he wants to put his arm around me, he has to make a speech about it. Or kiss me. I want a doer, not a talker."

"I see," Melvin said.

"You don't talk much, do you, Melvin?"

"Well, not much, I guess."

"I mean if you wanted to kiss me, you'd just kiss me, wouldn't you?"

The thought of kissing her, which had never entered his head until now, entered in such a hurry that he felt dizzy. He looked down at her. Suddenly all hell broke loose. He bent down, put his arms around her, her arms went around his neck and he kissed her. The co-operation was sensational.

Presently Melvin released her, took several gulps of air and then said, "Jumping Jeremiah!"

"I know exactly what you mean, Melvin, although I wouldn't put it quite that way," she said.

"Why, I must be losing my mind," Melvin said. "Here it is hardly ten o'clock in the morning."

"Well, we can try again at noon."

"Miss Dimon, I apologize," Melvin said hurriedly. "I had no intention of kissing you. I can't imagine what came over me."

"I can."

"I promise you that it won't happen again."

"Wanta bet?" she said. "Possibly tonight after dinner."

"Nothing doing," he said.

"You promised to take me to dinner, you welsher."

"But I didn't say when." Melvin retreated, got into his car, started the engine and took off.

Diane looked at him with her mouth open as he drove away; then put her hands on her hips and said, "Why, that big baboon, he can't do that to me!"

Pete saw Melvin pull into a parking spot. He met Melvin as he was getting out of his car. "Well?" Pete said.

"Well, what?"

"Quote: I'll straighten that dame out so fast she'll hear something snap. Unquote. Is she all straightened out?"

"Well—uh—it seems ——" Melvin said.

"Before you go any farther with the way you straightened her out, you'd better wipe off the lipstick. You look as if you got hit in the mouth."

Melvin hastily took out his handkerchief and scrubbed his mouth. "Now, listen, Pete; don't jump to any hasty conclusions."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that. It's obvious to me just what happened."

"It is?"

"Why, certainly. She threw a bottle of sun-tan oil from the roof. It hit you on the head. While you were unconscious, she kissed you."

"I don't want to talk about it."

"That I can understand. Johnny called while you were out gathering lipstick. He said that he talked to Judge Brandon. All parties concerned are coming out tomorrow while the judge looks over the situation. He wants to see, firsthand, what this is all about. He wants you to take him up in the chopper so he can see, from the air, what we've been seeing. Johnny also says, for what it's worth, that we're making history. Far as he's been able to find out, it'll be the first time a judge ever went up in a chopper to try a case."

"Oh, great!" Melvin moaned. "And I bet Diane will be stretched out on that roof, practically inviting an injunction for invasion of privacy."

"Well, while you were kissing, I was thinking," Pete said. "I got an idea about that."

"Wait a minute. What's this idea?"

"Never mind. I already got the wheels turning. If you knew, you'd probably balk. You're kind of stuffy about stuff like this."

"Now listen, Pete. Don't louse us up with some harebrained scheme of yours. This is a serious matter."

". . . and what's new in 'philosophy,' Professor?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, I think it is, but I don't know about you—out lallygagging with the opposition."

"I was not out lallygagging!" Melvin shouted.

"Well, whatever you call it, you were doing it."

"Let's forget all that. Let's get some work done."

"I'm going to be gone the rest of the day, Mel. This idea of mine is going to take a little leg work so I can have the trap set when the judge arrives."

Melvin went back into the office. The phone rang. It was Diane.

"Are you going to take me to dinner?"

"No."

"I might be able to persuade dad and Leonard to call off the dogs."

"It's too late for that," Melvin said.

"All right, then. I'll tell them you came over here, grabbed me and kissed me. I don't have to mention that I thought it was delightful."

"You're driving me nuts!" Melvin yelled into the phone. Then he hung up, his nerves jangling. It seemed to him that it was months ago when he first saw the girl. He could hardly believe that it was just a few days. He stared at the phone and then had a horrible, frightening thought. *What, Jenkins, if you found yourself in love with that girl? It's impossible, ridiculous, and I won't think about it for a second.* He put her out of his mind determinedly. She was back in five seconds. In desperation, he went outside, climbed into an airplane and took off. She was not on the roof. He tin-canned around in the sky for half an hour; then went back downstairs. She was still with him. She was still in his thoughts when he went to bed that night, and it was not until he admitted to himself the startling fact that he was probably in love with the girl that he went to sleep.

That afternoon a delegation arrived at County Airways, Inc. There were Judge Brandon; a handsome, self-assured, talkative character who turned out to be Leonard Ryerson; their own attorney, Johnny LaFitte; Diane's father, a lean and tanned man with closely clipped gray hair and bright blue eyes; and a representative of the Civil Aeronautics Authority.

Pete Lowry winked at Melvin, his expression that of a man who knew where the body was buried. He made a circle of his thumb and forefinger and grinned. Melvin wished that he could feel happy.

"We are not here," the judge announced, "to argue points of law at this time. Briefs will be filed by the attorneys, and oral arguments may be heard at a later date. Right now, the court desires that the defendants fly the court over the controversial area at normal speeds and altitude."

Melvin got the judge into the helicopter, strapped him in, got in and started the engine. He lifted the judge off the airport and handed the judge a pair of glasses. Melvin peered down when they were over the Dimon residence. Diane was not there. Then he looked at the roof of an adjoining house and stiffened. Three young ladies, sun bathing in brief attire, waved at the helicopter.

The judge lifted the glasses. "Is that the Dimon house?"

Melvin shook his head. He pointed out Diane's house. Then he stiffened again. Two more young sun bathers waved from the roof of a house just beyond the Dimon house. The judge adjusted the glasses. A hundred feet beyond there was a small housing development with a swimming pool. There must have been a dozen young ladies soaking up the sun. Melvin swung to the left. A girl waved from the roof of a two-story apartment building. He swung right. Three more girls waved. There must have been thirty lovely young sun bathers right off the end of the runway. The judge was having a field day with the glasses. At one point he took the glasses hastily away from his eyes and said, "Tsk, tsk. That young lady should really be more careful." Presently he waggled his hand. "Take me down."

Melvin took him down. The judge climbed out of the helicopter. Melvin looked at Pete, who came over and whispered, "See 'em?"

"I hope you don't land in the bastille for this," Melvin said.

The judge walked over to the two attorneys, who were standing with Diane's father.

"Well?" Leonard Ryerson said.

The judge peered at the attorney. "Really, Mr. Ryerson, your client must be unusually sensitive."

"Sensitive, your honor?"

The judge waved his hand in the direction of the sky. "There must have been thirty or forty young ladies on the roofs of houses, around swimming pools, all sun bathing. They seemed singularly undisturbed. They all waved at us. Their privacy was also being invaded, if any privacy was. I am not now giving the court's formal opinion, but it would seem to me, in view of what I just saw, that if thirty or forty young ladies do not object to aircraft, why should one?"

Thirty minutes later the delegation was gone. Pete and Melvin and Knuckles were in the airport office, having a can of beer to celebrate. Mr. Dimon had persuaded his attorney to call off the suit. Leonard Ryerson still had a stunned expression when he took off.

"O.K.," Melvin said. "Where did all those dames come from?"

"Well, Mel, you know that the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association has a fairly large membership. But first of all, it wasn't my idea."

"Knuckles?" Mel said.

"Not me," Knuckles said.

"You must be a pretty powerful kisser, Mel," Pete said.

"You mean ——"

"Uh-huh. After you kissed her, and before you got back, she called me. Said she couldn't get her father and that flannel-mouthed attorney to call off the suit, she didn't think, but she had an idea. She knew a lot of people around the neighborhood. I got hold of the A.O.P.A. and they supplied the wives, daughters, girl friends. We just planted them on people's roofs. I bet that judge got himself an eyeful. Some of those gals were real dolls."

The phone rang. Melvin picked it up and said hello.

"Dinner?" she said.

"Hello, Diane," Melvin said. "Certainly, dinner."

"I'm glad you aren't mad. I thought Pete did a wonderful job, didn't you?"

"Swell, but why didn't you tell me about it?"

"Pete said that you're such a poor liar, the judge would have caught on. Leonard was fit to be tied, but dad's still laughing. I told him all about it. He said that he wasn't looking forward to his declining years being Leonard's father-in-law; but then, I guess we don't have to worry about that, do we?"

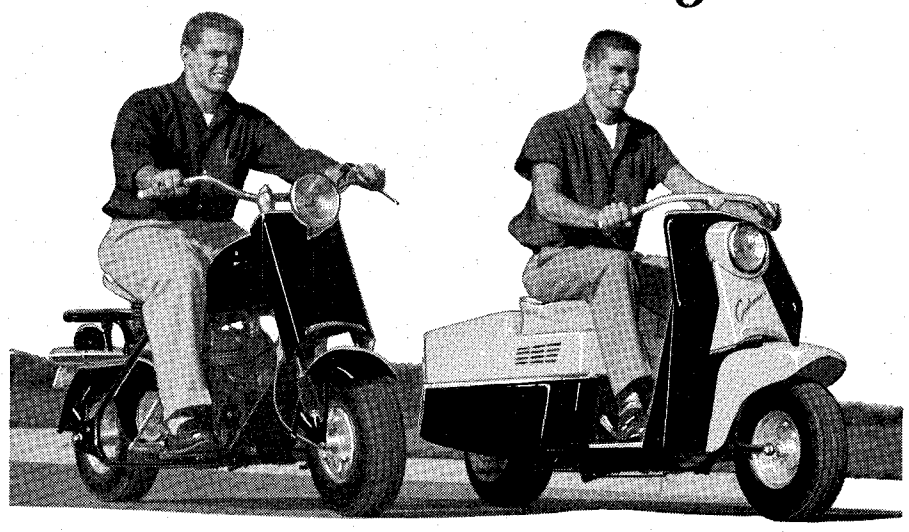
Melvin started feeling lightheaded. "I guess not," he murmured.

"Let's get outta here," Knuckles said. "If there's one thing I can't stand, it's some lovesick joker mumbling into a telephone."

"Let's take his beer when we go," Pete said. "He won't notice."

The two of them picked up the beer and walked out of the office. Melvin didn't even know they had gone. THE END

Just as much fun as they look!



The Flashing Cushman® and the ALL-NEW

EAGLE ROAD KING

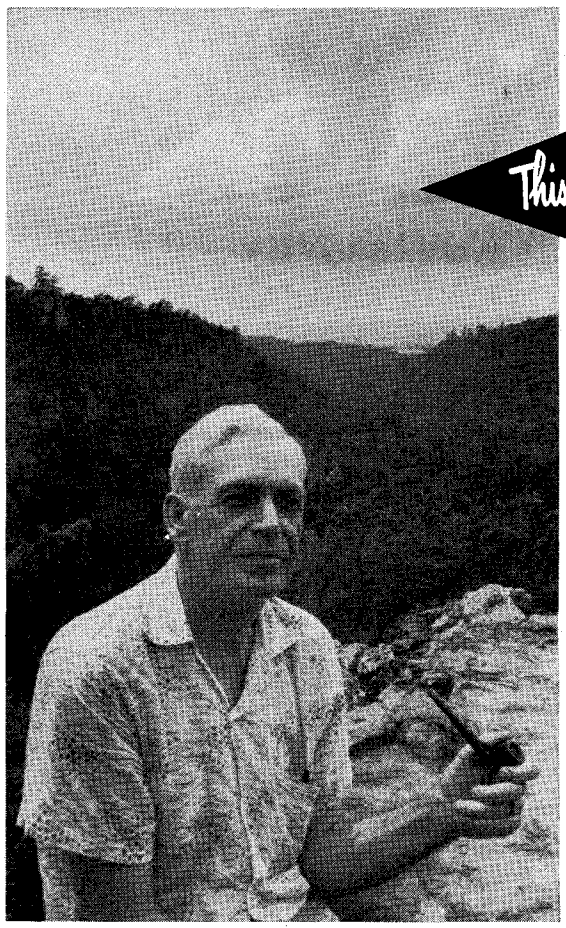
Distinctive, modern design combined with rugged construction for safety, service, and a smooth, soaring ride make Cushman the choice for a world of fun and excitement. Powered by the famous Cushman Husky 4-cycle engine. Up to 50 miles per hour, up to 100 miles per gallon. Ride a Cushman. You'll agree they're just as much fun as they look!

Ask your dealer for a FREE DEMONSTRATION or write for new FREE booklet today

SOLD AND SERVICED NATIONALLY
Replacement parts immediately available

CUSHMAN MOTOR WORKS, INC.
A SUBSIDIARY OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

CUSHMAN MOTOR WORKS, INC.
982 NO. 21st, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA
Please send FREE booklet ☐ EAGLE ☐ ROAD KING
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____



This is Arkansas

"The most restful place I know!" That's what Bruce Blalack, an insurance executive at Memphis, Tenn., says about America's new family vacationland. For 14 straight years, he and his family have vacationed at Petit Jean, one of Arkansas' many beautiful state parks. They like the elbow room and contentment . . . fresh, unspoiled nature . . . real scenic beauty. Discover for yourself the wonders of a family vacation in Arkansas!

ARKANSAS PUBLICITY AND PARKS COMMISSION • STATE CAPITOL • LITTLE ROCK

Send For Free Vacation Literature

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____
Dept. 482

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case of the Footloose Doll

(Continued from Page 14)

opened up in the earth, remained for a moment as a gaping chasm. The screaming girl and the new shiny automobile had plunged into this cleft in the earth. Then, as though it had only been waiting for its human prey, the crack had closed with a grinding, rumbling noise. The earthquake subsided. Where the crack had been was only a pressure ridge of earth and rocks and the crumbled blocks of the paved highway.

Now Mildred wished that some terrific earthquake would open up a chasm in the earth directly in front of her automobile, so that she, too, could disappear. She wanted to sever all her connections, wanted to vanish without a trace, but she had to work to live, and in these days of Social Security numbers, driving licenses and income-tax returns, vanishing into oblivion is no easy matter.

Also she began to realize that a simple disappearance would only make it appear she had been Bob Joiner's accomplice in his embezzlements.

After a few miles she stopped at a service station at Vista, and while the attendant was filling the gas tank she noticed a young woman standing quietly by the side of the gas pumps.

At first Mildred thought she was the wife of the attendant. Then somehow she knew this girl was being uprooted from her life just as Mildred herself was. She felt the young woman's eyes on her, studying her discreetly. Then the figure came forward diffidently.

"May I ask where you're going?"

Mildred couldn't bring her numbed mind to focus on the situation. "Away," she said listlessly.

"Could you give me a ride?"

Mildred said, "I'm sorry, but I'm not going anywhere in particular."

"Neither am I."

Mildred's eyes came into focus while her mind remained aloof. She saw a woman twenty-three or twenty-four, brown eyes, brown hair, about Mildred's own build. And she fancied she saw desperation and abject misery which indicated a fellow sufferer.

"Get in," Mildred heard herself saying.

"I have a suitcase."

"Put it in."

When the attendant had filled up the tank Mildred gave him her gasoline credit card, signed the charge slip, got into the car, started the motor and said to the girl beside her, "I'm Mildred Crest."

"Fern Driscoll," the young woman said tonelessly.

Abruptly it occurred to Mildred that she might never receive the bill for the gasoline she had just purchased. She braked the car to a stop, put it in reverse and backed up to the service station.

The attendant who had waited on her was busy servicing another car.

Mildred said to the second attendant, "I'm Mildred Crest. I just signed a charge slip for gasoline. The amount was three dollars and forty cents. Here's the money. Please tear up the charge slip."

She handed the puzzled attendant three dollars and forty cents, stepped on the gas and drove away.

After a few moments she turned to the young woman beside her. "I'm not good company. I'm not certain where I'm going or what I'm doing. I may drive around a while and then go back. I may never go back. You'd better get out and get a ride with someone else."

Fern Driscoll shook her head.

Mildred and the hitchhiker rode in silence for miles. Mildred came to the intersection with Highway 395, crossed it, taking the road to Pala. Mildred Crest, speeding up after the boulevard stop, at first said nothing; then feeling she might be taking undue advantage of the other's misery, turned to her abruptly.

"That's the main north-and-south road from San Diego to San Bernardino, then to Bishop and Reno. Want to get out?"

Fern Driscoll shook her head. "It's night. I'd prefer to go with you, wherever you're going. If I do have to get out, I'd prefer to wait at a gasoline station, where I can size up the people."

"I've told you I'm not going anywhere," Mildred said.

"That's good enough for me," Fern said. "I'm a stranger in these parts. I arrived in San Diego late this afternoon, left within an hour. A nice-looking young man turned out to be a wolf. I was glad to get out of his car. I walked a mile before I came to the gasoline station."

"You live in the West?"

"No. I'm a footloose doll."

Silence settled between them. Not a relaxed silence of companionship and understanding, but a tense, uneasy silence.

Abruptly the young woman said bitterly, "I've made a mess of my life."

"Who hasn't?" Mildred commented.

The hitchhiker shook her head. "You're just down in the dumps temporarily. You've had a jolt. You haven't burned your bridges. I've burned my bridges."

"I'd like to trade places with you," Mildred said.

"Sight unseen?" the other asked.

Mildred nodded.

Again there was a period of silence, then the other said, "Don't tempt me. It couldn't be done, but—well, it's an idea."

They came to Pala.

"Where does that road go?" the hitchhiker asked.

"Palomar Mountain," Mildred said. "That's where the big, two-hundred-inch telescope is."

She turned to the left.

"And this?" the hitchhiker asked.

"I don't know for certain," Mildred confessed. "I think it winds around and comes back to Highway Three-nine-five."

The road ran level for a while, then started climbing, and finally became a winding mountain grade. On a sharp curve the lights penciled across the shoulder of the road and then were blotted out by the black oblivion of a deep canyon.

Mildred heard the other girl's voice saying, "Wouldn't it be delightful just to plunge into that blackness? Then nothing could ever catch up with us. We'd leave it all behind. Look, Mildred, are you game to do it?"

"Do what?"

"Drive off the road?"

"Heavens, no!" Mildred said, startled. "You might be maimed, crippled for life. That wouldn't solve anything. That wouldn't ——"

The other lunged against her. Strong hands grappled with the wheel and gave it a twist. Mildred was caught by surprise. She threw her weight against the wheel, fighting to bring the car back into the road. The hitchhiker gave a shrill, hysterical laugh, braced herself and ripped the wheel from Mildred's grasp. In that last brief second, when the car seemed to hesitate, Mildred looked out into a terrifying black abyss. Then she felt the front of the car dip sharply downward. Her ears heard a grinding crash of steel on rocks, then she felt herself lifted into the air, felt the car turning over. Above all she could hear that wild, demoniacal laughter, the shrill cacophony of hysteria that had become insanity.

The car hit solidly, throwing Mildred against the steering wheel. Then the car rolled on in a crazy zigzag pattern. For a moment it was right side up. Then it keeled over sharply. Mildred heard a thud, like the sound of a ripe melon being smashed with an ax, then the scraping of metal. With a jolt, the car came to a stop.

Mildred had a subconscious realization of groping for the ignition switch and then turning the headlights off, of lying there in the darkness, listening to the gurgle of water from the radiator, the trickling of oil from the crankcase. Then there was a permeating odor; the smell of raw gasoline running into the car.

Mildred tried the door. The car was all but upside down, the door was hopelessly jammed. But the window on her side had been lowered. By squirming and twisting, she was finally able to extricate herself. The gurgling noises ceased. The quiet of the night descended around them, a sublime, tranquil silence. Overhead the stars were steady.

"Fern," Mildred said. "Fern, are you all right?"

There was no answer.

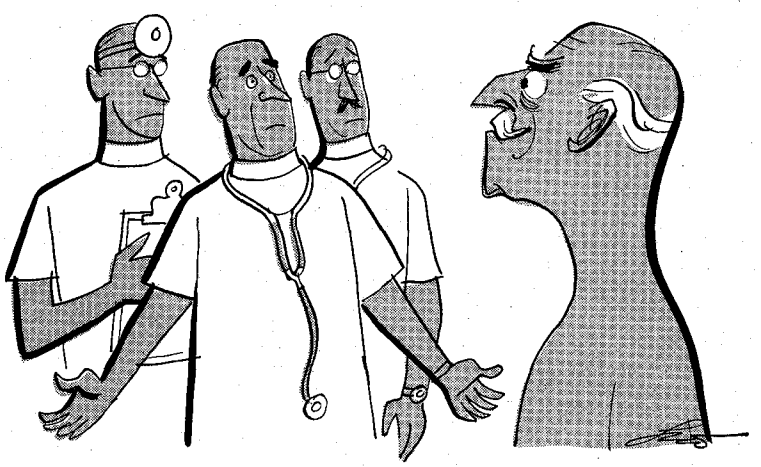
Mildred leaned over and looked down into the car. It was dark and she could see but little. She felt for and finally found her purse. There was a book of matches in the purse. She scraped a match into flame. She looked, and knew panic and nausea. The hitchhiker had evidently got the door partially open and had been about halfway out when the car struck that last huge rock. Mildred shook out the match, threw it away from her, leaned against the side of the wrecked car, and felt as though the last of her strength had drained out of her.

A car went by on the road high above them. Mildred screamed for help, and her voice was swallowed up in the silent darkness as a speck of ink is absorbed by blotting paper. The car whined onward, never pausing for so much as a moment in its snarling progress up the hill.

Mildred took stock of the situation. She had been badly shaken. There were one or two very sore places, but no bones were broken. Well, she would have to scramble back up to the road, would have to stop some motorist. There would be authorities to notify. She looked down at the dark shape of the girl and for a moment found herself wishing that the situation could have been reversed and that —— The idea struck Mildred with the force of a blow. After all, why not?

Mildred could take the hitchhiker's purse. There would be some identification in it. She could leave her own purse. The thing which had once been the other girl's head would now furnish no means of identification. Of course, Mildred thought calmly and coolly, there was the question of fingerprints. Would anyone have those or would they take the prints of a corpse? What if they did?

Mildred could try it. If it appeared the body was taken for that of Mildred Crest, Mildred could simply keep quiet. Otherwise she could come forward and state that she had found herself wandering around in a dazed condition, not knowing who she was. She knew that such things happened—retrograde amnesia, they called it. (*Continued on Page 62*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

When Army doctors told Colonel Brown that he was totally incapacitated for active duty, the stricken colonel consoled himself with thoughts of generous disability retirement pay. To his dismay, the retirement board rated him only 50 per cent incapacitated, cutting his pay in half. The colonel thereupon charged into court.

"I was retired as 100 per cent disabled and I should get 100 per cent disability pay," the colonel insisted. "This board ruling is the worst bosh I have ever encountered."

"The colonel was totally disabled for duty as an Army officer," a board spokesman replied, "but we adjudged him only half disabled by the standards of civilian life and earning capacity."

If you were the judge, would you make it 50 or 100 per cent?

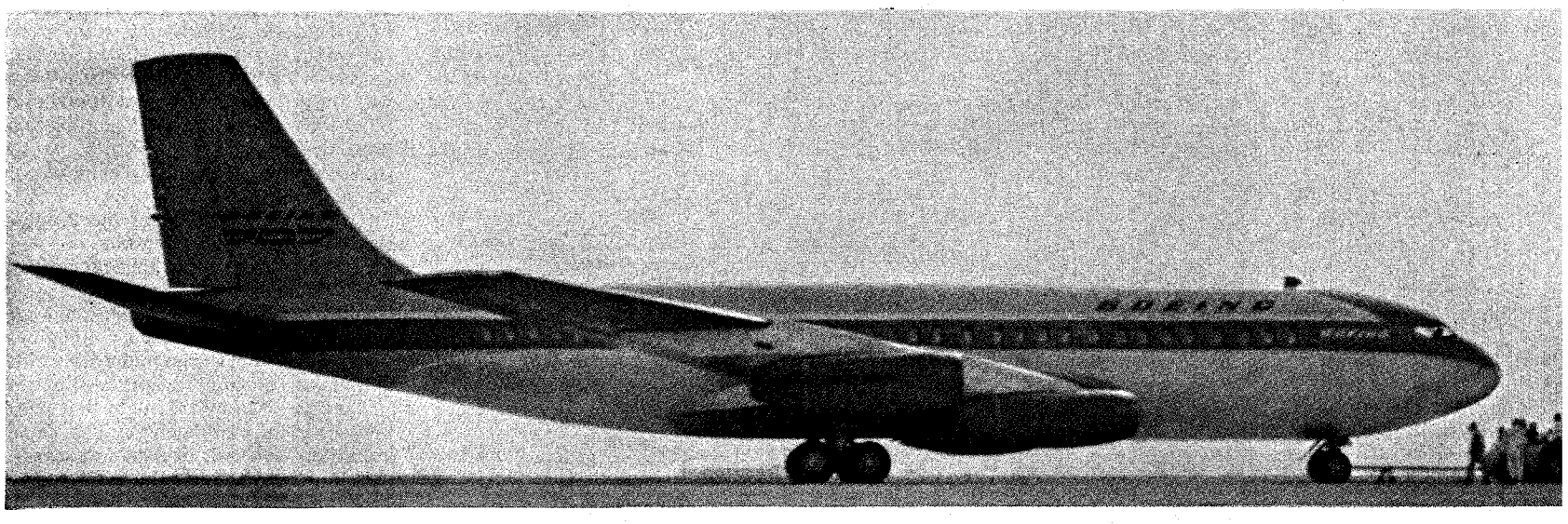
• •

Fifty per cent, said the court. It pointed out that as the colonel was no longer in the Army, he must be considered as a civilian, in which capacity he was only halfway disabled.

Based upon a 1956 United States Court of Claims decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Boeing 707 and 720 jetliners, you'll fly far above the weather . . . so quiet, so secure, so vibration-free, you'll find it hard to believe you're traveling 600 miles an hour.



Above is the superb 707—by Boeing, builder of the *first* pressurized airliner...19 years ago. Since then Boeing has built more pressurized, multi-engine aircraft than any other company in the world.

BOEING 707 and 720

These airlines already have ordered models of the Boeing family of jetliners: AIR FRANCE • AIR-INDIA INTERNATIONAL • AMERICAN AIRLINES • BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS • BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION • CONTINENTAL AIR LINES • CUBANA DE AVIACION • LUFTHANSA GERMAN AIRLINES • PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS • QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS • SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES • TRANS WORLD AIRLINES • UNITED AIR LINES • VARIG AIRLINES OF BRAZIL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 60*) Mildred leaned down in the wreck, looking for Fern's purse. She found it and considered the problem of transferring what money there was in her purse. If they found her purse without money —— Well, why not? It was money for which she had worked hard. She certainly needed all the money she could get. Swiftly she decided to take all the folding money from her purse. Calmly competent now, her nausea overcome, Mildred made the change.

Again she struck a match as she leaned over to drop her purse by the steering post. The match flared up and burned her fingers. She dropped it, jerking back her hand with an exclamation of pain, the match flying to the rear of the car.

For the tenth part of a second there was a little flame, then a sudden flare of oily brilliance. As the gasoline ignited, Mildred had only time to jump back in horror before the rear end of the car became a blazing inferno.

Mildred clutched Fern Driscoll's purse, scrambled down the canyon out of the way of the flames. She heard tires scream on the road above as a speeding car skidded to a stop. Mildred scrambled down the last few feet of the steep embankment, came to a rock-strewn stream bed, followed that blindly downhill, using the light of the fire to let her see where she was going and avoid the branches which would have torn her clothes.

What followed was a nightmare compounded of many nightmares. There was the difficult terrain to be negotiated. As she put distance between herself and the wreck, the light from the fire was abruptly shut off by a jutting promontory. Finally she was stumbling along in darkness.

When she heard the sudden whir of a rattlesnake, it was impossible to place the noise in the darkness. Mildred knew it was but a few feet away and the whirring was the dry, ominous rustle of death. Mildred jumped wildly into the darkness, stumbled over a rock, fell face down in a bush, then extricated herself in the haste of blind panic and ran.

After a while, she heard sirens, saw a red glow, indicating that the fire of the car had set a brush fire. She heard fire-fighting apparatus, then finally found a place where she could scramble up to the road. There were several cars standing on the road. A man with a badge and flashlight was blocking all traffic. People were milling around in confusion.

Mildred picked a kindly-looking old couple. "May I ride with you?" she asked. "I got out to look at the fire and my family turned back toward Pala. They think I'm still asleep on the back seat and won't know the difference until they get home."

"Where's home?" the woman asked.

"San Diego."

"Well, we're going the other way, to Riverside. Perhaps you'd better notify ——"

"Oh, that will be quite all right," Mildred said. "I'll go to Riverside with you, and then I can phone my folks. If they aren't home yet, I'll telephone the neighbor. I have friends in Riverside."

So Mildred went to Riverside. Then took a bus to Los Angeles.

It was late that night when Mildred surveyed the contents of Fern Driscoll's oversized purse. It was then that she began to realize something of her predicament.

There were forty brand-new hundred-dollar bills in the purse, held in a neat, compact bundle with heavy elastic bands. In addition, there was some two hundred dollars in fives, tens and twenties. There was a driver's license giving Fern Driscoll's residence as Lansing, Michigan. There was a Social Security card, lipstick, a handkerchief, a compact, and there was a bundle of letters tightly compressed with waxed thread.

Mildred hesitated a moment, then untied the thread, looked through some of the letters. They were love letters signed by the name "Forrie." They contained terms of endearment and indicated a family conflict, a father who was putting pressure to bear on his son to make him "come to his senses." The letters only emphasized Mildred's own heartache. She did but little more than skim through them, then again tied them into a compact bundle.

Mildred thought back to the dark eyes smoldering with emotion, the slightly sullen obstinacy of the beautiful features, the impulsive manner in which Fern had acted. Mildred realized that the hitchhiker could have done almost anything on sudden impulse. She was the type to act in haste, to repent, if at all, at leisure. On hysterical impulse, the girl had sent the car plunging down the canyon, then at the last moment had regretted her impulse to destroy herself and had tried to escape.

However, there was no use trying to recall the past. Mildred found herself face to face with reality. The death of the hitchhiker, tragic as it had been, gave Mildred a longed-for chance to escape from her own identity, from her own troubles, at least to the extent of avoiding the sympathetic pity of her friends. So Mildred Crest became Fern Driscoll.

Mildred knew that with her secretarial ability she could land jobs without the slightest difficulty. It would, of course, be necessary to work out a story which would account for a lack of references. But Mildred felt certain that once she was given a test she would have but little difficulty in finding work, references or no references. The money in the purse bothered her. There was too much of it. She decided to hold this money as a sort of trust until she found out more about the girl whose identity she was borrowing.

The newspapers showed things had happened exactly as Mildred had expected. The Oceanside paper carried quite a story. Mildred Crest, popular secretary of a local manufacturer, had been instantly killed in an automobile accident. In some way the driver had lost control and the car had gone over the grade on the Pala highway. The unfortunate girl had apparently been half in and half out of the right-hand automobile door when it struck against a huge rock near the bottom of the canyon. Afterward the car had caught fire and the body had been partially burned before prompt action on the part of a passing motorist, who had a fire extinguisher in his car, had put out the blaze. The flames had started a brush fire which had not been extinguished until some two hours later.

Mildred studied the newspaper accounts and decided she was safe. Within twenty-four hours she had a job with Consolidated Sales and Distribution Company under the name of Fern Driscoll, and within forty-eight hours felt herself well established.

Then came the crushing blow. Authorities had not been "entirely satisfied." There had been a coroner's inquest. While much of the car had been consumed by fire, by a strange freak Mildred Crest's purse had not been consumed. The contents were quite recognizable. There was not a bit of paper money in the purse.

The authorities, moreover, found tracks indicating that someone had left the car after the wreck. Examination showed that the headlight and ignition switches had been turned off. Police felt it was quite possible that someone had crawled out of the window of the door on the driver's side of the car. There was to be a post-mortem examination of the burned body.

Mildred was in a panic. Would they discover the substitution of identities after that post-mortem?

Still going under the name of Fern Driscoll, because there was now nothing else for her to do, since she had burned her bridges, Mildred awaited the result of the autopsy. She found it in a copy of the San Diego Union. The autopsy had shown that "Mildred Crest" had been dead before the fire started. There was some evidence of possible foul play. A service-station man had come forward who remembered putting gasoline in Mildred Crest's car. She had signed her name to the charge ticket. Then she had returned, canceled the charge and paid cash. This caused the service-station attendant to remember the transaction.

The attendant at the service station remembered, moreover, that Mildred Crest had picked up a hitchhiker, who presumably had been in the car with her at the time of the accident. It was suggested this hitchhiker had perhaps killed Mildred in an attempted holdup. In the ensuing struggle the car had gone off the road.

The authorities had a good description of the hitchhiker, about twenty-three or twenty-four, five-feet-four, weight a hundred and twelve to a hundred and fifteen pounds, chestnut hair, brown eyes, well-dressed, apparently from the Middle West. Then came the last sentence—the last crushing sentence which was the final straw. The autopsy had shown that the body of "Mildred Crest" had been in the second month of pregnancy.

Mildred dropped the paper from nerveless fingers. She understood everything now. Fern Driscoll, a young woman of good family, in the second month of pregnancy—the disappearance, the forty new hundred-dollar bills in the purse, the emergency fund to "see her through," the misery in the girl's eyes, the desire to keep going, yet having no fixed destination in mind. And now that Mildred Crest had taken the identity of Fern Driscoll, now that she dared not disclose her true identity, she knew that Fern Driscoll's pregnancy had been transferred to Mildred Crest. How the tongues would be buzzing in Oceanside!

The newspaper account had mentioned that the authorities were making a "determined effort" to find and question the hitchhiker who had presumably been in Mildred Crest's car at the time it went off the road.

Having assumed the stigma of the other girl's pregnancy, Mildred realized that, as though this were not enough, she was now suspected of her own murder.

Explaining that the vivid Southern California sunlight bothered her eyes after the climate in Lansing, Mildred Crest always wore dark glasses.

The offices of the Consolidated Sales and Distribution Company were on the same floor as offices occupied by Perry Mason, the famous lawyer, and the Drake Detective Agency. It was, therefore, only natural that Mildred would hear from time to time stories of the daring exploits of the famous lawyer and his ingenious defense of innocent persons accused of crime.

Almost without realizing that she had done so, Mildred had made up her mind that, if the worst ever came to the worst, she would turn to Perry Mason for help. Once she had ridden up in the elevator with the attorney and, as she stood beside him, looking up at the keen, piercing eyes, the rugged, granite-hard features, she experienced a strange feeling of confidence.

Twice she had been on the point of going to Mason's office, asking his secretary, Della Street, to arrange an appointment. Each time she desisted because of a subconscious fear that Mason might tell her that what she was doing was wrong, insist that she go to the authorities and make a clean breast of the situation.

The more Mildred thought that possibility over, the more such a course seemed absolutely suicidal. She had reached a decision and she resolved never to turn back. Her bridges were burned. She couldn't and wouldn't retreat.

Mildred Crest had no close relatives. Her father had died before she was born, her mother when she was five. Mildred had been raised by an aunt who had died three years ago, so Mildred was on her own in every sense of the word.

Occasionally there was a twinge of conscience as Mildred wondered about the background and connections of the dead girl whose name she had taken. But as things moved along in a placid routine Mildred saw no reason for making any changes.

From time to time she practiced signing the name "Fern Driscoll," using the

"How's that for a diamond?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

signature on the driving license as a pattern. After repeated attempts, she was able to dash off a fairly good copy of Fern Driscoll's signature. The forty one-hundred-dollar bills were still intact.

Mildred had secured a very satisfactory apartment. There was one long bus ride and then a short walk. Also, it was necessary to shop at the supermarket two blocks away. However, those represented Mildred's sole excursions into public life. She cooked her own meals in the apartment, kept to herself, formed no friendships and slowly but surely established the new identity of Fern Driscoll.

Then one night out of a clear sky came the blow. It had been a hard day at the office. Mildred had worked overtime getting out some important letters. She had missed her regular bus. Dog-tired, she entered her apartment house.

She hadn't even seen the man until she fitted her key to the door of the apartment. Then he materialized as from nowhere. Something about the way in which he had been so inconspicuous as to defy notice and then suddenly so insistent in his quiet menace warned Mildred she was dealing with a professional.

"Miss Driscoll?" he asked.

She flashed him a quick look.

"Well?" she asked.

The man nodded to her key in the door of her apartment. "Open the door," he said. "I'm coming in."

"Oh, no, you're not," she said, standing her ground. "Who are you? What do you want? How did you get in here?"

"The name wouldn't mean anything to you."

"Then you mean nothing to me."

"I think I do."

She shook her head angrily. "I'm not accustomed to being accosted by strangers in this manner. I'm going to enter my apartment and you're going to stay on the outside."

"I wanted to talk to you," he said, "about a certain automobile accident which took place near Pala—an accident where Mildred Crest met her death."

"I don't know any Mildred Crest," she said. "I don't know about any accident."

He smiled a superior sort of smile and said, "Listen, I don't want to make any trouble, but you and I have certain things to discuss and we'd better talk them over quietly."

"What is this, blackmail?"

His laugh showed genuine amusement. "Certainly not. I merely wanted to discuss the accident with you. I promise to be a gentleman, and if I'm not you have the phone at your elbow. You can call the manager or the police, if you want the police."

"But I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about."

"You will have, after you give me a chance to explain."

Mildred had the uneasy feeling that the woman who had the apartment down the hall was listening. She reached a swift decision.

"Very well. Come in," she said. "I'll listen to what you have to say and that's all. Then you're going out."

"Fair enough," the man said. "Just so you listen."

Mildred opened the door of the apartment.

Her visitor got down to brass tacks with a glib swiftness which indicated he had rehearsed the part he was to play.

"I'm Carl Harrod," he said, "an insurance investigator. We carried insurance on Mildred Crest's automobile. I was assigned to investigate the accident. The first thing I noticed was that Mildred had not been driving the automobile at the time it went over the bank. The next thing I noticed was that tracks indicated someone could well have walked away from the wreckage, gone down the canyon, apparently stumbling along in the dark."

He paused and smiled apologetically. "I'm an investigator, I'm not a very good woodsman and not a very good tracker, Miss Driscoll. But I did the best I could. I found tracks going down the canyon, and finally I found what I was looking for—the place where you had climbed up out of the canyon.

"There was no money in Mildred's purse—that is, just a very small amount of change—yet I found she had gone to the bank and drawn out every cent she had on deposit, prior to the time she left Oceanside. There should have been more than five hundred dollars in the purse. For your information, Mildred Crest had received quite an emotional shock the day of her death. She had been keeping company with a young man who turned out to be an embezzler. He is now a fugitive from justice."

Carl Harrod settled back in the chair and smiled.

"Now then," he said, "it is quite apparent that Mildred Crest was dead before the fire was started. The trachea—the windpipe to you, Miss Driscoll—contained no faintest indication of the by-products of combustion. There were other things that the autopsy surgeon could tell, but I suppose you're not interested in the technical details. I think probably you know by this time that Mildred Crest was, unfortunately, in the second month of pregnancy. Putting these things together it's possible to reach a very interesting and highly dramatic story, which, unfortunately, is one that's all too common." Harrod smiled affably. "I'm not boring you, am I?"

"Go ahead," Mildred said.

"Our investigation was largely routine," Harrod said, "until I discovered the service station where Mildred had made her last purchase of gasoline. The attendant told me she had picked up a hitchhiker; that the hitchhiker had asked her where she was going and Mildred had said that she wasn't going anywhere.

"After I saw what had happened at the automobile, I naturally became interested in the hitchhiker. It really took only a slight effort to find you, Miss Driscoll. Your suitcase was in the car when it went off the road. The exterior was damaged by the fire, but I was able to trace the suitcase and finally to find the retailer who had sold it. His records disclosed your name. I felt perhaps you would come to the city and that you might be looking for work. It has taken me this long to locate you."

"What do you want?" Mildred asked.

"At the moment, I want a signed statement from you," Harrod said.

"What sort of a statement?"

"I want a statement that you were driving the car at the time of the accident. I want a statement in your own handwriting as to just what happened and how it was that you left the automobile, stumbled down the canyon, finally climbed the bank and came here, all without reporting to the authorities anything that had happened. I also would like a signed statement from you that you took the money from Mildred's purse. This statement would also release the insurance carrier from any liability, since you would admit that the accident was your fault.

"Now then, we come to a rather sordid part of the entire affair. Since you had an opportunity to take the money from Mildred's purse, since you had the opportunity to retrieve your own purse from the wreck, it is quite apparent that

New FIZRIN® Instant Seltzer

Brings relief faster than any tablet!

New medical compound bursts into instant bubbling action as no tablet can!

The early symptoms of Asiatic Flu and colds are many times quite similar. That's why you should call your doctor at the first sign of fever, headache, muscular aches and pains . . . and why you should know about FIZRIN INSTANT SELTZER, the brand-new medical compound.

FIZRIN is a superfine powder that contains a pain reliever so effective, so safe that doctors everywhere prescribe it. And because of FIZRIN'S instant dissolving action, it goes to work faster than any tablet to relieve pain and reduce fever associated with Asiatic Flu and colds. What's more, FIZRIN contains not just one but *two* fast-working alkalizers that are most effective in neutralizing the acid condition that often accompanies Asiatic Flu and colds.

Always pharmacy fresh! Each dose of FIZRIN is measured and foil-sealed . . . to bring you full strength, effectively fresh relief . . . in a refreshing, pleasant tasting drink.

For Painful Discomforts of Colds, Flu, Headaches, Muscular Pains, Stomach Upsets

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fire didn't break out until some very appreciable interval after the car had gone over the bank. It is, therefore, quite apparent that the fire was deliberately set in order to conceal the evidence of the theft. I would like a statement from you to that effect."

"Do you think I'm crazy?" Mildred asked.

Harrod shrugged his shoulders. "After all, these things are self-evident, Miss Driscoll. Why shouldn't you sign such a statement?"

"Don't be silly," she said. "I never knew Mildred Crest in my life. I wasn't in any automobile. I didn't ——" Her voice trailed away into silence.

Harrod's smile was somewhat patronizing. "Just stopped to think, didn't you, Miss Driscoll? You felt the fire would destroy a great deal of evidence. It destroyed very little, if any. So I found the suitcase was sold to you in Lansing, Michigan. I made a little investigation at Lansing. You had charge accounts and an excellent credit rating. You left a good position in Lansing overnight without telling anyone where you were going."

"What do you intend to do with this statement if I should give it to you?" Mildred asked.

"Well," Harrod said, "that's an interesting question. Quite frankly, Miss Driscoll, I don't know, myself. Theoretically I'm supposed to make a complete report on the situation and append the statement to the report. Actually I don't think I'll do it."

"Why not?"

"I find you quite intelligent. You are very good-looking. Someday you will marry. You may even marry money. In short, I see unlimited possibilities."

"Blackmail!" Mildred said.

"Now blackmail is a very crude and a very ugly word. Please remember, Miss Driscoll, that I haven't asked you for anything except a signed statement."

"I have no intention of writing any such statement."

"That, of course, would be your first reaction," Harrod said. "Well, you've just got back from the office. I know that you're tired. You probably want to get your dinner, and I see you would prefer to be alone. I'll let you think things over for a day or two, and then I'll be in touch with you again."

Harrod walked to the door, turned and smiled at Mildred. "I'll be back, Miss Driscoll," he said, "and please, please remember that I have asked you for nothing except a signed statement as to the facts. I am making that request in my capacity as an investigator for an insurance company. It is a thoroughly legitimate request, particularly in view of the fact you might try to make a claim against my employer, Mildred Crest's insurance carrier. I mention this in case you should consult with some private detective agency, a lawyer or even, in fact, the police. All I am asking for is a signed statement as to what happened. I would like to have you tell me this in your words. Anyone will tell you that is a customary procedure in cases of this sort. Thank you very much, Miss Driscoll. I've enjoyed our little visit. I'll see you again. Good night." Harrod eased himself out of the door.

Mildred stood watching the closed door with sickening apprehension. What Harrod evidently didn't know as yet, but would probably find out, was about the forty hundred-dollar bills in Fern Driscoll's purse.

In view of her actions, it would now be impossible to explain how the fire had started. Harrod quite naturally assumed that she had rifled the other girl's purse and had then started the fire to conceal the theft.

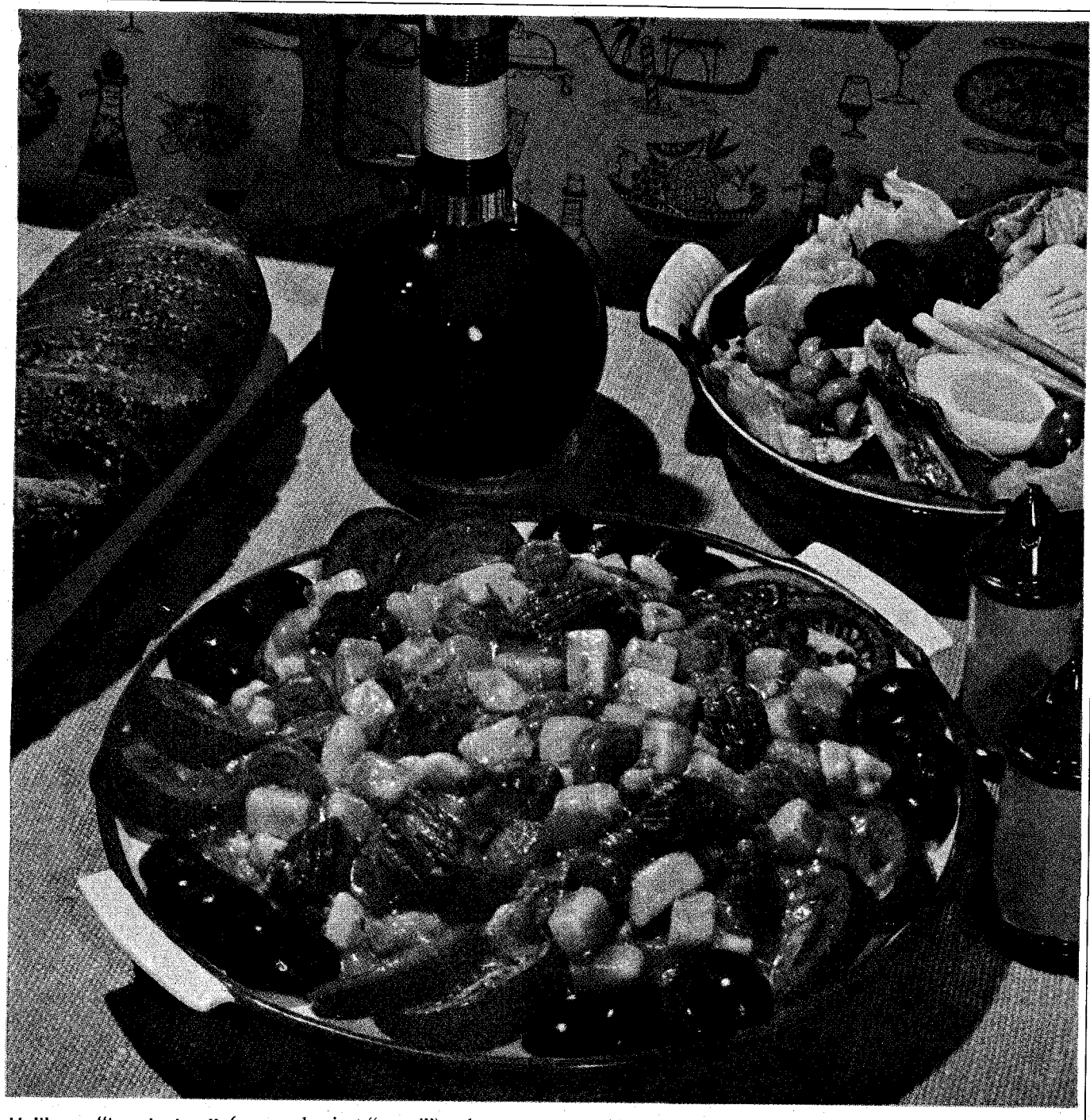
Either in the identity of Mildred Crest, who had stolen four thousand dollars from Fern Driscoll, or in the borrowed identity of Fern Driscoll, who had stolen some five hundred dollars from Mildred Crest, she was in an impossible situation. And, in the background, was the possibility a charge of first-degree murder might be made.

TO BE CONTINUED

Letter From Verona

By Bessie F. Collins

I thought I would not
write to you again,
There was an emptiness
in our good-by,
But here, where Romeo
and Juliet were born,
To love too briefly and
too soon to die,
There is a crystal clearness
in the mind,
So long obscured in proud
and foolish mist;
The lovers tell me in the
haunted night,
"An ocean and not death
delays your tryst."



He'll say "bravissima" (or maybe just "wow!") when you serve him this delectably garnished stew. So why not do it? Soon!

Beef Stew Marengo!..*Italian look for*

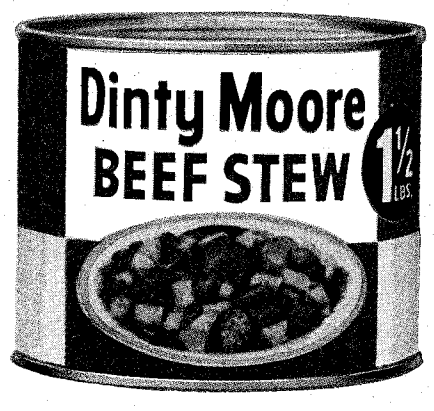
Dinty Moore Beef Stew

Like to give foods a festive look . . . and taste? Then do this:

HEAT... to bubbling fragrance Dinty Moore Beef Stew (lean beef, tender vegetables . . . in rich gravy. A full pound-and-a-half!)

SERVE... with garnish of peeled tomato quarters and sliced ripe olives that have been marinated in Italian dressing.

Good accompaniments: crusty bread, antipasto salad (mushrooms, pickled beets, hard-cooked egg, onions . . . on bed of greens). Just be sure the stew you start with is Dinty Moore . . . America's favorite kind!



HORMEL

Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Behind Khrushchev's Smile

(Continued from Page 23)

the era of Soviet smiles. The smiles came hard to some of the then Presidium members—for Molotov and Malenkov, particularly, smiling was a painful muscular exercise. But for Khrushchev, smiling was easy.

For Khrushchev is obviously a man who quite genuinely loves a party. He would bounce about, guzzling champagne, grabbing some terrified child of a Western diplomat in his thick, stubby arms or passionately denouncing some aspect of American policy, but enjoying every minute of it, whatever he did. It was on his own initiative that I met him. At the French Bastille Day party, he asked to meet "the American journalist, Gospodin Alsop." I was ushered into the presence, and when I put out my hand to shake his, he grabbed it in both his hands, and held on tight, grinning and peering at me intently with his little dark eyes.

"I have read what you have written about my country," he said, through an interpreter. I muttered something and tried to withdraw my hand, but he hung on grimly. "I do not like what you have written," he said, grinning ferociously. I muttered again. "Perhaps you will return to my country someday, and then you will write the truth about it." I said I always did my best to write the truth, and he said nothing, but still gripped my hand, and looked me up and down like an amused entymologist inspecting some particularly outlandish bug. Finally my journalistic instincts asserted themselves, and I began asking him questions about the Geneva meeting. After a little while he released my hand, and placed the tip of his forefinger on his shapeless nose, and grinned a last grin. "No, no, Gospodin Alsop," he said, "you are trying to interview me, and that I cannot permit."

It was a brief encounter, and hardly a journalistic triumph, but it left me fascinated with Khrushchev as a human personality. Why did he ask to see me, and why did he grab my hand as he did? I think he wanted to see for himself what manner of beast this new thing in his life, an "imperialist" Western journalist, was like. For he had not then met many Western journalists, and my brother and I are better known in Russia than anywhere else, since we are constantly denounced in the Soviet press as "murderers," "rapists" and "running dogs of the imperialists."

Whether or not this guess was right, the Khrushchev I met so briefly that day struck me as a strangely compelling personality. He is really a remarkably ugly man, with his wispy-bald pate, his tiny blue-black eyes, the three prominent wens on his cheek, and the two gold teeth—a proud symbol of high station in the Soviet Union—in his loose-lipped mouth. And yet the man has a certain charm—there is no other word for it.

It is the physical charm which enormous vitality sometimes conveys—most Roosevelts have the same physical charm. This abundant vitality is as much a part of the man as his wens or his gold teeth. On his visit of penance to Tito's Yugoslavia in June, 1955—the West's first real opportunity to have a good hard look at the man—a reporter asked him if he was tired. "Of course not," said Khrushchev, surprised, "I am a strong man." The reporter admitted that he himself was tired, "from following you around. You run here and then you run there."

"Let me tell you something," said Khrushchev. "Life is short. Live it up. See all you can, hear all you can, and go all you can."

Khrushchev undoubtedly believes quite genuinely in this peculiarly American doctrine of the strenuous life. And indeed, in the outer Khrushchev at least, there are certain seemingly American characteristics. One of the games of the bored and isolated American community in Moscow is to fit the Kremlin's rulers into American political roles. Bulganin, for example, is Senator Claghorn to the life—one can see him in the Senate, a rather old-fashioned figure with his goatee and his loose linen suit, gallant to the ladies, partial to old bourbon, and totally reactionary. But if Bulganin is Claghorn, Khrushchev—the outer Khrushchev—is the indefatigable joiner and tribune of the pee-pul, a backslapper, an easy user of first names, with a story to suit every occasion.

Sometimes, to be sure, Khrushchev's stories are not exactly appropriate. On his visit to London, for example, he pointed to the hideous Albert Memorial and asked what it was. On being told it was erected by Queen Victoria in memory of her consort, he said he was reminded of the story of the husband of a famous ballerina in Moscow. A stranger asked what the man did. Told that he was the husband of the most beautiful ballerina in Russia, the stranger replied, "Yes, I know that, but what does he do in the daytime?"

Khruschev's entourage of British officials smiled thinly at this sally, which, of course, was appallingly tactless. But Khrushchev, unabashed, laughed uproariously, slapping his thighs. Some of his stories have rather grim implications. He tells an old one, for example, about a review of massed troops in Moscow. Someone sneezes in the ranks. The chief of the Cheka—the Czarist secret police—asks who sneezed. There is no answer. The first line of troops is stood up against a wall and shot. Again, the Chekist asks who sneezed. Again no answer, and another line of troops is shot. Again the question is asked. A timid voice at the rear says, "I sneezed." "*Gesundheit*," says the top cop.

Another Khrushchev story concerns a professor who is complaining to a friend in the Cheka about the stupidity of his pupils. "Why, so-and-so," he says, "even admitted that he didn't know the author of Eugene Onegin (a famous work by Pushkin)." A couple of days later, they meet again, and the policeman assures the professor that he can set his mind at rest. "The student wrote it," he says proudly. "He has signed a full confession."

Although these stories are supposedly laid in Czarist days, their applicability to the present and the recent past in the Soviet Union is entirely obvious, and Khrushchev, of course, is entirely aware of it. He has told, in the hearing of foreigners, one story laid in the present which even suggests that he has a sense of humor about himself, something no other dictator in history has had. The story is about a man who was arrested for rushing through the corridors of the Kremlin, shouting, "Khrushchev is a fool, Khrushchev is a fool!" The man was sentenced to twenty-three years in prison camp. "Three years for insulting the party secretary, twenty years for revealing a state secret."

Khrushchev has, apparently, no inhibitions about the political implications of such anecdotes. Indeed, in his public role as the genial and droll buffoon, he appears to have no inhibitions at all, political or personal. Soviet officials are extremely uncommunicative about their private lives, but Khrushchev likes to talk about his family—if he were an American, he would no doubt carry photographs of his offspring in his wallet, and display them to every chance acquaintance. He talks often of his eldest son, a pilot killed in the war, and he brought another son—a shy, bespectacled student engineer—to Britain with him, and behaved toward him much like any other father showing junior the sights abroad.

Khrushchev—the public Khrushchev—also likes to talk about his hobbies, which include raising rabbits, growing fruit trees and shooting ducks. At one rather vinous luncheon in Britain, he launched into a long and eloquent dissertation on the joys of duck hunting, describing, with a touch of poetry, the sound of the water lapping about the boat, the dawn flights over the marshes, the sibilant fluttering of the wings of an incoming flight. He pleased his British hosts by remarking that the British made the world's best shotguns. He owned, he said proudly, a pair of Purdys and a pair of Hollands—which suggests the privileges accruing to the Soviet ruling class, since the going price for Khrushchev's shotguns is about $8000.

Is this outer layer of the Khrushchev artichoke, the Khrushchev the world sees, a mask designed to fool the world? It

> The man who really watches his money probably never lets his wife out of his sight.
>
> DAVE CROWN

seems likely that it is not. No doubt Khrushchev really does love to grow fruit trees, raise rabbits, shoot ducks, tell funny stories, drink champagne, and go to parties. And yet, as we shall see, this outer layer, the genially extroverted Khrushchev, which Khrushchev shows to the world, has served Khrushchev well, and Khrushchev knows it.

So much, then, for the outer layer. My brother, Joseph, had a two-hour look at the second layer in a long interview with Khrushchev some months ago. Soon after the interview, with his impressions fresh in his mind, he wrote me about his reactions to the man, and the letter seems worth quoting at some length.

"The contrast between the public Khrushchev and the man seen at close range in serious discussion struck me very forcibly indeed. I had watched him at all the big parties, and he never acted like a real Number One in a dictatorship. To be sure, when Khrushchev's turn came in the endless round of toasts and speeches, the word would go round, 'It's K who's getting up,' and everybody would fall silent. He talked with more authority than the others too. But he did not otherwise take the center of the stage especially. He never seemed, to my surprise, to take too much to drink. Bulganin is the real compulsive drinker. But nothing in Khrushchev's outward appearance inspired respect, and he did not seem to want respect either. Instead, at least half the time, what he seemed to want was a good laugh promoted by himself.

"When I interviewed him, on the other hand, he was entirely different—in control from the start, obviously quick-minded to the point of being extremely impatient, sharp, incisive, and altogether most impressive. I thought him one of the most intellectually powerful, tough, pragmatic and energetic-minded men I have ever run into in our way of business—maybe the most of any."

Here, then, is the most important thing to understand about the second Khrushchev layer—the layer that underlies the comic exterior with the gap-toothed grin. Khrushchev is a man of quite extraordinary powers and abilities.

The comparison is in a sense obscene, but Khrushchev does share certain qualities with Winston Churchill. Like Khrushchev, Churchill has retained into old age enthusiasms which would seem downright childish in a more sober-sided and less talented man. Khrushchev's enthusiasm for raising rabbits is matched by Churchill's even odder passion for raising goldfish, and both men like to make jokes and drink copiously. As in Churchill's case, Khrushchev's small enthusiasms reflect his enormous drive, his vitality, his restless compulsion to be up and doing.

Like Churchill, Khrushchev prides himself on his encyclopedic knowledge. Visitors are always impressed by his ability to recite reams of facts and figures on subjects ranging from American corn production to Soviet electrical output. Again like Churchill, Khrushchev—who is very proud of his wartime service, with the rank of lieutenant general, on the Stalingrad front—is fascinated by the arts of war. Churchill is credited with being father of the tank. If there is any one father of the Sputniks and the Soviet ICBM's, it is Khrushchev.

Khrushchev loves to talk about his missiles. In part, clearly, this is because he feels an irrepressible pride, like the pride of a small boy on Christmas day, in the shiny new toys his brilliant scientists and engineers have given him. He brought the greatest Soviet aircraft engineer, A. N. Tupolev, to Britain with him, and showed him off like a prize bull, referring possessively to him as "our man Tupolev." At the 1955 Red Air Force Day, an American air attaché had an inspiration while the big flights of new jet bombers were flying overhead at tree-top level. He trained his glasses on the main reviewing stand, and saw Khrushchev jumping up and down with glee, laughing like a boy and thumping the staid Bulganin on the back.

Khrushchev's enthusiasm for his bright new toys is more, of course, than merely boyish. He is thoroughly aware of the effect of such new weapons advances on the world power balance, and aware, too, of the usefully intimidating effect of the public display of such weapons. It was no accident that the big bombers flew at tree-top level in 1955, for all the world—and especially the Americans—to see, or that the Sputnik launchings were accompanied by the loudest possible thumpings of the Soviet propaganda drums. But it is no accident, either, that the immense advances in Soviet air and missile power have coincided with the period of Nikita Khrushchev's personal ascendancy.

Khrushchev's fascination with the arts of war is matched by a love, which is also Churchillian, of launching vast new enterprises and running them in the most personal way, in infinite detail. Occasionally, these enormous gambles fail—as Churchill's great gamble at the Dardanelles failed. Khrushchev's "*Agrogorod*" program for transforming the Soviet collective-farm system into a great industrial complex failed dismally—and Khrushchev quickly blamed the failure on Malenkov. It remains to be seen whether a couple of even bigger gambles—the "new-lands" program for developing agriculture on the arid Siberian plains, and his program for decentralizing and basically transforming the Soviet industrial system—will succeed or partially succeed. But the point is that Khrushchev takes a positive pleasure, as real as his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleasure in a good story or a good drink, in launching and driving through great, risky new enterprises. Here another paragraph from my brother's letter is worth quoting:

"The strongest impression of his character that I received was the impression that he is a cool and rather desperate gambler, who likes a gamble because it is a gamble. This impression came especially from the obvious delight he took in the magnitude of general mess and upset that his industrial-reorganization plan was due to produce. If you think over the record, the Khrushchev years have been full of gambles. The intrusion into the Middle East, which Stalin had always regarded as too hot to handle, was a most serious gamble with American passivity. To plow up the virgin lands was a huge gamble against the weather, and the industrial-reorganization plan is a gamble against the power of the great new Soviet bureaucratic-industrial class."

Churchill is a gambler too—the risks he took in the second World War often knocked the breath out of his advisers. But there is, of course, a difference between Churchill and Khrushchev far greater than any similarities—a difference which makes the comparison between them essentially obscene. And here we approach the heart of the Khrushchev artichoke. For Churchill is, by the standards of our civilization, a man of virtue, in the true meaning of that word. By those same standards, Khrushchev is an evil man, sunk and steeped in evil.

By his own standards, he is not evil. This is important to understand. For Khrushchev is no Macbeth, torn and weakened by a sense of guilt. On the contrary, though his life history has been a history of betrayal and sudden death, one can be quite certain that he feels not a single uneasy twinge of conscience as he looks back upon the past. On the contrary, he considers himself an upright pillar of his society. And that is just what he is.

For it is a peculiar society, alien to our society in a way that very few Americans really understand. By our standards, murder and betrayal are by definition evil. But ours, in Khrushchev's eyes, is a "bourgeois morality." His morality is "Soviet morality." Soviet morality is based on the doctrine of "*Kto . . . kovo?*" or "who . . . whom?", first enunciated by V. I. Lenin, the man whom Khrushchev professes to revere—and quite probably does, in fact, revere—above all others. "Who . . . whom?" means "Who beats whom?" or "Who destroys whom?" According to this doctrine, it is not only desirable but highly moral for Communists to destroy those who are not Communists or who may threaten Communism.

In Khrushchev's famous "secret" speech denouncing the crimes of Stalin, surely the most astonishing document of our times, Stalin is never blamed for a moment simply for murdering people or betraying them. On the contrary, the betrayal of "rightists" like Bukharin and the carefully planned murder-by-starvation of millions of peasants are listed among Stalin's great "services" to the Communist cause. Terror, Khrushchev is at pains to make clear, is not by any means bad in itself. Lenin, he carefully points out, "when necessary, resorted ruthlessly and without hesitation . . . to the most extreme methods." Stalin was wrong, according to Khrushchev, not because he killed a lot of people, but because he killed the wrong people—good Communists like Khrushchev himself.

For Americans especially, brought up in a comfortable and good-humored land, it is peculiarly difficult really to believe that a man like Khrushchev—a man who likes to drink, and tell funny stories, and talk about his children—really sees nothing inherently wrong in, for example, the planned starvation of millions of innocent people. But then, no American has lived a life even remotely like the life Khrushchev has lived. His forty adult years as a career Communist have conditioned him to accept the terrible tenets of "Soviet morality" as surely as Doctor Pavlov's pathetic dogs were conditioned to salivate when they heard a bell ring.

Nikita Khrushchev was born in 1894, in a tiny, impoverished village on the edge of the Ukraine. When the revolution broke out in 1917, he was twenty-three, and barely literate. He joined the Communist Party in 1918, and ever since, the party has been his life and his reason for being. As a party "*apparatchik*," Khrushchev had climbed high enough on the party ladder to attend, in 1924, a "*rabfak*," or party school. The year or more he spent at the *rabfak* was the only real education he ever got, and it was an education in the morality of "who . . . whom?"

A key moment in his life occurred in 1928, when, as a minor party functionary in Kiev, he first met Lazar Kaganovich, only a year older, but already party boss of the Ukraine. Just what happened between the tough, rude-spoken Khrushchev, with his blond hair and his boundless energy, and the dour, dark-visaged, shrewd Kaganovich, no one will ever know. But it was a fateful meeting, for Kaganovich made Khrushchev his protégé, and Khrushchev began his climb to the top.

When Kaganovich returned to Moscow in 1929, to head the Moscow Central Committee, Khrushchev followed hard on his heels. From that point on, it is easy to trace how Khrushchev moved steadily upward in the party hierarchy, still hard on the heels of Kaganovich, taking over from him as boss of the Moscow Central Committee, working as his No. 2 on the famous Moscow subway, and imitating his slavish sycophancy toward Stalin. For those were the days of the great purges, when the doctrine of "who . . . whom?" was put to a hard test. And Khrushchev chose to be a who rather than a whom.

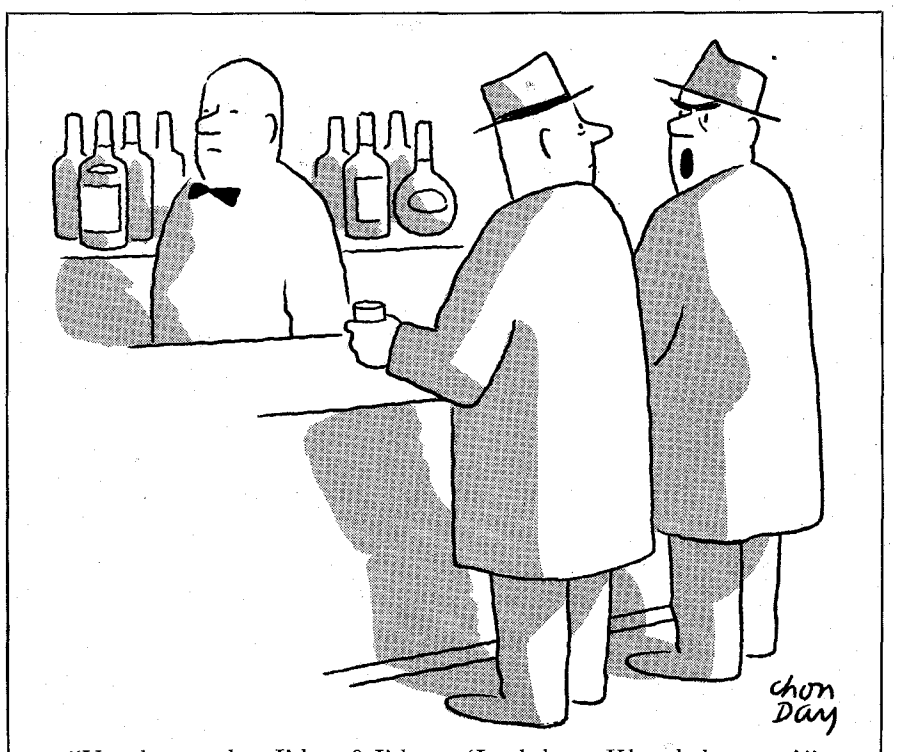
As a purger, Khrushchev, like Kaganovich, was more Stalinist than Stalin. Of the victims of the purges, Khrushchev said, "We shall root them out and kill them off to the end." The process of rooting and killing made more room at the top for such comers as Khrushchev, and when Kossior, boss of the Ukraine, was purged in his turn, Khrushchev, in 1938, moved into Kaganovich's old job.

Both before and after the war, Khrushchev's main task was "rooting out and killing off to the end" the "unreliable elements" in the Ukraine. He performed the task with his usual gusto. "We shall destroy like roaches," he announced in 1939, "all filthy spies sent to the Ukraine by foreign intelligence agencies." Estimates of the number of "roaches" destroyed number in the many thousands, including virtually the entire Communist Party apparatus.

After the war, during which the Ukraine had at first welcomed the invaders as liberators, Khrushchev began "rooting and killing" with redoubled vigor. Even so, in 1947, he ran into trouble, when something like mass resistance broke out in the Ukraine. Stalin abruptly removed Khrushchev—almost always the prelude to extinction in those days—and sent the old master rooter-and-killer, Kaganovich, to replace him. After some months, Khrushchev suddenly popped back again, as boss of the Ukraine, and Kaganovich returned to Moscow. There is no doubt that Kaganovich had saved Khrushchev's bacon.

Khrushchev again followed Kaganovich to Moscow, in 1949, and began to climb rapidly through the party hierarchy, building a political machine for himself and staffing it largely with former dependents from the Ukrainian days. By the time of Stalin's death, in 1953, Khrushchev had already passed his old mentor, Kaganovich, and ranked above him as No. 4 in the Kremlin pecking order, after Malenkov, Molotov and the hated Beria.

When Charles Bohlen, our former ambassador to the Soviet Union, was asked at the time of Stalin's death who would succeed him, he answered facetiously that the only way to tell was to station yourself outside the Kremlin and count the bodies as they were hurled out the windows. There were four main contenders, he said—Malenkov, Molotov, Beria and Khrushchev. After you had counted the first three bodies, you could be sure that the one who was left was Stalin's successor.



"You know what I'd say? I'd say, 'Look here, Khrushchev . . .'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It is not necessary to recount here how Bohlen's facetious prediction has come figuratively true. Beria was the first to go, of course; and then, last July, Molotov, Malenkov and that old saver of Khrushchev's bacon, Kaganovich. These were followed in October by still another saver of Khrushchev's bacon—Marshal Georgi Zhukov. For there is no doubt at all that only Zhukov's active intervention saved Khrushchev from being brought down in disgrace during the July crisis.

No one, probably, will ever know all the Byzantine maneuvers which have left Khrushchev on top—at least for the time being—with all his rivals dead or destroyed. But it is a mistake—as the inner history of the Hitler years suggests—to disregard the part played by the human factor, behind the coldly monolithic façade of a closed society. Like Khrushchev, the victims of his power drive—with the possible exception of Zhukov—have been devout believers in the morality of "who . . . whom?" Yet they are also human beings, as no one who has seen them at close range at the incredible Moscow parties can doubt. And it is reasonable to suppose that, like most of the outside world, they suffered from a human tendency to underestimate the jolly, outspoken little Nikita Khrushchev.

Even in the days when Khrushchev was the acknowledged first among equals, Khrushchev's colleagues—Malenkov and Molotov especially—quite freely described him, before foreigners, as "*nedostoiny*." The word means something between "undignified" and "unworthy," and it carries strong overtones of contempt. And there was good reason why such solemn, earnest men as Malenkov and Molotov might feel contempt for their bouncy little rival.

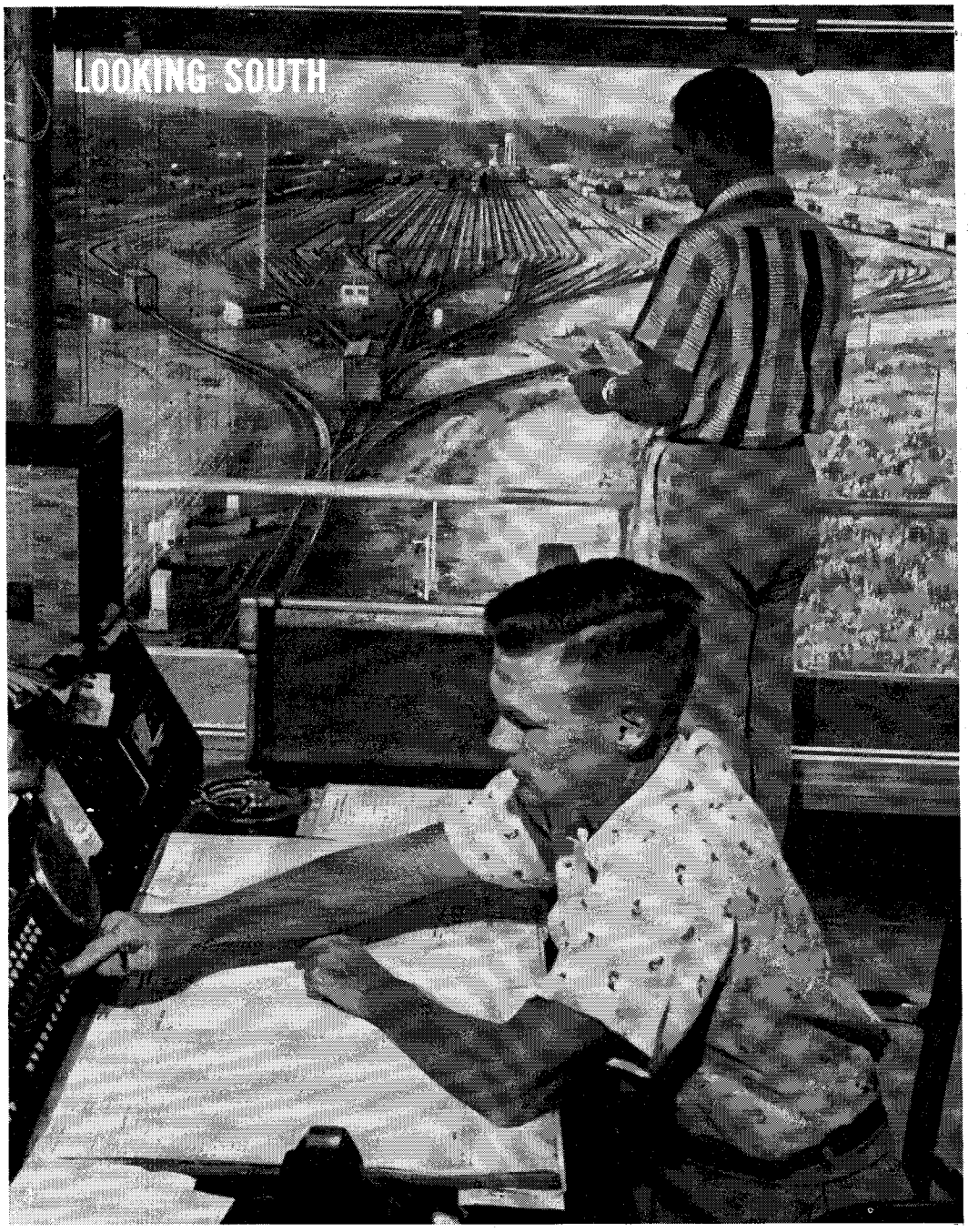
Any group of human beings—especially those isolated from normal human contacts, like a class in a boys' boarding school—is likely to have its court jester, its dispenser of comic relief. That is certainly the role Khrushchev played, especially in Stalin's day. Khrushchev himself has described Stalin's custom of ordering him, at the grimly convivial Kremlin parties the dictator liked capriciously to convoke: "Nikita, dance the *Gopak*." And Nikita, grinning and sweating, would obediently dance the Ukrainian peasant dance, arms folded and heavy body bouncing about, while Stalin and his sycophants laughed and clapped.

In the drama, the player of the comic role never doubles as villain of the piece—Falstaff is not cast as Iago. In life itself, calculating ruthlessness is very rarely combined with a talent for low comedy. Thus, the evidence suggests, even those closest to Khrushchev have consistently tended to underrate his drive for power, his capacity for quick and ruthless action.

When Molotov, Malenkov and Kaganovich joined forces against Khrushchev last July, while Khrushchev was touring Finland, they must surely have thought that they had the "*nedostoiny*" little man where they wanted him at last. They had, after all, a clear majority of the votes in the Presidium. They could not foresee how Khrushchev would turn to Zhukov and the Red Army for support or how Zhukov would make available the planes of the armed forces to bring Khrushchev's friends and supporters from the provinces to the key Central Committee meeting. And when, in October, Khrushchev's secretary telephoned Zhukov in Albania, and told him that the party secretary was sending his personal plane to fetch him home to Moscow, the marshal no doubt thought that it was a nice gesture of gratitude from his jolly little friend. He never

(*Continued on Page 68*)

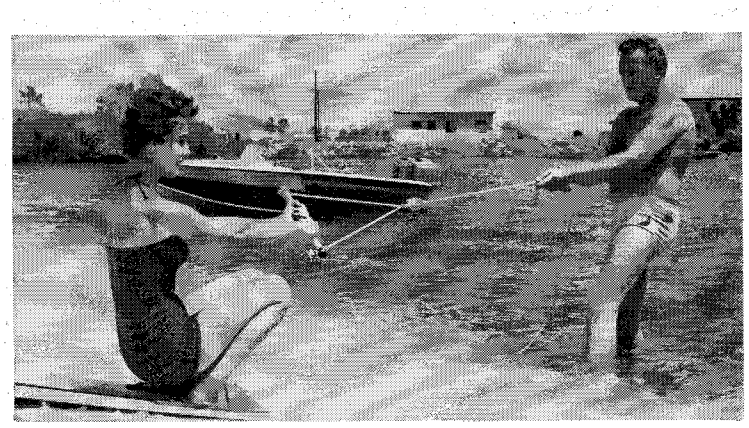
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In Dixie, The Track Is Clear For Continuing Progress!

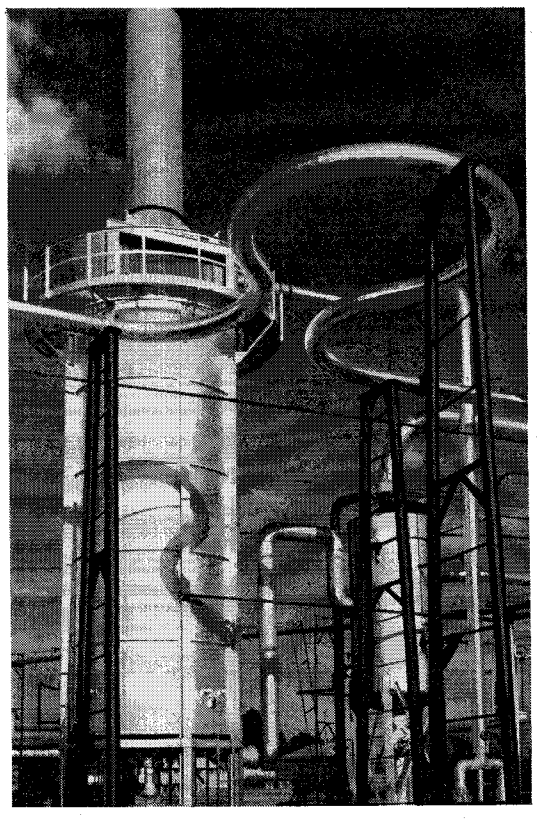
THE great increase in the output of new and long-established Southern businesses has called for expenditures of hundreds of millions of dollars for expansion of Southern transportation facilities. Today, Southern products are sped to all parts of the nation and the world—by land, air and water. The Southern Company and its four investor-owned, tax-paying operating affiliates—Alabama, Georgia, Gulf and Mississippi Power Companies—are helping make possible the continuing development of the area by providing more and more low-cost electric power.

The last half of the twentieth century belongs to the South!



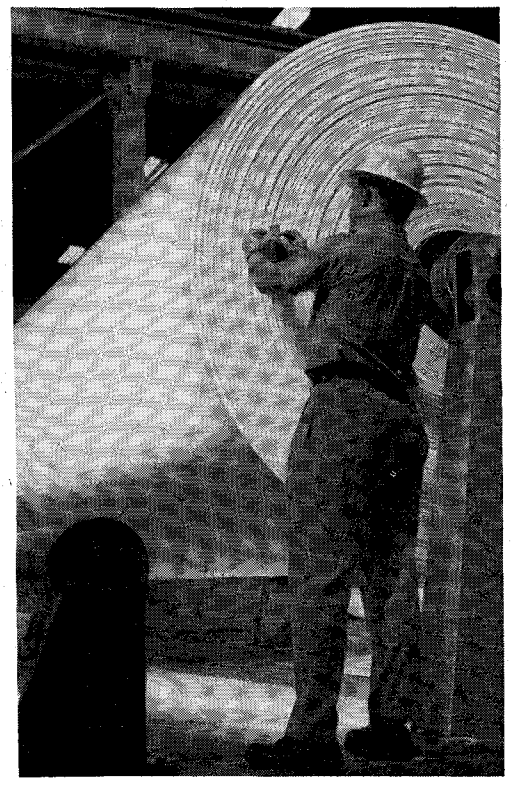
WATER SKIING is a year-round sport in Panama City, Florida, and this young lady is getting professional instruction. The South's many lakes, rivers and ocean beaches afford abundant opportunities for recreation and relaxation.

▲METROPOLITAN OPERA season is an annual highlight in Atlanta, Birmingham and other Southern cities. Pictured are Mrs. Harold Cooledge, Atlanta, member of the national Metropolitan Opera Association Board, and Rudolph Bing, Met general manager.



PINE STUMPS—once wasted—are utilized today in the production of resin by the modern Crosby Chemical plant at Picayune, Mississippi. The resin and other products are shipped throughout the world for use in soaps, paints and greases.

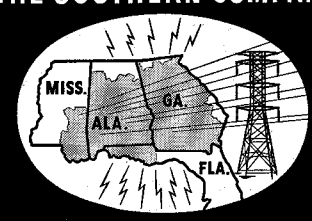
▲ ELECTRONIC DEVELOPMENTS are put to work at Southern Railway's Norris Yard in Birmingham, Alabama, to increase efficiency in rail transportation. Freight cars are switched and other operations performed automatically under supervision from the "hump tower." This modern yard was one of the first of its kind in the country.



◄ A TWELVE TON roll of chemical cellulose is given final inspection at the modern Rayonier, Incorporated plant near Jesup, Georgia. The plant's 450 employees daily turn out around 300 tons of "Cordenier"—used in making cord reinforcement for a great part of the nation's rubber tires.

Shaded section designates area served by the four investor-owned electric power companies in The Southern Company system.

THE SOUTHERN COMPANY



ATLANTA · 1330 W. PEACHTREE STREET
BIRMINGHAM · 600 N.18 TH STREET

Alabama Power Company, Birmingham, Alabama
Gulf Power Company, Pensacola, Florida
Georgia Power Company, Atlanta, Georgia
Mississippi Power Company, Gulfport, Mississippi

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 66*) suspected that he was walking straight into a trap.

Thus Khrushchev has proved himself, so far, the supreme master of the doctrine of "who . . . whom?" But the story is not all told yet. The battles Khrushchev has won have not been simple struggles of vicious personal rivalry, though they have been that too. For the very heart of the doctrine of "who . . . whom?" is that all that stands in the way of the power of the Communist Party—in the Soviet state, and ultimately in all the world—must be destroyed. Thus in domestic terms, Khrushchev is a legitimist, a preserver of the status quo. For the transformation of the Soviet Union into a first-class industrial power, which has been Communism's triumph, has also created dangerous new challenges to the power of the Communist Party.

The purpose of Khrushchev's industrial reorganization has been to deal with one such challenge—the increasing power of the great new bureaucratic-industrial class. Khrushchev's scheme provides for the fragmentation of the new class, on the principle of divide and rule. Khrushchev's triumph over the new class was copper-riveted by the purge of Malenkov, the chief spokesman of the bureaucrats and industrialists in the Kremlin hierarchy.

The purge of Zhukov represents another response to another challenge. Certainly the marshal's astonishingly indiscreet speech in Leningrad, in which he called for a "purge of the purgers," was not overlooked by Khrushchev, that old rooter-and-killer. But the basic cause of Zhukov's downfall was certainly his overt attempt to eliminate the party's control of the military.

Yet such challenges to the party's power have not been eradicated. They have merely been stifled. And in one way at least, Khrushchev must be hated as not even Stalin was hated. For there is something peculiarly hate-inspiring in the triumph of a man you have underestimated, and it must be agonizingly galling to many still-powerful men in the upper reaches of the Soviet system to see the "*nedostoiny*" little man riding so high, and at their expense.

Moreover, Stalin's road—the road of total terror—is, if not closed to Khrushchev, at least infinitely perilous. Stalin used terror to discipline a nation barely emerging from a pre-industrial lethargy. Khrushchev must deal with a nation fully industrialized, filled with educated and able men conscious of their power. It is easy to whip a cowed and famished hound dog. It is dangerous to whip a full-grown, hungry tiger.

Yet this remarkable man has demonstrated an astonishing capacity for survival, and it is only prudent to assume that somehow he will whip or seduce his tiger, and emerge as the unchallenged master of the Soviet empire. What is the meaning of Khrushchev's mastery to us in the West? Here again, my brother's fresh impressions of the man are worth recalling.

"The contrast was very marked between the way he discussed the strengths and purposes of the West, on the one hand, and the West's weakness and vulnerable points on the other. I judge that he seriously underestimates Western strength—although that ring of air bases bothers him terribly. I am sure he altogether misunderstands Western purposes. On this topic he was ridiculous, yet I really believe that he really believes his own talk about our war preparations, and so on. On the West's weaknesses, however, he was downright brilliant. All the while, when he discussed the Middle East, one could see the idea at the back of his mind that the Western alliance would be all but crippled by oil nationalization. He was remarkably perceptive on the possibility that our allies may end by thinking that our bases on their soil merely make them H-bomb targets. Behind the gobbledygook, in short, one saw the sharp little eyes tracing the jugular, noting the lie of the windpipe, estimating the placement of the heart.

"And if you think about it, a Soviet ruler who does not understand Western strength, altogether misunderstands Western purposes, and only too clearly understands Western weakness, can prove to be a very dangerous fellow indeed."

Khrushchev himself summed up his plans for the Western world all too adequately when, in a bibulous moment, at a party in November, 1956, Khrushchev's insults became intolerable and the American and British ambassadors turned to leave. "Whether you like it or not, history is on our side!" Khrushchev shouted at their departing backs. "We will bury you!" There were later diplomatic denials that Khrushchev had said this. But he said it all the same—Ambassador Bohlen, who speaks excellent Russian, heard it all too clearly. And Khrushchev undoubtedly meant what he said.

No man can be entirely known to others, certainly no man who has lived his life in the secret jungle of Soviet power politics. But, as the poet John Donne wrote, "No man is an Island, entire of itself," and we know with reasonable assurance certain characteristics of the real Khrushchev behind the comic façade.

We know, for example, that Khrushchev is an immensely able man, with extraordinary drive and energy, and a born gambler. We know that he is genuinely fascinated by the arts of war. We know that his morality has nothing in common with our morality—that betrayal and sudden death are to him the commonplaces of life. We know that there is in his lexicon no such word as "friendship"—that he who befriends him, as witness Kaganovich and Zhukov, is by that fact a candidate for destruction. We know that his view of the world outside his own is distorted by a doctrine which insists that his world must inevitably triumph over ours.

Beyond that, we cannot probe more deeply into the human artichoke. We do not know, for example, whether Khrushchev's gambling instincts, the pressures of his internal situation, and the terrible weapons he now has to hand, will impel him to hurry on the "inevitable" process in such a way as to risk the destruction of civilization as we have known it. But surely we know enough of this small, smiling, seemingly rather ordinary man to avoid the mistake so many of his rivals have made, the mistake of underestimating him. That mistake could be, in the most literal sense of the word, fatal.

Amazing Half Pint (Continued from Page 19)

more wild than the Indians who once bartered there with the beads for which Wampum is named. By a recent count, Wampum had 1023 inhabitants, a cement factory, a roofing and paint factory and a basketball factory.

The basketball factory is Wampum High School, whose student body numbers about 140, only sixty-five of them boys. If each and every one of those boys does not yearn desperately to make the basketball team, the principal wants to know the reason why. The principal is L. Butler Hennon, Don's father. He coaches the varsity, junior-varsity and junior-high teams.

"Sure, call us a basketball factory," says Butler Hennon. "What you're saying is we're thorough. Is that bad?"

The elder Hennon is thorough, all right. He starts thinking of Wampum boys as prospective basketball players almost from the day the doctor first spanks them. The old-timers who sit on the bench in front of the feed store on Main Street would scarcely be surprised if this chesty, white-haired, bespectacled man were to put the muscle on a game of hopscotch and demand to know why the urchins weren't practicing shooting baskets instead.

"Butler's a slave driver, a perfectionist," says Dr. H. C. (Doc) Carlson, a perfectionist in his own right, who retired in 1953 after coaching Pitt basketball teams for thirty-one years. Carlson has long known and admired Butler Hennon for his basketball mind—a mind responsible for methods undreamed of by higher-paid and vastly more famous coaches.

The forty-nine-year-old Hennon, a former president of the Lawrence County Sabbath School Association, is given to mild cussing and ardent speeches on good citizenship. For twenty-five years he has bossed the Wampum basketball factory while coaches in rival towns have come and gone. Although Wampum is about as small a high school as one can find in Western Pennsylvania, and although Hennon says he has never had a player taller than six feet, three and a half inches, his teams, going into the current season, had won 113 of their last 116 league games.

"Those three losses," he apologizes, "all came after we had clinched the section title and had begun to experiment."

In high-school ball the quarters last only eight minutes, but Wampum teams run up ninety to 100 points with sickening regularity—sickening to their opponents, that is. Once the Indians scored 140 points in a game. Graduates of Hennon's factory have flooded small colleges where players need not be giraffelike. But by all odds, his son is his masterpiece.

Don is a deadeye, but far more than that. He has a staggering repertoire of shots, and passes off so quickly and deceptively that he sometimes takes his own receivers by surprise. In his thick legs he has developed such spring that he can touch the rim of the basket with no special effort. He dribbles without so much as a glance at the ball and can change directions and speeds in a flash. Harlem Globetrotter tricks also come easy to Don, but he never employs them in a game, feeling they are show-offish.

Hennon has still another skill. He can block. This isn't literally possible in basketball, of course, but you get that impression when you see Don come barreling down the middle of the floor like a small truck. Although he doesn't commit many personal fouls—he averaged only 2.5 per game last season—Hennon puts on an exceedingly rugged performance. Pitt football coach John Michelosen watched Hennon play one basketball game and immediately instituted a full-scale war of persuasion in a futile effort to get him out for football.

In baseball Don batted over .600 for the high-school team. He excited major-league scouts by hitting 1.000 through the first nine games of his senior season. However, the baseball people got nowhere with Hennon either. Basketball is the game the Wampum factory shaped him for, and basketball is what he will play.

Although he just turned twenty on November eighth and is only in his junior year, Don is a possible All-American candidate this season if the Pitt team—an inexperienced and unpromising group lacking a tall board man—can achieve at least a fair degree of effectiveness. Last season the Panthers went much as Hennon went. He wound up with an average of 21.2 points per game, and his team won sixteen and lost eleven. At the end, as an independent entry in the National Collegiate Athletic Association tournament, Pitt went to the round of sixteen, being eliminated by Kentucky, 98–92.

"I have never seen a sophomore shoot better than Hennon," was the verdict last year of Dudey Moore, the perceptive coach of Duquesne University, Pitt's biggest local rival. "I scouted Hennon when he played high-school ball, and the first thing I noticed was that when he was fast-breaking down the right side, going at terrific speed, he would throw this right-hand hook shot from twelve or fifteen feet out. Now that's the sort of shot that usually hits the board hard. But here was the amazing thing—he was swishing that ball through the net just as soft as could be. I've never even seen a pro use that particular shot."

Hennon's shots include some that require him to be a contortionist. This has proved a source of embarrassment to Coach Timmons during Pitt's practice sessions.

"He cuts loose with one of those fantastic shots and I'm off my chair, hollering at him," says Timmons. "So what happens? The ball drops in. I've learned. I wait now to see if he makes the shot before I squawk."

Hennon doesn't feel, though, that he has any license to fire at the basket whenever he pleases. When Pitt was trying to sit on a six-point lead during one of last year's games, Hennon threw a one-hander that missed, costing the Panthers the ball. "Take me out, coach!" Don shouted to Timmons. "I can't pass up a good shot."

During a runaway 83–45 victory over Furman this season on December sixth Don astounded a home crowd by asking Timmons to take him out at a time when he was about to break the all-time Pitt record of forty points in a game. He had already scored thirty-eight points and there were more than seven minutes left when, at his own insistence, Don retired to the bench.

"We want Hennon, we want Hennon," the crowd kept chanting. Teammates begged him to return long enough to set a new mark. Don refused. He pointed out that the record had been established by Ed Pavlick in a tough game against Ohio State, and that to break it in an easy game would be an empty accomplishment.

"I wasn't going to argue with him about something like that," declared Coach Timmons, smiling.

About two weeks later he did break the record, under what everyone regarded as fitting circumstances. In a game with Duke that went into double overtime,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hennon poured in forty-five points to lead Pitt to an 87–84 upset.

Hennon is a bright premedical student. Despite his excellence in sports and studies, he is extraordinarily shy. When interviewed, he blushes so furiously that he embarrasses the newspapermen. The public eye withers him. "When I go into a restaurant or some place," he says, looking at his shoe tops, "people whisper. You know what I mean. It still bothers me."

On the other hand, 10,000 screaming spectators cause him no discomfort. "I don't think I can ever remember getting nervous before a game," he insists. "Some guys get all worked up. They get pale. If I'm not hitting, it's not because I'm nervous. I'm just not hitting."

Don is sensitive and extremely proud. "You have to handle him carefully," says Timmons. "You chew him out in front of the boys and it hurts him. You have to let him learn in his own way."

That's the way things worked out when Timmons first tried to point out to Don the value of running an opponent into a screen—that is, shaking off a man by using a teammate as a separating shield. In his first varsity game—the one in which he scored thirty-four points at North Carolina State—Don had no need of such tactics, because North Carolina State employed a zone defense. But in his second game, Ohio State assigned a dogged guard named Miller to defense Hennon man-to-man. Don got only eleven points.

"The next day," Timmons recalls, "Donnie got ahold of John Riser and Jimmy Zito and practiced running them into screens for hours. Three weeks later, when we beat Western Kentucky in the Orange Bowl Tournament, that was one of our best plays. Donnie was named the most valuable player in the tournament."

Timmons has aptly summed up Don's style of play. "He does everything off the dribble," says the coach. "That's what makes him tough. When that ball bounces up, nobody ever knows whether he's gonna shoot or pass or keep right on dribbling."

Paul Birch, former coach of the Fort Wayne Pistons, in the National Basketball Association, who is now a Pittsburgh businessman, believes that Hennon eventually could make the grade in pro ball, as small as he is. "I can't see any reason why not," says Birch. "The pros need that twenty-five-foot shot to open up the defense. Then, too, he makes the big play. He may be making plays that are too fast for his own team right now, but they'll work better with the pros."

Don Hennon is more than a natural. He is one of the most intensively trained athletes in America. Certainly he was the most intensively trained basketball player in Wampum, and Wampum is a town where boys go home from basketball practice and shoot baskets in their back yards, even when snow is on the ground and the winter moon is their only light.

During the 1954–55 season Don and Wilt Chamberlain were concluding their high-school careers at opposite ends of Pennsylvania. When they had finished, it was not seven-foot Wilt who held the new state record for total points scored in a career, but Don. He wound up with 2376 points to Chamberlain's 2252.

It should quickly be pointed out that Don played four seasons and Wilt played only three. Chamberlain had a considerably higher per-game average than Hennon—36.9 points to 25.2. Also, playing in the Philadelphia public-high league, Wilt undoubtedly was up against a tougher level of opposition than Don.

But Hennon's record was quite an achievement by any yardstick. His four seasons were by no means complete seasons. "I played only half the game a lot of times," he explains. "Sometimes I took a shower and sat up in the stands to watch the second half. But for all I know, Wilt played only a quarter of his games."

As it happens, Chamberlain often did play only half the game or less. But comparisons of Don and Wilt are pointless in any case, according to Butler Hennon. "I don't think anybody has any business comparing them," he says. "Wilt has everything Don has, plus seven feet of height."

In Don's senior season Wampum went undefeated in thirty-one games and won the Pennsylvania Class B championship. The Indians—what else would Wampum be called?—massacred opponents by such scores as 130–52, 125–48, 103–42, 110–35 and 118–36. The closest any opponent came—even much larger non-league schools—was ten points.

Wampum's scoring binges, coupled with its fetching name, brought the town some national publicity. And Butler Hennon came in for more criticism than ever from people who believe it isn't right for a school team to administer such humiliating beatings to other schools.

... ...

Song Burdened

At people who hum while I
work
I level my frightfulest frown.
It isn't the tune they can't
carry,
It's the one they can't seem
to put down.

Richard Armour

... ...

Such sniping gets under the skin of Butler Hennon, for he considers himself an educator as well as a coach. He denies that he ever tries to ridicule the opposition. "I'll pull a boy out of the game the minute he tries that," declares Hennon, his face growing florid. "The reason we run up high scores is that I don't know how to teach a boy to do less than his best at all times."

Hennon sits at his kitchen table and gives it a loud bang with his fist as he warms up to his own defense. "Always play as though you're thirty points behind—that's what I tell them. My philosophy of coaching is to create in a boy the desire to perform as near to his capacity as he can. Look, if I'm just competing with you and I beat you, I'm done. There is no more to do. But if I'm competing against myself, too, then I've always got someone to try to beat.

"It carries over into other walks of life, this desire to do your very best. I told Doc Carlson once during the depression, 'None of my basketball kids are on WPA.' And they weren't."

A stranger entering Wampum's compact gymnasium during a practice session might think everybody had gone a touch balmy. For example, he may see a pack of lads in basketball suits running around in galoshes. This is one of Butler Hennon's many unusual practice gimmicks. Son Don explains, "When you take those galoshes off, holy man, you can really go!"

"It's just the principle of overweight," his dad amplifies. "They say Ty Cobb went hunting in shoes that had lead soles."

Hennon tries to develop in each player the ability to dribble without glancing at the ball, yet at the same time control it firmly with the finger tips. Toward this end, Hennon knocks the lenses out of a batch of cheap sunglasses and replaces the lenses with tape. The players wear the glasses low on their noses, so that they cannot see downward when dribbling. Special opaque glasses for this purpose now can be purchased ready-made, but Hennon's teams have been using the idea since the mid-'30's.

Other practice stunts include dribbling conga-line style through a row of chairs, and playing tag while dribbling. The boys skip rope for five minutes every day to strengthen their legs. They jump to reach a ball suspended from a pipe, and when they do, the ball is hiked higher.

Such advanced methods have characterized Butler Hennon's twenty-five years as a coach. He was one of the first to teach the one-handed set shot. All this may well be interpreted as a counter-reaction to the conservative approach that prevailed during his youth. Then a stocky, red-haired, hotly competitive player, he was forced to take part in games that wound up 16–14 and 14–10. If he as much as tried a set shot with his feet apart, he was apt to receive a boot in the tail from his coach. Lawrence County was not yet ready for Butler Hennon.

However, he enjoyed a reputation as one of the best forwards in the county, and was a distinct part of Wampum's rich and sometimes burlesque basketball tradition. Wampum had no high-school team when young Butler came into his own as a player, but the county seethed with belligerent independent teams. Throughout the Beaver Valley, the basketball saying was, "Go down to Wampum and get burned." This warning was not without some basis in fact, and requires a pause for explanation to those who have never heard the following story.

You see, the Wide-Awakes, the Merchants, the A. J. Caplans and the various other Wampum teams for which Butler played used the second floor of the old opera house for their home court. The only heating available came from a huge potbelly stove standing in a corner of the basketball court. This was the home team's sixth man.

Two or three hours before game time the stove was fired up, so that it was going full blast when the action got underway. Approximately a dozen spectators were allowed in free on the condition that they form a buffer around the stove, pushing back players whose momentum might carry them headlong into the hellish demon. If one cynically suspects that when the going got rough for the home team, the boys around the stove occasionally parted ranks at the instant an enemy player hurtled toward them—if one harbors such a dark suspicion—well, one might be correct.

It was a grand old basketball hall, that opera house. Even the young ladies of Wampum played the game there, as Harold V. Cohen well remembers. Cohen is an old Wampum basketball player who went on to become the theater and motion-picture editor of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette and winner of the 1954 Motion Picture Critic Award of the Screen Directors Guild.

"My father, Barney Cohen, owned a clothing store on the first floor of the opera house," he recalls. "Well, there was a girls' team that played upstairs, and they had this one girl who must have weighed two hundred and seventy-five pounds. Every time she fell, a couple of bulbs broke downstairs in the store. It got so that as soon as my father heard the girls were going to play he went around the store unscrewing all the bulbs."

The venerable opera house, which still stands on Main Street, continued to

SORE THROAT?

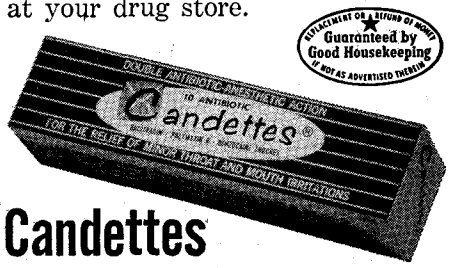
Antibiotic Candettes give immediate soothing relief!

CANDETTES work 2 ways:

1 Double Antibiotic action...fights germs! Not just one—but *two* safe, proven antibiotics kill many irritation-causing throat germs, *on contact!*

2 Anesthetic action...relieves soreness! A safe and effective anesthetic acts instantly to relieve soreness of inflamed membranes.

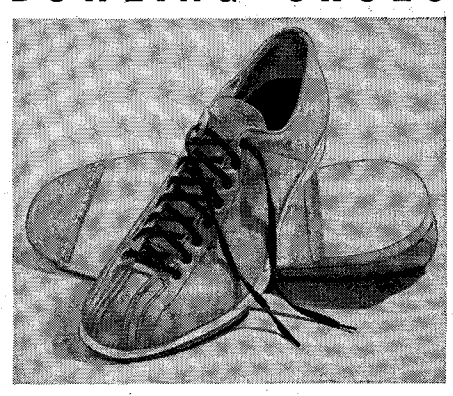
Not an ordinary cough drop—delicious, orange-flavored Candettes are a proven medication! Get them at your drug store.



Candettes

By the World's Largest Producer of Antibiotics

BOWLING SHOES



THESE gunsmoke bowling shoes of soft glove-tanned leather can easily be yours. Send us two 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.00 each or four 1-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $5.00 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. You'll receive a gift certificate with which to claim your shoes.

Offer good in continental U. S. only, until April 30, 1958. Sorry, no bowling shoes may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
299 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

MAN WANTED

WHY SETTLE FOR LESS THAN
$14,000.00 IN A YEAR

The days are gone when a "few thousand" a year salary was enough for a man to take care of his family, buy a new car, and "salt some away for the future".
If you are a middle-aged man and want to make good in a new field, we can make you a fine offer to join our top men who are paid up to $22,000 in a year.
Earnings paid in advance, no investment needed. Write a personal letter today.

(If you live in Canada write President, Dept. SP, 25 Industrial St., Leaside, Ontario.)
In U. S.— PRESIDENT, Dept. SP, Box 711, Fort Worth 1, Texas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be Wampum's basketball court until 1941, when the state condemned it as a place of public assembly. By that time Butler Hennon had been on the job as high-school coach for seven years, his teams had been a part of Section 20 of the sprawling Western Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic League for five years, and the Indians were ready to clamp a strangle hold on the league.

The squad had to spend an entire season traveling four miles to Ellwood City, where Wampum High was allowed to use the Shelby Social Club floor. There Wampum won its first section title. The next season the team moved into its own new gymnasium.

Only 650 fans can be stuffed into the Wampum gym, and these include 250 who had enough foresight to purchase season tickets the previous summer. The doors must be locked to keep out the overflow more than two hours before every game. After that, even a fellow high-school coach, struggling to get word inside to Butler Hennon that he has come to scout the Indians, may have to give up and go home.

On the court, Wampum's five gnats keep running and shooting, and, when they do not have the ball, swarming all over their bewildered opponents with a full-court press. At courtside a battery of adolescent statisticians, who seem almost numerous enough to man the actuarial division of an insurance company, busily record all manner of statistics for Coach Hennon to pore over.

On the road Wampum teams have been smash hits at the box office, year in and year out. The fans pour out, hoping to see the Indians scalped. Butler Hennon can understand this. "Jumping man-eater!" he declares. "How would you feel if some little stinking school named Wampum had beaten your kid's school for eighteen years?"

Butler Hennon and his wife Irene have four children, of whom Don is the oldest. They live in the house where Irene was born, and where Don at the age of four learned to shoot a small ball through an onion sack hung over the living-room door by Granddad Ernest Hennon. The house is white frame with green trim, and has approximately an acre of ground around it. Bill Hennon, Don's fourteen-year-old brother, raises corn in the far end of the back yard for spending money. The place abounds in fruit trees, vegetable gardens, flower beds.

The most distinctive feature of the yard, though, is a dirt square beneath an expansive pear tree bearing fruit, a backboard and a basket. Last summer Don went to the dirt square each night and shot 100 free throws. His goal was to make every shot, but the best he could do was a paltry eighty-six in a row.

The comforts of small-town living are very apparent at the Hennon home in Wampum, and Don's dad clearly relishes them. He seems quite content with being a big fish in a little pond. Back when he graduated from nearby Geneva College in 1933, he was offered the opportunity to coach in the town where he was born and reared. He seized it, and never left.

"You know," he says, "'Go west' is the old saying, or 'Go to the city and get ahead.' But where is that sounder than get educated, improve yourself and do something for the place you grew up in? They say you can't succeed in your home town. I don't believe it."

The folks in Wampum appreciate Hennon's dedication to the town, as they demonstrated by giving him a new automobile in 1953 and another one in 1955. However, the days are numbered for Hennon's Wampum Indians and their rich tradition of basketball. The state is pressing to consolidate small schools, and it seems only a matter of a few years at most before Wampum is consumed by a merger.

Though Hennon probably would get strong consideration for the job of supervising principal of the new joint school, he admits he has been toying with an alternative. "Somewhere in the back of my mind," he says, "I have an idea I'd like to take a whirl at college coaching." In the past he has turned down offers from several large high schools and two small colleges. The approaching death of Wampum High may change his outlook.

Meanwhile life goes on at the Hennon household. A visitor for lunch goes upstairs to wash his hands, then comes down to the dining room to find Mr. and Mrs. Hennon, their four well-bred children and Granddad Hennon standing behind their chairs, waiting politely. Everybody sits down, and Ruth Ann, eleven, says grace.

Then, after Don says, "Pass the bread, please," everybody starts jabbering basketball. Even Janice, who was valedictorian of Wampum High and now is a freshman at Grove City College, keeps up on basketball, although her mother is really the family ace when it comes to reeling off statistics, records and scores.

During lunch Don makes the mistake of telling the visitor he is five feet, nine and a quarter inches tall, thereby provoking his father to insist on an immediate height check. Butler orders Don to take off his shoes, then fetches a measuring stick and proves his son is "between five-eight-and-a-half and five-eight-and-three-quarters." Obviously, the shorter Don is, the prouder the father is of the boy's accomplishments in a tall man's game.

"Look at him," says Butler Hennon. "He has nothing college coaches look for. They look for height; he doesn't have it. They look for big hands; he doesn't have them. They look for long arms; he doesn't have them."

Nevertheless, coaches and scouts from more than sixty colleges looked at Don when he played for Wampum and decided they wanted him. Don determined from the beginning that he would enroll at a school that offered excellent premedical and medical instruction. Pitt and Duke were uppermost in his mind. In the end he chose Pitt because it is close to home.

Don's father never misses a chance to see a Pitt game, but he insists he will never emulate Harvey Knox, the papa who has become famous for telling high school, college and pro football coaches how to handle his son Ronnie. "The day Donnie began college I divorced myself from coaching him," says Butler. "Bob Timmons is his only coach."

Timmons chuckles at that. He recalls an incident during Don's first year at Pitt, when the freshman team was getting a bad time from the officials in a game at Youngstown, Ohio. Don finally became so exasperated that he threw the ball high into the air. The officials called a technical foul on him.

"I wasn't there," says Timmons, "but they tell me that after the game Butler stormed into the dressing room and really tore into Donnie."

In compiling a 21.2-point scoring average as a sophomore last season, Don Hennon came on strong at the end. He averaged 26.4 points over the last nine games. Don scored thirty-eight in a game at West Virginia University, losing a magnificent scoring duel to All-American Hot Rod Hundley by a single point.

Although last year's team included two other outstanding marksmen in Bob Lazor and John Riser, both of whom broke the previous Pitt individual career scoring record, Don led the team for the season with 573 points. He connected on 41 per cent of his field-goal shots—mostly from the outside—and 82 per cent of his free throws.

"I hope the other four players will be productive enough this year so that there won't be an occasion for Donnie to get fifty or sixty points in a game," said Coach Timmons before the start of the current season. "The other kids like to get their points too. Of course, we're not going to have much else besides Donnie, so he'll probably raise his average."

Hennon's average was up around twenty-seven points during the first ten games—of which Pitt won six—despite the fact that opponents were concentrating their defenses against him. The only other Pitt shooter who was scoring well enough to ease the pressure somewhat was Julius Pegues, with a 17.1 average.

Butler Hennon, the perfectionist, found Don's first season disappointing in only one respect. Butler feels, remarkably enough, that Don's shooting did not improve as fast as it should have. He blames that on Don's rigorous premedical studies, which don't leave the boy as much time to practice as he would like.

"But don't get me wrong," says the father. "That's all right with me. I don't want Donnie to be merely a great basketball player. I want him to be a great surgeon."

On both counts Don Hennon would certainly seem to have the potential, with his keen mind, his icy nerves and those amazingly deft hands. In fact, to bet on Don's future in either basketball or surgery sounds as good as wampum in the bank.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

ON MY OWN
Eleanor Roosevelt's Story of Her Life Since FDR Died

MURDER WEAPONS FOR SALE
Machine Guns by Mail: Dangerous Legal Loophole

WE FOUND THE LOST CITY
How Ancient Gibeon Was Uncovered

A Post Editor Reports on
ATOMIC POWER FOR AMERICAN HOMES

IN COLOR: WHY DO I SKI?
Joys of a Breakneck Winter Sport

Fiction by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER, SAMSON RAPHAELSON, JAY WILSON, BILL GULICK, R. ROSS ANNETT

"ALL ABOARD THE DELTA QUEEN!"
Steamboat Cruise to New Orleans' Mardi Gras

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO HELP YOURSELF TO BETTER BREAD

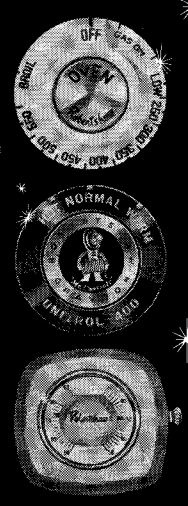
You can see it's better bread when it's wrapped in crystal-clear AVISCO® cellophane! You can choose the kind of bread you like, baked to just the golden-brown, just the soft freshness you fancy. And since this is the wrap that lets quality show, today's best breads naturally wear it! And bread stays fresh in the home—a twist of the AVISCO cellophane locks the flavor in tight till next time.

AVISCO® CELLOPHANE

AVISCO CELLOPHANE IS A PRODUCT OF AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION, FILM DIVISION, PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dependable Robertshaw controls



Oven, Range & Top Burner Controls

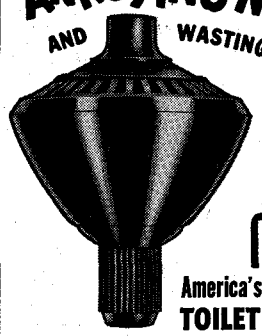
Water Heating Controls

Home Heating Controls

COMFORTING THOUGHT:
when your home is equipped with Robertshaw gas heating controls... you own the finest!

Robertshaw-Fulton CONTROLS COMPANY
GRAYSON CONTROLS DIVISION

STOP ANNOYING NOISES AND WASTING WATER



GET THE GENUINE WATER MASTER
America's Largest Selling TOILET TANK BALL

Noisy running toilets can waste over 1000 gallons of water a day. Stop this annoying noise, waste and expense. The efficient patented Water-Master Tank Ball instantly stops the flow of water after each flushing, stops the flow everytime, not just some of the time.

75c AT HARDWARE STORES EVERYWHERE
Higher in Canada

MONEY...
in Your Spare Time
Write us for details and supplies.
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
295 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Pa.

HEART burn?
GET TOTAL RELIEF FROM EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS IN 4 SECONDS!

PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

Secrets From My Mother's Kitchen

(Continued from Page 26)

and smell and flavor of a time long gone, but well remembered.

Food was the source of life, so my mother revered it. Food was also a source of pleasure, and she reveled in it. Her food was kosher, which in Hebrew means "clean," a word describing the system of dietary laws adopted thousands of years ago. As commanded, we shunned all *trayf*—"unclean" foods, including shellfish and pork. We ate only fish with scales and fins; specified fowl; and meat from animals which chew the cud, though even from those animals not the hindquarters. Our beef and veal and lamb had to be freshly slaughtered in the most merciful way by a shochet, specially trained for this ritual task by rabbis.

The meat, unless it was to be broiled, had to be soaked for half an hour, thoroughly salted for one hour to remove the blood, then washed before cooking. Soaking and salting may have removed some of the value. But the lush variety of our diet amply made up for any deficiency, and the salting seemed to improve the flavor.

Meat and meat products were *flayshedicks*, one of the three categories of kosher food. Milk and its derivatives were grouped as *milchedicks*, and might not be eaten at the same time as meat, or from the same utensils. *Parve*, or "neutral," foods included eggs, fish and all fruits and vegetables and could be eaten with either milk or meat.

Our diet was regulated by a flexible weekly menu. We ate dairy foods on Monday; a pot roast or a boiled dinner Tuesday; something broiled, usually beef liver, Wednesday; Thursday was again a dairy night. Then, the Friday feast, with leftovers for lunch on Saturday, and on Sunday a pan-broiled steak or a veal cutlet with smothered onion mashed into the potatoes.

This weekly schedule was frequently revised to make room for "surprises" that developed in the market. Exactly what showed up on our table depended on what was offered in the stalls during my mother's shopping expeditions to the open-air market along Moore Street in our Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. She went every day except Saturday, when shopping and work were prohibited and the pushcarts and shops—even some operated by gentiles—would be closed.

My mother's tastes were formed during her girlhood on a fertile farm near Smolensk, in a region of Russia much like our own Northeast in the abundant variety of its produce. Now she served her family the same foods she had enjoyed on her father's farm, except that here she shopped for what had once been at hand.

Every shopping day was important, but Friday was most important. Then one must be certain to get only the finest things for the Sabbath-eve meal, and enough to carry through Saturday. Also, shopping must be completed earlier, for there was much to do. Cooking and house cleaning, with the boys to scrub floors and make beds. The baths, to be clean for the Sabbath. Then the blessing of candles before sundown and, after evening services at the synagogue, our feast of the week.

A song as we sat down to a table spread with platters of the Sabbath bread, chaleh, and honest, thick Jewish rye bread; and dishes heaped with sauerkraut and pickles and brine tomatoes. In the center, a bowl of fresh fruit and a platter of fresh vegetables in all the colors of the kitchen rainbow. And, at each place, a first-course fruit—grapefruit or melon or fruit cocktail.

Before eating, came the kiddush, a blessing offered with a sip of wine. Now the fruit. Then the chicken soup, golden smooth, garlanded with feathery greens and poured over freshly shredded noodles or a knadlach, an incredibly light matzo-ball dumpling.

More songs as the gefilte fish, savory fish patties, comes to the table. For a truly gala evening, the fish will be followed by chopped chicken livers, the livers baked well done and chopped with an onion diced and browned in a tablespoon of shmaltz, a tangy chicken fat; or a fricassee of chicken bits and tiny meat balls sautéed and served in their own gravy over rice; or stuffed cabbage, exquisite small meat patties wrapped tenderly in cabbage leaves and cooked with a tangy sweet meat gravy.

There is a misconception about chicken fat, a false belief held by some that there is no Jewish cooking without shmaltz. That isn't true. Shmaltz is used only in some dishes, and then only sparingly. For example, in one pound of chopped chicken livers, only one tablespoon of shmaltz. When approached for cooking advice, my mother used to give these secrets: use a low flame, have plenty of patience and take it easy on the shmaltz. The chicken fat she rendered by taking fat from a koshered—salted and soaked—chicken along with bits of the fatty skin. She cooked this over a low flame until all the fat was dissolved and the bits of skin were crisp. The shmaltz solidified to a smeary consistency, much like bacon fat, and served roughly the same uses.

A teaspoon of fat was used to make a paste of paprika and garlic to coat my mother's masterpiece of masterpieces, her roast—she pronounced it "rusty"—chicken. It followed the fish or liver or fricassee or stuffed cabbage. But first, louder songs, more enthusiastic; melodies drawn from the holy books, from the music of our folk, from Tin Pan Alley. No restrictions on our oratorio of anticipation. If Aunt Molly and Uncle Willie were present, we would hear a brother-sister duet: Schubert's Serenade, likely, or Liebestraum, hymns of love for life and all its goodness as symbolized by the rusty chicken which my mother is bringing to the table, shimmering honey-brown in its juices and stuffed with a matzo-meal dressing to be removed in a loaf and served in slices gilded with drippings from the pan.

My mother usually used a five-pound roasting chicken. She soaked it for half an hour, spread coarse salt inside and out for an hour, then washed it again before spreading the skin with the paste of shmaltz, paprika and garlic and filling the cavity with matzo-meal dressing. Her recipe for it is on page 27.

For best flavor, the chicken should be preceded by the fish.

Gefilte Fish:

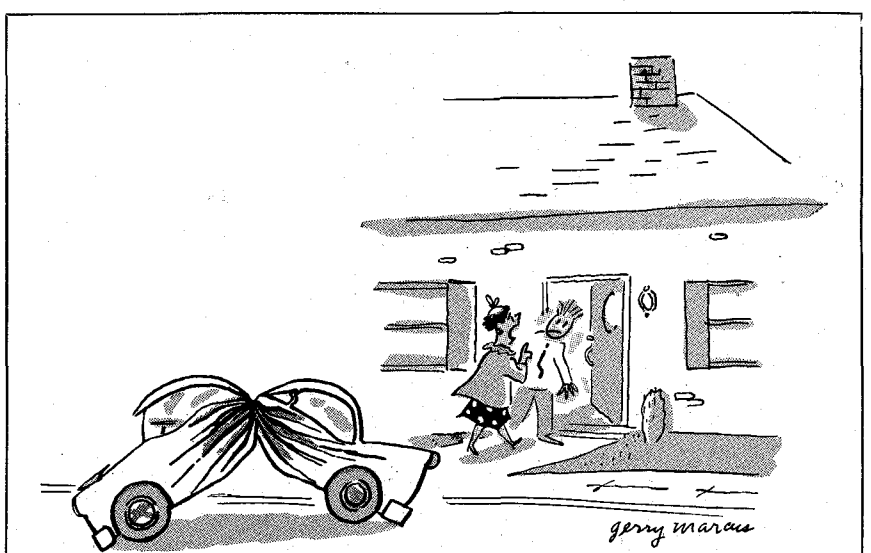
1½ lbs. whitefish	5½ cups water
1½ lbs. yellow pike	3 teaspoons salt
3 eggs	½ teaspoon white pepper
3 medium onions	2 teaspoons sugar
1 carrot	

After fish vendor fillets the fish, have him wrap the heads, bones and skins. Make a stock using these leavings with the sliced onions in five cups of water, to which have been added 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon white pepper and 1 teaspoon sugar. Bring to a boil. Into the boiling stock, drop the fish patties made by finely chopping or grinding the boned fish. To the fish, add ½ cup water, three eggs slightly beaten, ¼ teaspoon white pepper, 1½ teaspoons salt and 1 teaspoon sugar. Mix thoroughly into smooth paste. Wet hands with cold water and form fish mixture into twelve patties the size of golf balls and drop singly into boiling stock. Add carrot. Reduce to low flame and let simmer for two hours in partly covered pot. Let cool slightly. Remove fish balls to platter. Mash solids in stock, then strain liquid over fish. Chill until stock is jelled. Garnish with sliced carrot and serve with fresh horse-radish. Yields twelve appetizer portions or four hearty main-course portions.

After the fish and chicken, we took a brief rest before dessert—a fruit compote or gelatin with fresh fruits and nuts. Another melodious pause, then tea, spiked with fruit preserves; and strudel, its crisp honeyed dough oozing with the juices of the apples, nuts, jam and shredded coconut around which it was wrapped. Then talk, stories, and a final song of thanksgiving until time to go to bed, to dream of next Friday and to rise early for Sabbath services in the little synagogue around the corner.

The synagogue, our place of worship, was a source of food as well in depression days, when there was little to eat at home. Once, for two months, we lived on potatoes and milk and bread because my mother refused to borrow and wouldn't consider going on relief. Instead, she cooked potatoes so they tasted like pot roast or fish stew or almost anything else except the "rusty" chicken. That was in a class by itself.

During those lean days we ate our heaviest meals at the synagogue, where it was the custom after Sabbath-morning



"You know the drawbridge down on Pearson Street?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

services to join in a kiddush, to share a snack and a sip before going home to lunch. Usually the congregation financed the refreshments. Then there would be a simple spread. A bit of schmaltz herring, cured in oil and salt; some cake, sponge and the spice-and-honey lekach; and arbes, Mexican chick-peas, served hot or cold with plenty of salt and pepper and eaten out of hand. They're available canned, and make a fine cocktail nibble.

Occasionally a member of the congregation hosted the kiddush repast to celebrate a forthcoming wedding or the *bar mitzvah*, confirming a son who had reached his thirteenth birthday, the age of manhood. Then there would be a more lavish spread, possibly including kishke, the intestines of the cow stuffed with oats and flour and delicate seasonings and baked to a melting crispness.

Our diet lightened as the weather warmed, and dairy nights could be any night except Friday. Dairy dinners centered on a salad of twenty or more fresh vegetables, cheeses and cold fish. It might have been called hors d'oeuvres in France, *antipasto* in Italy, or smorgasbord in Sweden. With our salad, we ate buttered rolls, crisp on the outside, chewy inside; bagels, doughnut-shaped rolls boiled, then baked, to munchy firmness; and bialystokers, onion rolls which were created in the bakeries of Bialystok, Poland.

My favorite main dishes on dairy nights were eggs scrambled with chopped onion, green pepper and lox, the smoked belly of the salmon; for a happy new taste experience, try a sandwich of cream cheese, sliced tomato and lox on a buttered bagel, our favored Sunday breakfast; or sour cream "with." "With" meant spooned over chopped fresh vegetables or fresh fruit or, to satisfy my sour tooth, diced dill pickle.

In season, we regularly had shav, a cold sour-grass soup. My mother cleaned and chopped one pound of shav and boiled it for thirty minutes over a medium flame in one and a half quarts of water with a teaspoon of salt. While still warm, she blended the shav with two beaten eggs. She served it cold with a scoop of sour cream and a further garnish of minced radish, scallion and cucumber. Recently I was surprised to find shav on the menu of a fancy French restaurant in New York. It was served hot and tasted like an uncertain *vichyssoise*. I prefer my mother's way.

Irresistible star attraction of our dairy nights were the blintzes, our version of crepes suzette. They're cheaper and, I think, better than the crepes, and you can jolly them up with liqueur if desired. You'll find them pictured and described on page 27.

As if the wonders of my mother's table were insufficient, there were frequent simchas, happy family celebrations, which provided gala eating. But, for more regular occasions of festive eating, we had the holidays, which arrived in the confusing profusion that results from differences between the Hebrew and Gregorian calendars. The Hebrew calendar, with months based on the moon rather than the sun, has an average of 354 days. Frequent leap years even the count and confuse the issue further.

Thus, a holiday might fall on one date one year and on another the next. No matter, they came; and with each, a story, a family reunion and special food.

Rosh Hashana, the Hebrew New Year, and Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, in the fall were the most solemn high holy days of the year. We fasted on Yom Kippur, which started with the singing of Kol Nidre after sunset and concluded the following sundown with the blowing of the sacramental ram's horn, the shophar. Then we broke our fast with an elaborate cold meal. We ate new foods on Rosh Hashana to welcome the new year and that usually meant *ptcha*, a heavy gelatin of jellied calves' legs with hard-boiled eggs and whole cloves of garlic. I wasn't wild for *ptcha*, though many consider it an exquisite delicacy.

By either calendar, Sukkos came five days after Yom Kippur. Sukkos, the Festival of Tabernacles, was named for the little huts in which the Hebrews lived while wandering for forty years in the wilderness before reaching the Promised Land. Each year, we built a *sukko*, a shanty with thatched roof, in which we ate all our holiday meals. It served as a playhouse until it was dismantled to be stored away for the following year.

Our Christian friends had Christmas, and at about the same time we celebrated Hanukkah, the Festival of Lights, which commemorates the triumph of Judas Maccabaeus, who defeated the Syrians and restored the temple in Jerusalem. We burned colored candles for eight days to recall the miracle of the one-day supply of holy oil that had burned for eight days at the dedication of the temple. We also exchanged gifts and ate loads of latkes, fluffy little potato or matzo-meal pancakes.

Purim, Queen Esther's day, came late in February or early in March. Purim means "lots" and refers to the story that Haman, evil vizier to King Xerxes, drew lots to determine the day on which he planned to massacre the Hebrews. Queen Esther and her cousin Mordecai had foiled the plot and destroyed Haman. We celebrated with joyous plays, Purim spiel, and with masquerades. We also ate, and made a ceremony of sharing, our Hamantaschen. These fruit- or seed-filled pastries took their name from Haman and their shape from the three-cornered hat he was said to have worn.

After Purim, a long month to wait for the most wonderful and, in many respects, the most meaningful of our holidays, Passover. During its eight days we would celebrate the Exodus of our people, liberated from slavery in Egypt and organized by Moses into a free nation under God. Passover has in recent years taken on deeper meaning. We celebrate it now as a festival of freedom for all mankind.

It was many years before we fully understood the story of Passover, though this story, the haggada, was related at each Seder, the ceremoniously ordered meals eaten on the first two nights of the holiday. Still, even without understanding, we reveled in this wonderland of a holiday.

Like other holidays, Passover began with the arrival of family members who had moved to faraway places like Coney Island or Flatbush, but wanted to observe the holidays at the family synagogue. They came a day in advance, for travel is forbidden on holy days.

Before they arrived, we had scrubbed and polished the apartment. Chumetz, fermented bread and all other things eaten during the past year, was removed along with the dishes on which it was served. For Passover, we would eat special foods from a holiday set of dishes.

Because our ancestors escaping from Egypt had been unable to wait for fermented bread we, too, ate matzo, the unleavened white bread which reminds me of hardtack. In place of flour, we used matzo meal, and we ate only broiled or roasted meats, because the Hebrews had had time only to cook their meat quickly over flames.

We ate the traditional Passover macaroons; matzo brei, a French toast made with matzo in place of white bread; and, from matzo meal, my mother made the incredibly light knadlach used in the chicken soup. Her method of making them is explained on page 27.

Chicken soup with knadlach was only one of the many Passover delights. The holiday was rich in symbols and special meanings. Elijah the prophet was said to visit Jewish homes on Passover. So a cup of wine stood in the center of the Seder table for him, and the door was left open. Next to his cup stood a platter of three perfect matzos representing the three units of Judaism: the Kohanes, or priests; the Levites, who were assistants to the priests and musicians; and Israelites, the worshipers.

On the platter next to the matzos stood a platter of commemoration, with: a roasted lamb bone, symbol of the paschal lamb the Hebrews defiantly sacrificed the day before fleeing Egypt, a sacrifice still made by the Samaritan sect near Jerusalem; charoses, a mixture of apples, nuts, wine, sugar and cinnamon, recalling the mortar with which the Hebrews worked as slaves; parsley and horse-radish, herbs bitter as the tears shed in bondage; and a roasted egg as a symbolic "sacrifice."

Each of these foods was eaten at an appropriate stage in the Seder, which began with the youngest present asking the traditional four questions, beginning with, "Why is this night different from all others?" "We were slaves unto Pharaoh," the assembly would reply and go on to recite the haggada, the story of how Pharaoh had oppressed the Hebrews and rebuffed Moses' plea to "let my people go." How God then loosed the ten plagues, ending with the slaying of Egyptian first-born while the angel of death passed over the homes of the Hebrews. Then, escape across the Red Sea and finally acceptance of the Law at Mount Sinai, which unified the Hebrews as a free people.

During the recital, we ate from the plate of commemoration. And father broke one of the three perfect matzos to hide as the afikomen, meaning "dessert." We would share the afikomen at the end of the meal. Meanwhile, any child could steal it away from the presiding elder and demand "ransom" for its return, for the ceremony could not continue until it was returned to its hiding place.

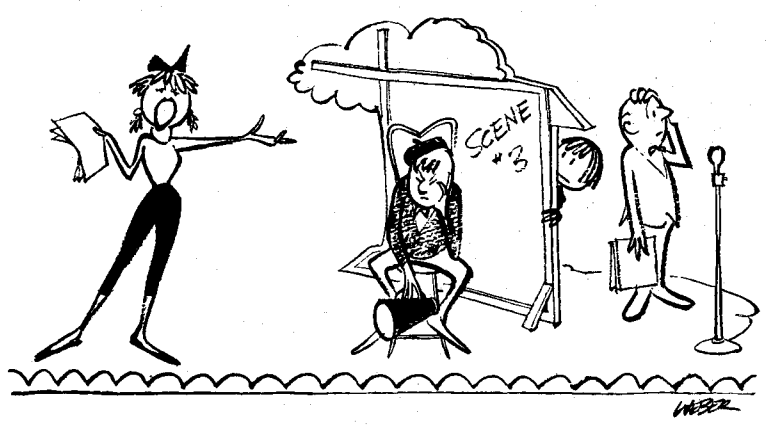
Once, at an uncle's house, I filched the afikomen and demanded as ransom that I be taken to the circus. My uncle reluctantly agreed, but later reneged. My mother then arranged for an elder cousin to take me, explaining it would be a sin to deny the ransom.

After the haggada recital, we ate. First, the roasted egg was chopped into cold salted water with a fresh onion, to be eaten as soup. More egg and onion were added, for we liked this cold concoction. Then a parade of fish, soup with knadlach, the "rusty" chicken and lots of new vegetables to welcome the new planting season. Through it all, music; happy songs inserted in the haggada by ancient rabbis who designed Passover as a holiday for children.

This night was indeed different; but all our days were good—now as I look back.

To support my dreaming, I have needed help. My mother left no recipes, only memories. My "aunts," Dora Rencoff and Nina Posin, have supplied the record. They learned to cook as my mother learned, and they cook in the mode of my mother. As a labor of love, they have cooked through the repertoire to supply formal recipes for the dishes as my mother made them.

Some of these dishes are available in heat-and-eat packages and, I must admit, some are quite good, almost as good as my mother's. But they aren't the same. Nothing is, of course. THE END



The Perfect Squelch

The community's Little Theater Guild was invaded one season by an overpowering young female who regarded herself as the logical leading lady in every guild play. Although she lacked talent, she insisted upon reading the top roles in tryouts. Turned down for the roles, she badgered the long-suffering theater director, and harassed board members with demands that they put pressure on the director to recognize her acting ability.

Forced by such tactics to give her another chance, the director permitted her to read the part of a sensitive, tragic young woman. She did it as though she were playing the town floozy. At the end, she turned on the director and snapped: "And how would you like to see the part played?"

Gently he replied, "By an actress."

By Vivian Garrigues

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cruel Cage (Continued from Page 21)

cramped when he looked at the cage. Samson wasn't like a lion you would see in books or a picture. His mane was not bushy. It was old and shaggy-looking. There was only a bit of it left around his head, up near his ears. He didn't roar either. Even when he was provoked he would only loose off a sort of half-hearted growl. You know the sort of small bush that a lion has near the end of his tail. Samson didn't have that either. It was worn away. His tail was mottled, sort of mean-looking. You could see his ribs too. He wasn't a fat lion.

Tim was very fond of Samson. He preferred him to the others—to the pacing tiger with the fearful eyes, and to the yawning lioness. He even preferred him to the monkeys, although the monkeys were good fun.

The other children had run up to the far side of the field. There was Putrid coming out with the bucket. It was a bucket of meat—raw meat. The sides of the bucket were stained with old blood and fresh blood. Tim felt the wave of dislike coming over him again at the sight of the man with the bucket.

He was a small man, very black-haired, always seeming to want a shave. He wore clothes that were too big for him; the trousers were in folds around his battered shoes. He wore a collar tied with a tie pin that only creased the collar into still more dirty folds, and a string of a red tie that was greasy. He was carrying a pole in his hand with a steel prod on the end of it. Tim felt the muscles of his stomach tightening at the sight of him. Always the same. Opening the slots in the cages of the tiger and the lioness and poking in the meat to them. He talked to those nicely enough always. They grabbed the meat and held it between their claws and squatted at the eating of it. Then he turned his face toward the cage of Samson and went into his act.

Before he could start the act, Tim turned to Samson, and he said to him, "Don't mind him, Samson. Don't mind him. He is very ignorant." Samson may have heard him. He turned his head toward him and blinked his great eyes, and then went back to his dreaming. Almost against his will, Tim turned his eyes to watch Putrid. There he was, several yards away, crouching like an ape, the bucket in one hand, the pole in the other. The kids were around about him, laughing at his antics.

"Here's the fiercest one of them all, min," he was saying, pointing Samson with his nose, like a dog. "Fresh outta the jungles of Africa. Looka the red in his eyes. Watch the stretch of the claws, Oney to be approached with great caution. Careful with him now. He can stretch a limb five foot through the bars to get at ye."

He circled around as if he were stalking. Tim watched him in disgust. He knew that the best parts would be gone from the bucket. Samson never got anything from him but the bare leavings of the others. The kids were delighted with Putrid. They started to imitate him, crouching and stalking and laughing. Suddenly Putrid darted toward the cage, inserted the prod and stuck it in Samson's side. The lion moved, almost grunting. He couldn't move far. He didn't growl. He didn't roar. Tim would have given anything to hear him roaring with anger. He didn't.

"See that," said Putrid. "Hear the roaring of him. Waken the dead, he would. Oh, a fierce, fierce animal, kids. But you don't have to be afraid of him. Watch this!"

He put down the bucket and the pole and he ran crouching behind the cage and caught hold of Samson's tail. He pulled it as hard as he could, so that the body of the lion was pulled back to the end bars.

"See that!" he was shouting. "The oney fierce animal in captivity to be held be the tail! He'll go mad, so he will! Watch him tear the cage to pieces!"

Tim's fingernails were biting into his palms. Samson rose almost wearily, straightening himself, crouching because he could not stand upright in the cage, pulling against the pull on his tail, almost staggering on his pads as Putrid suddenly released him. The lion's head hit the bars on the other side. He didn't object.

Because he's old, I suppose, Tim thought. *He wouldn't have done that to him when he was young.* He conjured up a picture of Samson meeting Putrid in a jungle clearing. Samson wouldn't be unkind then, Tim bet. He would just tear Putrid to pieces. Tim savored that.

"Nothin' to it, min," Putrid was saying, rubbing his hands. "I've pulled lions be the tail in every continent in the world. But this one is real fierce when he's feedin'. Oh, real fierce when he's feedin'."

He didn't open the slot. He pulled the bar and opened the whole door of the cage. Tim wished that Samson would spring out on top of him. He didn't. Putrid hit him on the head with the prod. You could hear the sound of it. Samson just blinked his eyes and pulled back.

"No play in him at all today," said Putrid. . . . "Here, Fanny, have your chips!"

He upended the bucket and flung the contents of it straight into the lion's face. The lion must have looked funny with the things on his face. The bystanders were dying laughing. The things fell off his face then onto the floor of the cage.

Putrid banged the door and locked it. "Bah!" he said. "No play for him at all today. What a lion! Come on; we'll get to the monkeys."

They followed him. One of them, before going, tentatively took a pull at the lion's tail, which was still hanging through the bars. He let it go quickly and ran after them, shouting, "Hey, fellas, I did it! I pulled his tail!"

Putrid patted him on the head. "Man," he said, "you'll be a lion tamer yet, so you will."

They laughed.

Tim was looking at Samson. "Maybe he doesn't mean it," he was saying to him. "But don't mind him. He has to die sometime, and then he won't be after you."

He felt tears in his eyes. *Because I'm young,* he thought. *Like you would cry about a drowning kitten.*

Samson started to clean his face. It took him some time. Then he sniffed at the food between his paws. It didn't interest him. He lifted his head and looked away at the sky.

At this moment Tim got the thought that maybe Samson was sick. He knew they didn't use him in the circus. Just the lioness and the tiger. They just carted him around to be a father, they said. And suddenly in his mind's eye he saw the wood outside the town. You came down a hill to it and climbed another hill out of it, and in the hollow there was a clear stream that babbled over stones, and the wood was wide and dappled with sunlight. In a place like that Samson would be at home with the birds and the trees and the bracken, and he would get well and growl and roar, and nobody would disturb him, and Putrid couldn't torture him. On this thought, Tim reached up—he had to stretch a lot—and he pulled back the steel bolt and opened the door of the cage.

"Come on, Samson," he said. "I will take you to a place that you will like. It won't be like the jungle. But it'll be nearly as good. Come on! Please come on before anybody comes!"

Samson didn't want to come.

Tim pulled himself up onto the floor of the cage until he was hanging on his chest. He stretched an arm until his hand could take hold of the remaining mane, and he tugged at it gently.

"Come on, Samson," he said. "Come on."

Samson resisted, but then he started to go with the pull of the boy's hand. Tim got his feet on the ground. He still kept his grip on the old lion's mane. And then Samson crouched and sprang to the earth. He stood there for a while, feeling the unaccustomed ground under his pads. Then he dutifully followed the pull of the small hand on his mane and walked beside him, past the caravans, out the gate and into the street of the town. They walked calmly down the middle of it.

Towns are quite used to odd things walking down their streets—people, contraptions and even animals. Runaway horses are expected and frequently make heroes. Also elephants may walk down town streets as long as they are with circuses and are parading. But this was a market day in the town and the street was crowded, both sides of it taken up with motor vans and lorries and asses and carts and horses and carts, the owners all going about their lawful occasions. If you can ripple a pond with a pebble, you can entirely upset it by throwing a large boulder into it. The pond will explode. It was like that now with the town as the first person looked at the boy and the lion.

This was a fat woman with a shopping basket. She looked and she looked again, and then she dropped her basket and opened her mouth very widely and screamed and turned and ran screaming. Her legs were fat and her stockings didn't go all the way up on her legs, so that when she ran men could see where they ended and were tied just above her knees with soiled red ribbon.

Everybody claimed afterward that it was this woman who started the unnatural panic with her screaming. Only for her, they said, nobody would have paid the least attention to the boy and the loose lion. Perhaps, but if you are walking up a street and you see a lion walking toward you, I doubt if you will stop to ask any questions. Your skin will crawl, your mouth will dry, the hair will rise on the back of your neck and you will seek safety in flight. Everybody did now.

The street, thronged with people, cleared as if a plague had swept through it. People ran into the first open shop door, fighting to get in and to bang the door behind them, and peer out through the glass. Screaming women and shouting men, all panic-stricken. They ran into cars and closed the doors of them and shot up the windows of them, and peered palely through them.

It was a shameful business, but it must be recorded. They left horses and donkeys where they were. If these animals were not tied to electric-light poles or telegraph poles by the reins, they were disturbed and they took to their heels, dragging the heavy carts after them. There were many unknown heroes in outlying districts that day who never got medals for stopping runaway animals, but that was just their bad luck.

Tim walked solemnly on, talking to Samson, almost unconscious of the confusion and upset he was leaving behind him. He turned from the busy shopping and market street into the wide square. This was roomier and people had more time to find safety and to reflect.

It was a councilor who got the police on to it. He, unfortunately, ended halfway up a pole, clinging to it by his hams. It wasn't widely known, but his wife spent some time afterward pulling wooden chips from the inside of his thighs. (It's not part of the story, but he was ever afterward known as The Northerner, because he was the councilor who was up the pole. Subtle, but enraging.) From his uncomfortable perch he addressed the people about how the stupid police were never where they were wanted, and then he shouted at a frightened citizen who was peering through a second-story window to go and call the police, for heaven's sake, and tell them there was a lion loose in the town, and not to be standing up there gawking like an idiot. The councilor was mad, and no wonder, and he had to stay on the pole until somebody brought a ladder, because his position was painful, but he didn't want to get more chips in him than he had now, because, he shouted at an inquirer, if he got any more of them in him, he'd float.

So it was that Tim paused at the top of the square and became aware of all the disturbance he was causing, and also became aware of the line of police gradually and very cautiously closing in on him. His hand tightened on Samson and he stopped, and Samson stopped and looked

"Well, there goes another satisfied customer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the circle of men approaching him. He raised a lip and snarled, and the advancing line came to a dead stop. They had no arms, just their batons held in their hands, but most of them thought that a lion could have the jugular torn out of you before you could hit him—all except the inspector, a tall man with blue eyes, who came close to the boy and the lion with nothing under his arm except a light cane. He had sense. When he got the message he had called the circus people. Out of one corner of his eye he saw them approaching now, out of the street into the square, loaded with ropes and bars, and hauling a cage on wheels which they lifted down from a van.

"Take it easy, boy," said the inspector. "Don't get excited. Nothing will happen. Don't excite him."

Tim's mouth was dry. He was afraid of the police. Where Tim lived nobody much liked the police. They often called and politely removed sons of the people for various misdemeanors. Also he suddenly realized that his hopes were at an end. He hadn't thought of the town and the police. If he could have gone a back way, nobody might have noticed. Now, he thought sadly, Samson would never see the wood.

The inspector was surprised as he closed on him. The boy had no fear, and as he looked closely at the lion, he saw there was no need for anybody to fear. All the same, who knew? The lion looked old and thin and helpless, but one slash at the boy was all that was needed.

The men were closing from behind, cautiously, the ropes held in loops.

"Leave the lion and come here to me," said the inspector.

Tim shook his head. "No, no," he said, shaking his head, his small hand tightening on the lion.

"You'll have to leave him go," said the inspector. "The men are behind you. They are going to throw ropes over him. You'll have to come to me."

"Don't let Putrid touch him," said Tim.

The inspector didn't know what he was talking about. "All right," he said.

"Good-by, Samson," said Tim then, pressing his hand deeply into the lion's neck. He didn't look at him any more. He bent his head and walked to the inspector. The inspector heaved a sigh and caught his hand. He watched for a short time as the ropes landed and the lion was secured. Like a pent-up breath relieved, there was laughter and calling and shouting. He noticed the black, dirty little fellow cavorting around the lion as they put him into the cage. He went docilely, peacefully. But this chap was acting the Mickey for the surrounding people. And they were laughing at his antics.

"All right," said the inspector, "let's go down and get off the streets and see what this is all about."

Levelheaded people who saw the whole thing said afterward that it was a spectacle to see the boy and the lion frightening a whole people, and that it was as much a spectacle to see a tiny boy walking down to the police barracks surrounded by very tall men.

Tim felt as if he were walking in a blue forest. All he could see was blue legs like the trunks of trees. But the hand of the inspector was holding him gently, so he wasn't so frightened and his heart didn't thump so badly as before. Perhaps the inspector sensed his awesome incipient fear, because Tim soon found himself alone in a small room with just a desk and a bright fire and the inspector, who didn't seem so tall when he was sitting down.

"Now, Tim," he said, "tell me. Did you open the cage?"

"Yes, sir," said Tim.

"Why?" he asked.

"I wanted to bring him out to the woods," Tim said. "So that he would get well and Putrid wouldn't torture him."

"Who's Putrid," the inspector asked, "and how did he torture him?"

Tim told him about Putrid.

"I see," said the inspector.

"Samson is not well," said Tim. "You should have seen him. He wouldn't roar nor nothing. And he should have. He should have eaten Putrid. But he didn't do nothing. Just sat when he stuck things into him and pulled his tail and everything. You see, Samson should be in the woods to get well."

"I see," said the inspector. He took up the telephone and called a number into it. He tapped with a pencil on the desk as he waited. His eyes were hard. Tim was frightened again.

"That you, Joe?" the inspector asked.... "Yes, it's me. I want you down here in about ten minutes. Bring your bag of tricks with you. . . . Yes, I'll explain to you then. It's urgent."

He put down the phone. He pressed a button and started to write lines on a sheet of paper. Another policeman came in.

"Here," he said. "Go to the J.P. down the road and get him to sign that." The policeman went.

"All right, Tim," said the inspector. "Come on and we'll go out and wait for Joe."

"What are you going to do with me?" Tim asked. "Will I have to go to jail?"

The Inspector looked at him for a moment, then put his hand on his head.

"No, Tim," he said. "No jail. On the other hand, no medal either. They don't give out medals for the kind of good deed you do. Come on."

He took his hand again and walked with him down the corridor, out into the sunshine. There were men with their coats off and wearing sand shoes playing handball in the sunlight. They stopped and looked for a time until they heard the car horn honking. Then they went out. The inspector opened the door of the car and put Tim in before him. There was a bulky red-faced man behind the wheel.

"Hello, Joe," said the inspector. "This is Tim, a friend of mine."

"Hello, Tim," said Joe. "Glad the inspector has decent friends for a change."

The policeman came breathless then, shoved the paper in through the window.

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Nothing seems to improve a young girl's appetite so much as baby sitting for you.

A bachelor is a man who puts two and two together and gets away.

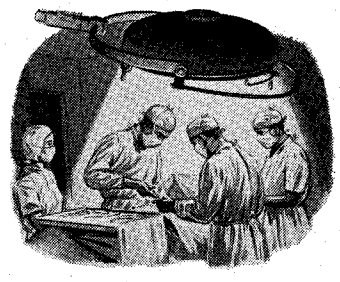
It takes a heap of living to make a house a home that you own clear.

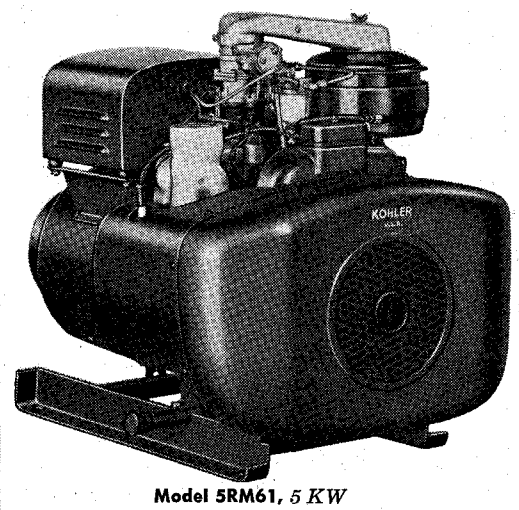
The worst way to disagree with your wife is audibly.

The hardest thing to avoid with an automobile is the payments.

Anybody who thinks there's no fool like an old fool lacks confidence in the younger generation.

Kohler Electric Plants safeguard life, health, property, when central station power fails





Model 5RM61, *5 KW*
115/230 volt AC. Remote starting.

When hurricanes, floods or earthquakes occur, Kohler electric plants furnish power that helps avert suffering and disease. Wherever, whenever storms or accidents cause power stoppage Kohler stand-by plants take over critical loads automatically —for hospitals, homes, factories, hatcheries, greenhouses, schools, airports.

Portable, mobile, sole supply models provide on-the-job power for saws, drills, pipe threaders and cutters, hedge and tree trimmers, excavators... Larger sizes for drilling rigs, ranches, camps, work and pleasure boats. Sizes from 500 watts to 50 KW, gasoline . . . 10 KW to 50 KW, diesel.

Write for folder A-61.

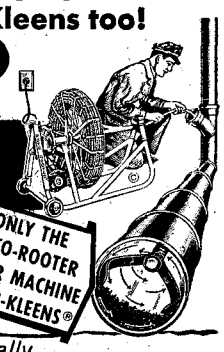
KOHLER CO. Established 1873 KOHLER, WIS.

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Enameled Iron and Vitreous China Plumbing Fixtures • Brass Fittings
Electric Plants • Air-cooled Engines • Precision Controls

Stopped up sewers and drains work like new
'Cause Roto-Rooter's fast and Razor-Kleens too!

ROTO-ROOTER®
SEWER SERVICE
for ANY DRAINAGE FAILURE



Specially designed cutting blades RAZOR-KLEEN as they whirl thru the line. Look for ROTO-ROOTER, white pages, in your phone book.

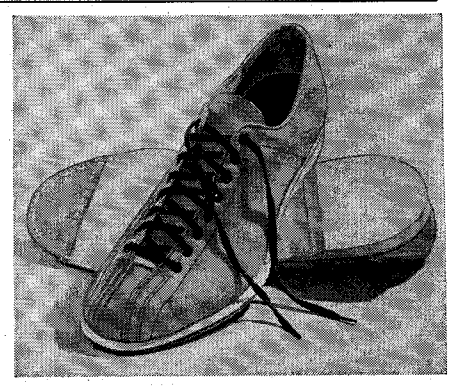
ONLY THE ROTO-ROOTER SEWER MACHINE RAZOR-KLEENS®

ROTO-ROOTER SEWER SERVICE®

ROTO-ROOTER CORP. Dept. E-1, Des Moines 14, Iowa
Franchises Available in Some Localities • Write for Free Literature

The Only National Sewer Service Available Locally

Earn These Comfortable Bowling Shoes for this Season!



THESE gunsmoke bowling shoes of soft glove-tanned leather can easily be yours.

Send us two 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.00 each or four 1-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $5.00 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. You'll receive a gift certificate with which to claim your shoes.

Offer good in continental U.S. only, until May 1, 1958. Sorry, no bowling shoes may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
296 Independence Square **Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He made no trouble about it?" the inspector asked.

"Not a bit," said the policeman, laughing. "He was up in the street when it happened. Said he had to climb a pole. He's full of splinters. Said he'd sign an order to burn the circus as well."

The inspector laughed. "Fine. . . . All right, Joe."

The car moved away.

"What's all this about a lion?" Joe asked. "Everybody is talking about it."

"That's the lion you are going to see," said the inspector. He explained to Tim, "Joe is a doctor of animals, Tim. He cares for animals like a doctor cares for people."

Tim was interested.

"Oh," he said. "Will you make Samson well?"

"He will, Tim, don't worry," said the inspector.

Joe was a bit bewildered, but kept silent under the appeal of the inspector's wink.

The car stopped outside the circus entrance. The town had returned to normal.

"You stay here, Tim," said the inspector. "We won't be long."

They left him. Tim opened a window. He could smell the circus. He didn't want to go in there again.

Joe was looking at Samson.

"What do you think?" the inspector asked.

"I'm afraid so," said Joe.

"You wait here," said the inspector.

He found the owner. He presented him with the signed order.

"You can't do that," the owner protested. "It's illegal. There's nothing wrong with him. Just because some crazy kid let him out—that's no reason. . . . Here, Alphonsus! Come here! . . . He knows. He keeps them fed. . . . You know that Samson is all right, isn't he? Isn't Samson all right?"

"Strong as a lion," said Alphonsus, chuckling.

"You are Putrid," said the inspector suddenly to Alphonsus. He thought how vivid had been the boy's description of him. "You're a dirty little sadistic swine," he said, "and if a lion doesn't tear you to pieces someday, some honest man will kick your puddens out."

Putrid's mouth was open in astonishment.

The owner protested. "Here!" he said. "You can't say things like that!"

"You keep that fella away from your animals," said the inspector, and walked away from them.

Joe was at the cage. He was putting away a syringe. Samson was lying on the floor of the cage, his legs stiffened straight out from him. His chest was not rising.

They looked at the body of the lion.

"He should have been destroyed years ago," Joe said.

"Poor devil," said the inspector. He put his hand into the cage; rested it on the body of Samson.

"That's from Tim, Samson," he said, and then they walked back to the car. They got in. They could sense the silence of the boy.

Joe started the car.

The inspector put his arm around Tim's shoulders. "Samson is gone back to the woods, Tim," he said. "You watch. One time, maybe, when you are playing in that woods, you might see Samson standing in the sunlight."

"Resting on the soft leaves," said Tim eagerly.

"That's right," said the inspector.

To Cuba With Cal (Continued from Page 17)

they will be caught in the next war with nothing but a Niblick and a Putter."

As for Russia's present-day ICBM, her intercontinental ballistic missiles—whoa! here I am blundering into 1958. Boy! Bring back that magic carpet, Coolidge model. This is January, 1928. ICBM means nothing, unless it's a typographical error for IBMC, International Business Machines Corp.—buy some on 10 per cent margin and clean up. "Jet" is a gas jet, which vaudevillians caution the country jake not to blow out at bedtime when he visits the city. "Guided missile"? Must mean a well-flung dornick, or half-brick. Rockets? Get the kiddies a few for the Fourth of July. "Nuclear fission"—how's that again? New clear fishing? Fusion? That's easy. It's the name of the anti-Tammany political group in New York.

Well, sir, on the evening of January 10, 1928, I was sitting by my typewriter in the city room of the New York Herald Tribune. I had just finished my story for the day, probably one about my friend Shipwreck Kelly, the champion flagpole sitter. I was wondering whether to lay out eight nickels for an adequate dinner at the Automat or to blow in a dollar for a hearty meal at Bleeck's. Stanley Walker strolled over from the City Desk.

"How would you like to go with Cal Coolidge to the Havana Conference?" he asked. Casually, just like that.

As a reporter hardly out of the cub class, I was overwhelmed. I pointed out that I knew nothing of international politics and diplomacy. Stanley said that was all right; Carter Field, of our Washington office, would be there to handle the heavy stuff; I could cover Cal's color and human interest, if any.

"There's one trick in it," added Stanley. "This Pan Am Conference is dignified diplomacy, hocus-pocus at its highest level. Correct morning dress is *de rigueur*, even for reporters. You can't get in unless you are all dressed up like Mrs. Astor's horse—top hat, frock coat, striped pants and the rest. Can you raise the regalia?"

I assured him I would beg, borrow or steal the appropriate finery and be there with bells on. It turned out that no stealing was necessary. I already had the boiled shirt and wing collar. Kind friends in the *haut monde*—of whom I still had a few—lent me the remainder: cutaway tail coat, gray striped trousers, Ascot tie, double-breasted pearl-gray vest, with spats and gloves to match, and an ebony cane. The silk hat—courtesy of a lawyer pal—was especially fine, complete with leather box to carry it in.

My friends were tickled to think that their garments would travel on the same train as Coolidge, and said it would bring them luck. Wall Streeters might joke about Cal's little ways, but they held him in almost superstitious reverence as the patron saint of prosperity, the authentic mascot of "the Coolidge market." If stocks faltered, they would soon be sent upward again by a few words from Calvin or from Andrew Mellon, the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton. Only a few days before—January 7, '28—an assurance from Mr. Coolidge that brokers' loans were not too high had set off a fresh wave of buying on margin.

The Presidential Special was due to leave Washington at two P.M. on Friday the thirteenth. Taking no chances on missing it, I had come down from New York on the midnight train, which gave me Friday morning to look over the capital city. I had visited it only briefly before, to run in track meets or see Walter Johnson pitch. In 1928 it still had much of the aspect of a sleepy Southern town, though it was modern enough to have installed several traffic lights a couple of years before.

I was at Union Station well ahead of time to admire the special train with its huge steam locomotive and twelve parlor cars and sleepers. Other reporters were arriving, a few already grave in morning dress. The rest of us had agreed that protocol did not require us to put on the formal harness until the following Monday morning, when the conference opened in Havana. Then came the parade of silk-hatted official dignitaries. I remember especially handsome Charles Evans Hughes, chairman of the American delegation, whom Teddy Roosevelt once called "the bearded iceberg." (Mr. Hughes, on the night of November 7, 1916, had gone to bed "President-elect "of the United States. Not until the next day did he learn that California had unexpectedly flopped, tilting the balance to Woodrow Wilson.) He had been governor of New York, a Supreme Court justice, Secretary of State, and was later to round out his career as Chief Justice.

Also there, of course, was Secretary of State Frank B. ("Nervous Nellie") Kellogg. If there was the faintest threat of war in 1928, Secretary Kellogg was already negotiating to remove it. By the Kellogg-Briand Pact, signed the following August, the great powers solemnly renounced war as an instrument of public policy. Mr. Kellogg was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for this achievement.

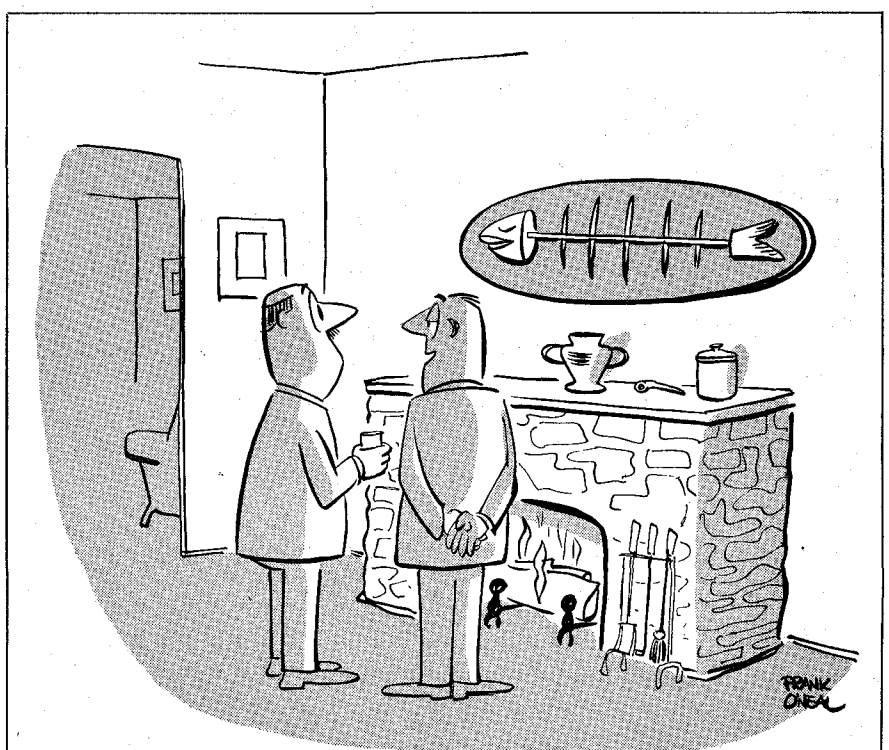
Also assorted cabinet members, ambassadors, delegates, senators, congressmen, aides, secretaries, assistant secretaries and Secret Service men, not to mention the President's two physicians, Maj. James Coupal and Lt. Comdr. Joel T. Boone. Finally came the President himself and the charming Mrs. Coolidge. The train pulled out on time and chugged southward toward Key West.

The thirty-two-hour trip down to the tip of Florida was decorous and dull. Cal was granting no press conferences. There was little for us reporters to do but write that he took his usual naps, describe the crowds and bands which greeted the train in various cities, and mention that in the evening a movie was shown in the President's car: Uncle Tom's Cabin—a silent movie. (Some months before, Al Jolson had sung Mammy in a part-talkie, but the first "all-talkie" movie was yet to come.)

Most of the time we played cards, looked out the window or read the newspapers. "Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray Electrocuted." The marines were chasing Sandino in Nicaragua—"Slay Five out of Rebel Army Estimated at 50 Men." A giant marine bomber, a three-motored Fokker, on its way to Nicaragua, had flown nonstop from Washington to Miami at an average speed of ninety-three miles an hour. Headline: "Dry Chief Assures W.C.T.U. Prohibition Can Be Enforced." Another: "Sen. Bruce Asserts Drinking Increases, Even Among Fair Sex."

And here was a curious item: G.E. executives had assembled in Schenectady to see an image projected for several miles. The three-inch-square aperture, in a machine called a "televisor," showed a person lighting a cigarette. "The smiling teeth and curling smoke were clearly discernible." But since the Times reported the smoker as a man, and the Trib as a woman, the image was apparently not perfect. It was admitted that some years must pass before this miracle would be available to the public.

As the Presidential Special came under the hot Florida sun, the cars heated up (no air-conditioning on trains yet), and when the windows were opened, we got the usual soot and cinders. We continued down the Florida keys, on the rail line later washed out by a hurricane and replaced by a motor highway, and so to Key West. (*Continued on Page 78*)



"It was delicious."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1958 PONTIAC STAR CHIEF CUSTOM SAFARI ILLUSTRATED

Learn why a new set of ACs can save three times their cost in gasoline!

More cold-weather zip in your engine . . . more power for snow-covered hills this winter . . . and, best of all, your gas consumption toboggans to a new low!

If the spark plugs in your car have gone 10,000 miles or more, a new set of ACs can save as much as one gallon of gasoline out of every ten you buy. That's because the exclusive Hot Tip burns off fouling carbon and oil deposits, keeps AC Spark Plugs clean-burning to assure efficient fuel combustion.

ACs are factory equipment on more new cars than any other make. Put a new set to work in your car, too!

ACTION starts with

AC

HOT TIP SPARK PLUGS

AC ✿ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Watch Walt Disney Studios' ZORRO every week on ABC-TV

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 76*) The train parked for the night on a dark siding not far from the water front. It was ten P.M. Most of us got out to stretch our legs and sniff the fresh air before bedtime. We were tired, grimy and bored. We could see the lights of Key West and hear the inviting strains of distant music. At this moment Cal's secretary, Everett Sanders, appeared to announce that Mr. Coolidge had retired for the night.

With these words the dignity of the tour began to crack. It was as though mice had been informed that the cat was away. With one accord, we headed for the bright lights—not only the newspapermen but many of the less austere members of the President's official party. "Remember," Sanders called after us, "we're going aboard ship before eight in the morning." We merely hurried faster.

Key West was a small town then, but gay. It was the most wide-open spot we had ever seen in the United States. No peepholes there; Key West bars believed in the Open Door policy. Drinks were cheaper, better and bigger than we were used to. The top hats among us soon identified us as being from the Presidential Train, and the Key Westians outdid themselves in their hospitality.

I do not remember that anybody fell down or had to be carried. But it cannot be denied that many of our party exceeded the bounds of strict sobriety. In extenuation I can only remind you that in 1928 millions of Americans felt it their patriotic duty to defy Mr. Volstead's dry laws by sluicing down any drinks within reach.

It was long after midnight when we began straggling back toward the train. I was safe in my berth by two A.M., but not for much sleep. Heavy harmonizing continued on the platform outside, not only Sweet Adeline, but The Sidewalks of New York, Al Smith's campaign song. Also, someone had brought back two lime pies, a Key West specialty, which he tucked between the sheets of still-later celebrants, thus provoking further uproar about four A.M. It seemed we had hardly closed our eyes before we were routed out at 6:45 with the cry, "Can't keep the Navy waiting!"

Within an hour we had all somehow made our way to the dock, where a beautiful sight awaited us. A veritable fleet gleamed in the early Sunday sunshine: six destroyers, the sleek cruiser Memphis and, anchored seven miles out in deeper water, the great bulk of the battleship Texas. The crew of the Memphis, in spotless whites, "manned the rail" as the President and Mrs. Coolidge were escorted aboard by Adm. H. A. Wiley, to the strains of Ruffles and Flourishes and To the Colors.

The Memphis moved out to the Texas, and there, with further ceremonies, tunes and pipings, we were transferred by mine sweepers to the battleship. The formalities were briefly marred when one member of our party (not I) fell overboard. But the Navy fished him out, decanted him and hustled him below so quickly that the incident was hardly noticed. The Texas and her escorting warships steamed toward Havana, 100 miles away.

We all felt secure aboard the big dreadnought until she began to roll. Many stomachs among us were not in apple-pie—or even lime-pie—order. And the President himself, despite his exemplary habits, was notoriously sensitive to seasickness. Nevertheless, we all struggled to the upper deck for midmorning church services. Cal and other worshipers looked green around the gills, but the services were impressive. Chaplain C. H. Long prayed for Pan-American amity, and we all joined manfully in the refrain:

And crown thy good
With brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

As we approached Havana, I began to feel jittery—lack of sleep, no doubt. I wanted to get away from the clatter of the other typewriters. I found a quiet refuge—what seemed to be an empty gun turret, with a gun slit which gave me a view. I began tapping out my story: the beautiful harbor, historic Morro Castle, the gay flags, the thousands of Havanans lining the shores, the distant boom of Cuban guns firing the presidential salute to Cal. Then came the loudest explosion I ever heard—and I had once been in the artillery. It left me trembling, half deafened and terrified. *We've hit a mine*, I thought. *Remember the Maine.* In a few seconds came another shattering blast. I grabbed my portable and scrammed out of there. As reason returned, I realized that the Texas had begun its presidential salute to Machado, and that my "refuge" had been a confined space close to the muzzle of the salute gun. It was some time before I recovered my normal hearing and nervous stability.

Mr. Coolidge was greeted at the dock by President General Machado, a genial dictator with whom it was said Americans could "do business." (Five years later Machado was to flee Cuba, accused by his enemies of looting the treasury of $9,000,000.) But now all was sunshine and good will. One news story said, "As the two Presidents exchanged cordial greetings, machines recorded every word for posterity." (Ah, Posterity! Where are those precious words today?)

Then came the triumphal procession to the Presidential Palace, a parade of open touring cars led by a troop of gorgeously uniformed cavalry. Four other reporters and myself had somehow scrambled into a car—probably intended for some high dignitary—quite near the President's. This gave us a fine view.

The crowds were tremendous and enthusiastic. They cheered themselves hoarse for *Presidente* Coolidge. They pushed close to his car, blowing kisses and throwing flowers. Cal, seemingly touched by this unaccustomed Latin warmth, showed more animation than usual. He bowed, he smiled, he took off his silk hat. Then unexpectedly, responding to an especially shrill clamor, he found himself bowing to a bevy of highly painted young ladies under the chaperonage of their bedizened madam, who was herself waving a little American flag. Apparently Cal caught the significance of the tableau in an instant; his head darted back like that of a frightened turtle; and from then on his responses to the crowd were more cautious.

By 5:30 P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge were safely installed in their suite at the Presidential Palace. I filed my story, conventionally reticent, and went to my hotel. It was one of the older ones, a quarter mile from the National Theater, where the conference was to open at 10:30 the following morning. My room, while old-fashioned, was comfortable and had a private bath. I looked forward to a good night's sleep, and had no premonition of the humiliation which would overtake me in this room on the morrow.

I went over to the Sevilla-Biltmore to look up some colleagues. Word had just come down that there would be no further news of Cal until the morning, and the spirit of gala, of fiesta, was rising again. We all agreed that we must "get to bed early," but things kept happening. The diplomatic corps were buying drinks around. Thirsty visitors were sampling daiquiris, Alexanders and "*presidentes*," the last a must, since it was allegedly invented in honor of Mr. Coolidge.

I was flattered to be invited by H. L. Mencken and Will Rogers to join them at their table. Mr. Mencken, announcing himself as "unofficial ambassador of ill-will," declared that Will was the only American in Cuba except Cal who was sticking to soft drinks. Will, philosophizing about the harmony in Havana versus the fighting in Nicaragua, said Uncle Sam was "shaking with one hand and shooting with the other."

A smiling delegation of high Havana police officials appeared. They had orders from the general, they said, to show us the town. Quite a party of us trooped off with them to see the sights, not all of which were culturally elevating. One of our group was a veteran New England reporter who bore a marked resemblance—especially in his top hat—to Mr. Coolidge. As we visited the various bars and dives, someone had the bright idea of confiding to the Cubans that this dignified gentleman was indeed *Presidente* Coolidge, incognito. This led to further excitements, handshakings and toasts. I suspect there are still some older Havanans who believe that Cal, outside office hours, was a gay dog.

But duty was duty. I tore myself away and was back at my hotel before one A.M. I told the clerk to rouse me without fail at 7:45 A.M. "*Sí, sí, señor,*" said he. I slept happily. When the hot sun finally woke me up and I looked at my watch, it was 9:30—and the great conference was to begin at 10:30. I leaped out of bed, bathed, shaved and hurriedly put on—for the first time—my gorgeous formal raiment. When I was fully accoutered, I adjusted my silk hat with a touch of rakish slant, twirled my ebony cane, and admired myself in the full-length mirror. An absurd figure? Perhaps, but not without splendor.

Now it was after ten. I hurried to the door and turned the big, old-fashioned key, which must have weighed a half pound. The ancient lock did not respond. I shook the massive door; I rattled and twisted the key. Nothing doing. Trapped! I grabbed the telephone impatiently. After a long delay, a voice replied in Spanish. I spoke no Spanish. I tried to explain my plight. There were confused murmurs of "*Sí, sí, señor.*" After ten more interminable minutes there was a knock on the door. My hopes rose. A voice said, "Brakk-fast, señor?"

"No!" I shouted. "The lock is stuck! I want out!"

"Shred-whit?" coaxed the voice. "Hamekks?"

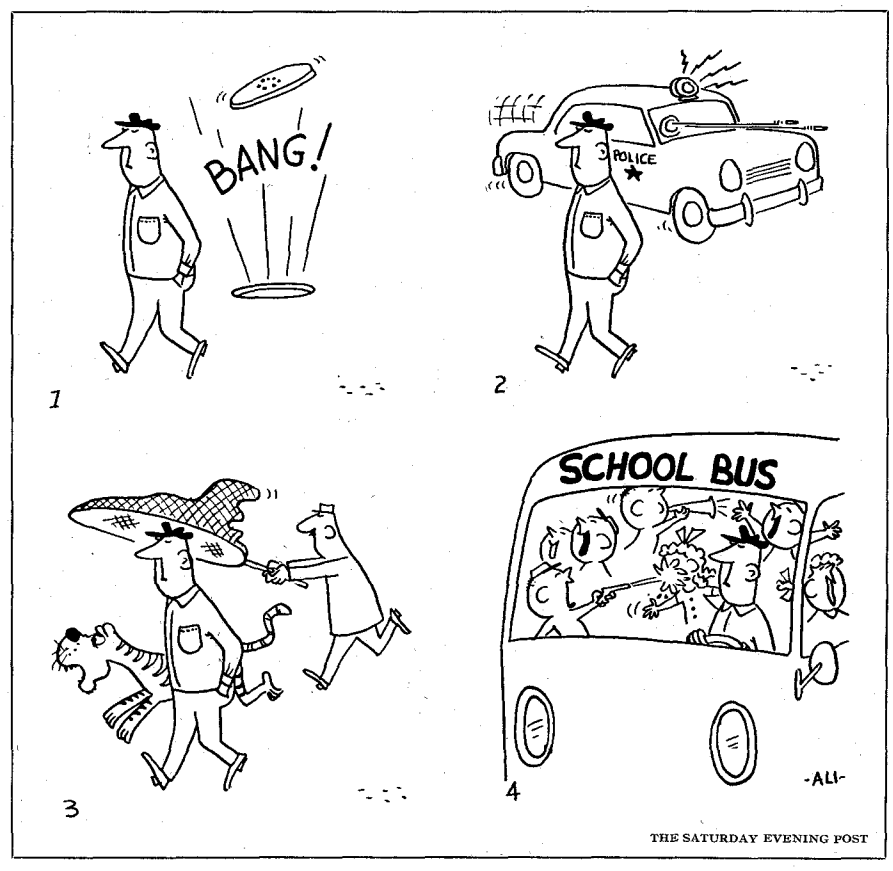
I shouted louder, to no avail. After a time the puzzled waiter went away.

I tried the phone again. Apparently the manager and English-speaking clerks had gone out to see the preconference procession, from which I could now hear cheers and music. I ran to the window: fifty feet down and no fire escape. I glared at myself in the mirror. Here I was, imprisoned; caught, in all my glory, like a rat in a trap. Over the next hour—my pacings, my pleadings, my threats—let us draw the veil. Too painful. At last some clerk caught the idea; a locksmith came; I was released.

I rushed down the stairs, not trusting the elevators in this hostelry, and into the street. The only cab in sight was horse-drawn. I knew I could travel faster than that. I still had some speed in my legs from track days. I set out for the National Theater, a quarter mile away, at a sprinter's clip. Down the Prado I galloped, cane in one hand, top hat in the other, long coattails flying. The friendly crowds, still expectantly lining the streets, apparently thought I was part of the show—comic relief, maybe. They laughed and cheered, and the smiling police waved me on my way. I wish I had been clocked that day—I may have set a record for 440 yards in full diplomatic attire.

All in vain. I arrived, winded and dripping sweat, as the conference broke up. I found Carter Field, our Washington correspondent, and gasped out my troubles. He was sympathetic, but immoderately amused. "Don't worry," he said. "I've got Cal's speech—good will, Christopher Columbus and the Golden Rule. I'll fill you in on the color. And now, why don't you cover the big lunch for Cal at Machado's country place? Press cars will be leaving in forty minutes. You've got time to change those wet feathers; you won't need them any more."

I went back to the hotel and took off my wilted finery. I took another bath, put on a light summer suit, had some rolls and coffee, and caught a press car heading for the country. Now I felt better,



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

except that my colleagues, who had already heard of my ordeals, insisted on hailing me as "Flash" or as "Scoop" Smith.

We drove to President Machado's *finca*, or farm—in reality a lavish estate. We were admitted to a corner of a spacious room commanding a lovely view of the countryside. By the windows, chatting, were the top dignitaries of the Pan-American Conference. They included, besides Presidents Machado and Coolidge, Chairman Charles Evans Hughes and Secretary of State Kellogg. Then we reporters heard the music of cocktail shakers. We immediately began to speculate: Would our high American officials accept alcoholic drinks, publicly offered? Especially Mr. Coolidge? One sage from the White House press corps asserted that Cal did not object to a medicinal drink in private; if he took one publicly, it would be a sure sign he really had meant it when he said, the previous summer, "I do not choose to run for President in 1928."

We felt, therefore, that this was a historic moment. We watched with all eyes as a waiter came in with a big tray of delicate, crystal cocktail glasses, each sparkling to the brim with a daiquiri—rum, fresh lime juice and sugar, well shaken.

When the tray came to Mr. Hughes, he did not hesitate. He reached out a firm hand, took his drink and raised it to his majestic whiskers. Next the decision was up to frail, white-haired Secretary Kellogg, "Nervous Nellie." He had a nervous tremor which had suggested the unkind nickname. He hesitated for a moment, then slowly stretched forth a trembling hand, which fluttered like a leaf as it neared the glass. We watched unhappily: a precious, brimming daiquiri was about to be spilled and wasted. But no! As the fluttering fingers touched the glass they suddenly, by some feat of will, became steady as a surgeon's. Swiftly, without spilling a drop, they conveyed the healing draught to the lips of the Secretary of State.

Cal himself, of course, was the cynosure of the drama. As the tray approached from his left, he wheeled artfully to the right, seeming to admire a portrait on the wall. The tray came closer. Mr. Coolidge wheeled right another ninety degrees, pointing out to Machado the beauties of the tropical verdure. By the time he completed his 360-degree turn, the incriminating tray had passed safely beyond him. Apparently he had never seen it. His maneuver was a masterpiece of evasive action.

"That settles it," whispered our White House sage, "Cal wants to be drafted for another term." Maybe he was right. Some historians believe, and William Allen White suggests in his biography—Puritan in Babylon—that Coolidge secretly hoped until the last that the Republican Convention of '28 would stampede to him instead of to Hoover. But Cal's luck held; it was Hoover who was on the spot when the Coolidge world fell apart in 1929.

Stop! Away with that depression stuff. This is Monday, Jan. 16, 1928. The sun shines serene on Havana, "while the evil days come not." Tomorrow at seven A.M. the Navy will take us back to Key West, this time aboard the Memphis. I have nothing further to record, of an epochal nature, until Monday midnight.

On Monday evening I really went to bed early, before ten. At midnight I was waked up by a banging on the door. It was an excited colleague.

"Heard the news?" he said. "When we land at Key West tomorrow the whole party, reporters and all, are going to have what they call the freedom of the port, or diplomatic immunity, or something. Nobody will even look at our luggage. We can take home all the liquor we want—good, wholesome Cuban stuff."

"Where can you buy bottles this time of night?" I asked.

"Don't worry. The lobby's loaded with them. Everybody's stocking up. Bring your suitcase and come on—hurry."

Sleepily I dressed, took my old suitcase and followed him down. The lobby looked like a liquor warehouse on bargain day. Enterprising Cuban merchants, who had somehow heard the news, had brought their wares. Eager Americans were buying bottles and demijohns, stuffing them into their bags.

I was attracted by a Cuban rum [Bacardi] which came in half-gallon, wicker-covered demijohns at a reasonable price. I scratched together enough spare cash to buy six of these. They would not go into my crowded suitcase. So, with the aid of obliging bellboys, I emptied out most of the clothes and wrapped them into a big brown paper parcel tied with string, thus making room in the suitcase for the demijohns. Others were buying new suitcases for their extra cargo, but I hadn't enough money for that.

Next morning the hotel did call me in time, the key worked, and I was at the dock with all the others before seven A.M. There seemed to be much more luggage than on the trip down. Never mind. Sturdy marines picked up the bags, carried them aboard the Memphis and placed them under the frowning protection of the six-inch guns. The marines were evidently under no illusions as to our cargo. The one who carried my overburdened suitcase gave it a shake, winked at me and whispered, "What you got in here, bricks?"

"Steady, there, friend," I said uneasily. "That old latch is weak." Diplomatic immunity or not, it would look bad to have a lot of demijohns rolling around on the deck.

The Memphis was faster than the Texas. She also rolled more. President Coolidge took to his cabin and stayed there for the trip. Mrs. Coolidge, a good sailor and a favorite with us all, had to do the honors: inspecting and admiring the ship, complimenting the crew.

The featured show of the trip was the Navy's display of ultramodern air power. The ship's plane, a swift scout-observation pontoon biplane capable of carrying two 100-pound bombs at a top speed of 125 miles an hour, was to be launched from the deck by a compressed-air catapult. No other nation had this amazing device. The daring aviator was Lt. M. R. Greer, whom I had met during the festivities in Havana. He took his place in the open cockpit, revved up his propeller and braced himself for the terrific kick of the catapult. There was a tense delay while emissaries tried to lure Cal topside for the spectacle. He refused to budge. It was decided to proceed without him; there was a whoosh of air and the plane shot forward. I still remember Mrs. Coolidge's excited hand-clapping as the biplane, airborne at fifty m.p.h., took off safely into the sky.

I think all of the presidential party—or say 95 per cent of us—were nervous as we came into Key West. Freedom of the port was all very well. It meant "nobody will look." The fact remained that we were violating various Federal and state laws against the importation and transportation of intoxicants—laws prescribing heavy fines and imprisonments. Once docked, our fears soon eased. Again the marines took up our luggage. They carried it ashore; they stowed it securely aboard the presidential train which waited on its siding. Soon the big engine puffed and we rolled northward toward Washington, rejoicing.

Who had advised, who authorized, the beneficent decree which permitted us to bring home our forbidden liquid treasures? Was it that great jurist, Mr. Hughes, smiling inscrutably behind his beard? Was it Nervous Nellie? If so, we vowed never to call him that again. Or was it, incredibly, Calvin himself, out of that quirky humor which was supposed to lurk behind the vinegary Vermont visage? We never learned. I don't know to this day. As we crossed each state line, lawyers among us figured the new felonies we were committing—interstate transportation—and calculated the aggregate decades which our distinguished passenger list should rightfully serve in various chain gangs and hoosegows.

There were occasional nips at the contraband. But we knew our luck, and weren't pressing it. Discretion prevailed. We detrained in Washington on Thursday morning in good order. I took the train to New York. By evening I was safely home: boxed silk hat, brown-paper keister of formal clothes, suitcase of rum, all intact.

My wife and I at once sent out invitations to a party: "To sample original Cal Coolidge Rum."

Writing later in Foreign Affairs about the Pan American Conference, Walter Lippmann judicially observed:

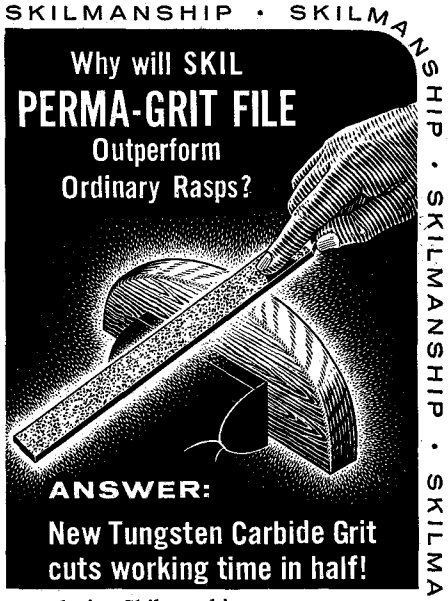
". . . Except on minor matters, the Conference did nothing . . . [some] came back happily and triumphantly disappointed . . . [others] cynically disappointed. Everybody was disappointed. . . ."

Mr. Lippmann was wrong. I was not disappointed. And our private rum party, like the trip, was a lulu. Except that so many friends, and friends of friends, flocked to our remote Brooklyn apartment to drink Cal Coolidge Rum that the stuff was gone before I could even finish telling my tales of the great Pan American Conference of 1928.

Well, you've heard them now.

THE END

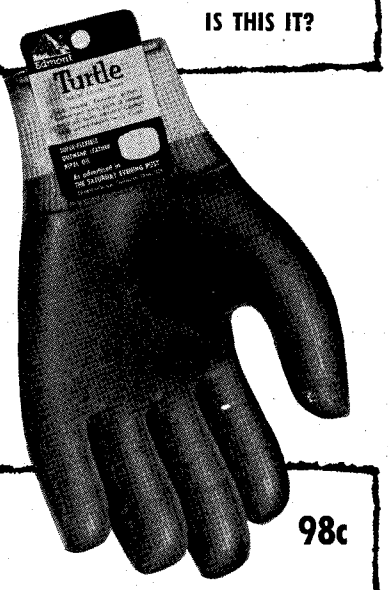
SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP



Exclusive Skilmanship process copperbonds Tungsten Carbide grit to both sides of 14" steel file—coarse grit on one side, medium on other. Removes material backwards, forwards, even in circles. And in half the time! Not limited to downstroke only like ordinary wood files or rasps. Grit stays sharp for a lifetime of workshop use. Try this miracle tool at your local hardware or paint store.

Skilmanship means...
SKIL TOOLS DO MORE
SKIL
Made only by SKIL Corporation, manufacturer of famous SKIL and SKILSAW products, Chicago 30. In Canada: 3601 Dundas St. W. Toronto 9, Ont.

There's an Edmont glove that fits your job
IS THIS IT?



98¢

TURTLE: Super-flexible plastic
Special vinyl coating and knit jersey liner give softness and flexibility you've never had before. Safer and more comfortable than canvas, leather or ordinary coated gloves. Repels oil and acids. Very long wearing. Try a pair. Made by Edmont Manufacturing Co., Coshocton, Ohio.
Makers of Green Thumb garden gloves.
Edmont
JOB-FITTED GLOVES
"Werx"—Outwears canvas 5 to 1
"Thumbs Up"—Flexible neoprene coated
"Monkey Grip"—Longest-wearing plastic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rough Road Home (Continued from Page 33)

day is under way, some pixie puts it on roller skates and soon we are helpless, buffeted by one ludicrous or frightening incident after another.

The snow started about nine o'clock, big flakes coming lazily, and then gradually more and more, and the wind increasing until, after about an hour, it blew in your face and stuck to your eyelashes, and the best way to proceed was with your back to the wind.

Vivian rang us up and asked could Longin come. She was trying to get their heifers into the barn, Clifford wasn't home, and the snow was frightening the heifers and they were running all about because toward the barn was into the wind.

I relayed Vivian's message. No sooner had Longin left than I stepped on something—what, I don't know, by then I was so pregnant I couldn't possibly have seen my feet anyway—and I fell and creaked my hip. I lay on the floor for several moments, terrified. Perhaps I ought not to move? What to do? I couldn't lie there indefinitely, it was drafty. I hauled myself painfully to my feet, and then it was I heard my hip creak. And it creaked with every step I took until Mary Lee was born.

I hobbled to the bedroom and lay down. You are supposed to keep calm, I told myself, and I lay there sobbing and keeping calm until Longin got back.

"Don't worry," he said. "If you can ride all over these roads and nothing happens, nothing is going to happen when you fall on your own kitchen floor."

Cheered by this excellent logic, I baked Chris' cake and frosted it, and watched the snowflakes growing smaller as the day grew colder. By the time the children got home, about quarter to five, it was bitter cold out and the kittens were begging to come inside.

Chris scooped up Popco and Calico and brought them in. "Butch was playing with them," he said. "He gets them all wet with his tongue. Gee, mother, can't I put them in the cellar? They won't get upstairs, I promise!"

"Popco opens the cellar door," I said. "He climbs up on those mops and things and bats away at the latch."

"I'll put a chair in front! Gee, listen to Lucky and Loco. We don't want to lose any more cats."

This was a dirty dig, and he knew it. Way back in June I had clipped the unfortunate Bootsie across the back of the neck with the screen door, and after about ten ghastly minutes, Bootsie had died. Every now and then, with a natural talent for blackmail, the children brought up the subject.

"Oh, well, since it is your birthday," I said. "And if you make very sure they don't get upstairs."

I limped about, finishing up the birthday dinner, and just before we were to sit down, Longin brought in another kitten.

"Tico!" Kitty breathed, and put out her hands. "Poor baby, all frozen!"

Tico's fur was plastered to his sides, lacquered with frozen saliva. He was encased in ice, too stiff to move.

"He was frozen into the snow," Longin said. "I better put him in the bathtub. He can thaw there and the ice melting won't make a mess. He will die, but better he dies in the house."

"Why will he die?" Kitty demanded.

"He will get pneumonia," Longin said with fatalistic calm.

"Poor Tico," Kitty crooned. "Going to die. Poor Tico."

We sat down to the birthday dinner. As we ate, Tico thawed. It must have been a very painful process. As the frostbite receded, his wails grew in strength. When we made ready to sing Happy Birthday to You, Dear Christopher, the screeching of the thawing Tico gave us the pitch, and as we sang, a trifle uncertainly, the cat's earsplitting accompaniment nearly drowned us out.

Later we put him in a box and installed him in the cellar, where he would be warm, but not too warm, during the night. And in the morning Longin went down to see if he was dead yet of pneumonia. Kitty and I hovered anxiously at the head of the cellar stairs. We could hear a scrambling and a racing about, and then Longin came back up, somewhat like the Pied Piper, a cluster of cats about his feet, four small ones and one big. Tico was feeling fine. He seemed to say, the tip of his tail twitching belligerently, "It's better to skip the aristocratic ancestry and keep one's veins coursing with common blood, obstinately indestructible."

November continued as it had begun, more snow, more ice, and a garnish of sleet. To attempt to come up the hills the short way, past Bests', was to invite sure disaster, in spite of chains, prayers and voodoo chants. And then came the slipping backward, the slipping sideways, the lurch into the ditch, the shovel out, the haul by tractor down to Bests' dooryard, the licked turn-tail and the slow drive back down the hill, turn left at Milo's and home the long way round, which was the way we should have come in the first place.

American families are better housed – thanks to Advertising!
American children are better fed – thanks to Advertising!
American women are younger – thanks to Advertising!
American youth has more opportunity – thanks to Advertising!
America is a better America – Thanks to Advertising
American workers have better jobs – thanks to Advertising!
American citizens are better informed – thanks to Advertising!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And then it was December, and dark by three-thirty, and we had our first blizzard. It happened on a school day. The school bus did not, after all, come by the gate, as advertised. It never had come by the gate, Ellison told me. On these hills and curves, the children were much safer going on foot. Even in a blizzard, if only school let out in time for them to reach home before dark.

But school did not let out until the usual three-thirty. And it was nearly four o'clock by the time the school bus returned from its first trip and picked up the children living up our valley. It would be well after four by the time the young Bests and Coughlins would get off at the foot of the Belisle hill and start their mile-long walk home.

By two o'clock of this day it was snowing hard. By four o'clock the wind had a nasty whine to it, and the snow was streaming past our lighted doorway in horizontal streaks.

At quarter to five Vivian rang to say that David and Marilyn had got home, and Chris was with them. Had Pat come on ahead? Was he home?

"Not yet," I said, glancing out the window and seeing nothing but a wall of snow. "I'll give you a ring when he gets in."

"The children haven't seen him since the hill below Belisle's." Her voice was calm, but there was an undercurrent in it that I couldn't quite believe. I couldn't imagine Vivian ever afraid of anything.

"Maybe he stopped at Belisle's to warm up," I said. "I'll call them and see."

"They don't have a phone," she reminded me. "Clifford says he'll take the tractor and go and meet him."

"That's very nice of him," I said, and hung up.

I briefed Longin on the situation, and he said, "Ring them back and tell Clifford I'm coming too."

He took up his electric lantern and left. Almost at once his light was swallowed up by the storm.

About three-quarters of an hour later, Vivian phoned again. "They're here," she said, and the relief in her voice was unmistakable. "He's pretty cold, but he's all right."

"I guess," I said, "I don't know much about snowstorms. I didn't realize. . . ." My voice trailed off.

"It's just as well you didn't," she said briskly. "I was afraid he'd stop somewhere to rest. And I kept thinking about that brook. If he'd got off the road there, and stumbled into it. . . . Well, Clifford is lighting into the children for not all sticking together, so I guess we better eat."

Longin, Pat and Chris soon came in. Pat looked none the worse for wear. He didn't know just when he fell behind, he said. He'd ridden his sled down to the bus in the morning, and he was bound and determined to bring it home, but the snow had slowed him down. When he realized he was alone, he said, he couldn't see where he was going because it was so dark and the wind blew so hard, so he'd tried to keep in the road by walking next to the ditch, but those old lumber trails turning off kept getting him all mixed up. A couple of times he had followed one of those trails, he said, but right away it was too hard to walk, so he'd turned back, and each time he'd found the road all right.

"I left my sled by the Red Gates' place," he said. "Is that O.K.?"

"Why didn't you go in there and wait?"

"Well, gee, I didn't think anybody would come looking for me," Pat said. "And I knew I better not sit down. I saw a movie once where this guy got lost in a blizzard and he stopped to rest and right away he froze to death. I thought of going in there," he added honestly, "but it's all spooky and empty."

"Let's eat," I said. I felt weak in the knees.

The snow didn't last. The thermometer climbed back from zero and flounced into the upper thirties, and we had a strong hint of what mud season would be like. Clifford was taking his milk cans out by tractor to meet the milk truck in Jenneville, and Jules Alfonse, who drove his jeep station wagon to his work in Windsor every day, was parking it by the Jenneville bridge and walking the half mile home from there. Even the mailman gave up, and left the mail for our road down by the bridge.

And then, marooned by the mud as we were, Chris one evening became very ill. Longin leaned over and listened to his chest. "Pneumonia," he said, and directed me to fill bottles with very hot water, and these he packed around Chris, and wrapped him well in blankets, and told me to go to bed, he would sit up with Chris.

"We will call the doctor in the morning," he said. "He would have to walk from the bottom of the hill. In the dark, strange doctor to stranger's house ——" He shook his head. "Too much to expect. Chris will be all right until morning."

We phoned the doctor as soon as it was light, and he came right out from Windsor, and agreed with Longin's diagnosis, and gave Chris a shot of penicillin.

"Next time," he remarked dryly, "don't wait till morning to call me. I don't like to come out at midnight in this kind of weather, but on the other hand, I like my patients to live too."

By late afternoon Chris' temperature was normal and he was demanding food. Longin said he would fix Chris some scrambled eggs, I better go sit down somewhere. I thought I heard the sound of a car, and looking out, I saw an Army-style jeep, and a woman, a complete stranger to me, climbing down from it.

I was struggling unsuccessfully to get up when Patrick opened my door and ushered her in.

"Hello," she said. "I'm Ruth Ogden. I live over the hill. I heard your boy is sick, and I thought you wouldn't feel like cooking. Here's something for supper."

She put down the pan she was holding, and lifted out a big pot of home-baked beans and a loaf of Boston brown bread, fresh and hot and wrapped in a towel.

"I can't stay," she said, heading for the door. "My husband is waiting outside. I'm glad your boy is better. Bring the pot back sometime when you're down our way. Good-by."

And she was gone.

I'll never get used to these people, I thought. Never!

It was in January that I went to the hospital to have the baby and it took me nearly four days. Longin was very good, and ran the house without any help, and came in every day to see me, while Marilyn Best stayed with the children. But he didn't get in the night before the baby finally managed to get born, and I lay there feeling very forlorn and sorry for myself, with the other women all surrounded by visitors and receiving congratulations.

When Longin came in the next day he expressed regrets at having to skip his visit the evening before.

"Butch needed me more than you," he explained. "He tangled with a porcupine, and he was a mess. Splinters—is that what you call them?"

"Quills."

"Quills in his nose and his mouth, way up inside his mouth. I had to pull them out with the pliers. It took us a long time to find the pliers, and then one by one the quills. Whole operation took nearly three hours."

"Poor Butch," I said. And I meant it.

When Mary Lee was four days old, my mother came to look after us and I brought the baby home from the hospital. I felt about ninety-nine years old, and all I could do, it seemed, was sit in my bedroom and cry, or lie down and cry. The grief I had been holding at arm's length all those months engulfed me, and it had gained in strength while I had weakened. I felt all the crushing finality of Bob's death, all the aloneness-forever, that I had pretended wasn't there. I was frightened, too, unsure of my ability to handle our affairs, certain I could not be a good mother-father to the children. My head throbbed and I quarreled with Longin and snapped at my mother and I got no comfort even from the baby, but would burst into tears when I rocked her.

My mother was needed to help care for Mike, and after a couple of weeks she

... ...

Lights Off—Light's On

By Elizabeth Landeweer

Here on the farm,
Dark miles from town,
We scratch a match
When a line goes down,
And the rotund lamp
With the full-blown base
And roses painted
Upon its face
Beams like a lady
With golden smile,
Queen of the parlor,
And back in style.

... ...

went back to New Jersey. My headaches continued, and finally, when the baby was about three months old, there was a painful lump at the base of my skull, and I thought, this has gone on long enough.

So I went to the doctor, who sent me to some high-ranking specialists, who, in turn, pronounced that nothing whatsoever was the matter with me, but I worried and was too tense.

"I've been giving myself a pain in the neck," I told Longin.

"Don't let yourself get yourself down," he agreed.

Now I was a firm believer in the behaviorist school of psychology, and I believed, therefore, that it is impossible to worry unless your muscles are worrying too. When you force your muscles to let go, you will relax and not worry. I reminded myself of this theory, and whenever I felt my head tightening as in a vise, I would let my face sag and my mouth hang open as if my jaw were unhinged. It worked. Try it. You cannot worry with your jaw hanging open. Obviously, your appearance may cause worry to nibble at your neighbors and kin, and your explanations may give rise to caustic comments. Ignore them. Better to be the cause of ridicule than to put up with a pain in the neck—your own neck, that is.

Longin decided that there were times when extra efforts were needed to cheer me up. Should I sit at the lunch table and start to add up, again, the amounts paid to plumber, paid to carpenter, my fingers gripping the pencil tightly and my jaw clenched, before I could add in the amounts paid to mason, paid to electrician, paid to insulation fellow, and once more gasp and turn pale at the total, crying futilely once again, "All this and the place is a wreck! It's going to fall down!" Longin would disappear into the kitchen, swathe his head in a towel so he looked like Lon Chaney in The Hunchback of Notre Dame, and come back into the room all bent over, his hands like greedy claws, one eyelid fluttering dreadfully. Kitty would scream and run behind me for protection, and I would guffaw helplessly.

Once he came out of the kitchen wearing one of the children's hats which he had somehow made to assume the general appearance of a boater. He came hoofing in, a ridiculous grin plastered on his face, and he tipped his hat and sang, "You don't need TV, after all, you have me!"

"My God," I breathed, "what are you doing, wasting your time down on the farm?"

He sat down, once again the withdrawn, self-contained Pole. "Making you laugh," he said. "That's what I'm doing." He poured himself more coffee. "You think Bob Hope is funny?"

"Of course I think Bob Hope is funny."

Longin sighed. "If you have to think Bob Hope is funny before you get your citizenship, then I never get mine. In the barracks somebody always listened to Bob Hope and every time he said something, ha! ha! all the fellows would go, and I'll be darned if I could ever see why."

"You should have seen his movies," I said. "I remember once he was locked up in a trunk, see, and when he got out, he was all scrunched over, he couldn't straighten up ——"

Longin shook his head. "I'll tell you who is funny," he said. "Danny Kaye is funny."

"I agree with you," I said. "But I say Bob Hope ——"

"Hope is an Englishman," Longin said. "You know what Danny Kaye is? He's a Polish Jew."

"What have politics got to do with this?" I roared. "Bob Hope did not go to Yalta! Churchill went to Yalta!"

And of course I didn't have a headache any longer, and my neck didn't hurt.

Had I been in Vermont through several winters, I might have realized that these fits of despondency, these glooms of winter dead, are purely seasonal. The glooms, I know now, are attacks of melancholy that occur each year about the time that the cows grow restless and detest the barn, and the men become convinced that the hay will give out before turning-out time. The children announce they will die if they don't have a vacation soon, they have been going to school forever and ever. But the vacation, which must coincide with the most acute stage of mud, is postponed from one week to the next, the mud, it seems, not yet being sufficiently frightful. From the village come rumors of measles and whooping cough and an ache in the middle known only as "that misery folks're havin'."

This is the time to buy in Vermont, if buy you must. Of course, if you are planning to sell, wait—wait until late May or early June, when the roads are dry and scraped smooth, when the orchards are all abloom and the birds are courting. But if it's buying a farm you want, come in late winter. That is the time when farmers have to be restrained by their wives from paying you to take the darn place.

In our ignorance, we thought that the glooms of '52 were something we would experience once, like mumps, and then be immune. We even thought that the dreadful plumbing crisis would be a unique

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

experience, never to recur. Now we know that plumbing troubles in the country are like malaria in the tropics, always there, waiting. . . .

One day, after Mary Lee was born and the washing machine shifted into high, we noticed that the water, instead of flowing politely into the septic tank, had backtracked through the pipe whose purpose was to allow air to escape from the septic tank as water went in. Some unorthodox plumber had installed this pipe on a gentle slant downward from the septic tank back into the house and across the cellar to the narrow chimney, which was to act as flue. Finding itself frustrated from its proper course of exit, the air would backtrack up through the house pipes, to the bathtub, the washbasin, the kitchen sink, shouting as it came, let-let-let-let-let-LET ME OUT! Sometimes it went let——let——let——let——in a kind of haunted whisper.

But now things had taken a turn for the worse. Not only air traveled the pipe back to the chimney, and we began to limit our trips to the cellar to those absolutely necessary, and we felt marvelously immune to almost everything, because why weren't we dead of typhoid, cholera or dysentery?

"As soon as the snow melts," Longin said, rigging up all sorts of temporary expedients in kitchen, bath and laundry, "I shall dig down to the septic tank and see what can be done."

February dragged into March, and whenever the snow thawed at all, it promptly refroze, so that when Longin could stand it no more, and said he could wait no longer, there were four feet of ice and snow over the spot where the septic tank was rumored to lurk. He got out the pickax and started digging. When he reached the ground, it proved to be frozen harder than stone.

"I always knew," Longin puffed, "when I came to the States—" thwack!—"sooner or later—" thwack!—"I'd be breaking rocks."

He found the septic tank, and it was in a condition there is no need to describe here other than to say it was utterly unable to function.

"We must replace it," Longin said, "as soon as weather warms up. This one is suitable for a small family that doesn't bathe. We will not buy one, too expensive. I shall make one of cement. Very simple to do. Lots of work, though."

"And in the meantime ——" I said.

"In the meantime, I perform like Hercules," he said, and proceeded to do so, with shovel and bucket, lugging the contents of the tank off onto a far field. "Don't worry," he said. "In Germany this is considered the best possible fertilizer."

All this was, as he said, only the most temporary of temporary solutions, and we would get through until spring only by continuing to use the garden hose out the workroom door as the drain for the washing machine, a bucket under the sink to catch the water, plus a drastic change in our bathing habits and a severe rationing of flushings of the toilet.

By late March the glooms of winter dead weighed on us relentlessly. When Vivian said she was going to a cattle auction, wouldn't we like to go, we said we'd love to go to a cattle auction, nothing we would like better. So, much in the mood in which an unhappy woman goes window shopping in hopes of finding an irresistible hat, we packed a lunch and all set off.

The auction was in Weathersfield Bow, a few miles south. Vivian parked the car at the end of a long line of cars. We waded through the snow to the drive, and with Vivian holding Kitty by the hand to make sure she returned to earth after each gay leap, we found some seats under the awning by the barn. Then we took turns minding the baby while the others strolled through the stable to see the cows.

Afterward we all agreed that we had spotted Jenny as the best cow there, right from the start. She was down in the catalogue as Ascutney Jane, but there was a warmth about her, a maternal glow, that at once persuaded us to the more familiar Jenny. When she was led out to the auction arena, she endured the indignity of the lead rope and the comments of the auctioneer of her more personal attributes with admirable dignity. She was a noble cow, young and beautiful, and, after some tense moments to see if anyone was going to top our bid, because we had agreed we could absolutely go no higher, "Sold for three hundred!" cried the auctioneer, and she was ours.

Longin and I let out our breaths slowly, and Vivian beamed congratulations. Kitty danced off to tell Jenny that she was ours now, and I tried to readjust my thinking to being the owner of a cow.

"Do you think we paid too much?" I asked Vivian anxiously.

"You couldn't have paid any less and got her," she replied, which was quite true.

When we got home Kitty shouted the news to Butch where he was tied up under the maple tree, and to Pat and Chris, who burst out the door to meet us, and to the cats, that were under our feet as we tried to come in. "We have a cow, a cow, a beautiful cow! Longin's bringing it in a truck," she sang. "Why doesn't the cow come, mother?" she demanded, after a while. "What is taking them so long?"

It did seem as if even a truck carrying a cow need not take as long as this. Maybe something has happened, I was thinking, something nameless and dire and dreadful, when, "Here they come!" Kitty shrieked, and we all ran to the windows.

At first we could see nothing, no lights of a truck, nothing at all. And then, moving into the light from the door, Longin, we saw, was coming down the drive, leading the cow. We watched him pause at the maples to introduce Butch, and then they came on. We all ran outside, coatless, and the children admired her and stroked her dark flanks, and I touched her timidly on the nose, and told her she was beautiful, and she gazed at me calmly and blew steam from her nostrils and accepted all our compliments as if they were merely her due, which they were.

"Where's the truck?" I asked.

"Hill looked too icy, he didn't have chains," Longin said. "We unloaded her at the top of the hill."

He stroked her where the lead rope rubbed her neck. "Come, cow," he said soothingly. "I show you where I shall build you a barn." He led her to the end of the garage, so she could see the old barn to be torn down and where a new one was to be erected. And then he led her back down the drive and over the hill to Bests', who had offered us the use of an empty stanchion.

"Do you think she'll like it there?" we asked anxiously when Longin returned.

"I wish you could have seen her," Longin said to me. "I thought she may not want to go in, strange barn and all. She walked into that barn like a great lady or a queen picking her way past her subjects. Arrogant, that's what she is!"

"I suppose," I said doubtfully, "that a cow is a very practical animal to have, in a large family like ours, all these growing children. I mean, it probably costs a lot to feed her, doesn't it?"

"We'll cut our own hay," Longin said, "and raise a little corn for silage. Children drink a lot of milk. She'll pay for herself."

"Mikey cannot stay with dad and mother much longer," I said, following a perfectly clear line of thought. "Mary Lee is getting bigger and I could take care of him now."

"He must come home as soon as weather clears up," Longin agreed. "You cannot take care of him alone, he is getting too big and strong. I must be near. So I think we are in the dairy business."

"I guess we are," I said. "If you handle everything else, I'll do the bookkeeping. O.K.?"

"O.K.," he said, making us partners. I felt he was supplying by far the major part of our real capital—long hours, darned hard work, devotion, farming ability—the things that make a farm a success. My contribution of capital scarcely balanced this.

March became April, and the snow melted where the sun could reach it, and the air grew warm and pensive, and we went outside and shed jackets and hats, and it was hard to believe, as it always is, but spring had come, as it always had.

I was seized with the urge to clean house. Not only inside but outside too. I wanted to sweep the lawn and shake out the hedgerows and get at the clutter against the house, everything all at once. We had banked evergreen boughs along the foundation to keep the frost out of the cellar, and I began hauling these branches off by the armload, and I heaped them beyond the drive, well away from the house.

After watering a great circle around them, and leaving the garden hose connected and ready for immediate action, I tried to burn them. All one morning I shoved newspapers under them and lit the newspapers and watched the quick flame flare up, consume the paper, and die, while the stubborn boughs, soaked with frost, refused to catch. Finally, hungry and annoyed, I went in to fix lunch.

I had the sandwiches on the table and was at the stove ladling out soup, and Longin was at the sink washing up, when we heard a tractor buzzing along the road. Two boys were on it, one driving, one standing on the drawbar. They were staring our way.

"Who's that?" I said. "One is Lloyd Best, isn't it? But who's the other? What are they staring for?"

"We're staring at them," Longin said reasonably.

As he spoke, the tractor came to an abrupt halt and the boys leaped off and ran toward us up the lane.

Longin darted to the door and looked out. "Melissa!" he shouted. "Our place is afire!"

We ran outside. The fire had come to life as soon as I turned my back and had leaped over the circle of wet earth and escaped into the dry grass beyond. Already it had traveled about ten yards and was fleeing in an ever-widening circle.

Longin and the boys grabbed up wet evergreen boughs and raced to try to head it off from the barn. Should the barn catch fire, it would go up like an explosion and only by a miracle could we keep the flames from the house.

I ran inside to the telephone and rang the operator, and told her we had a grass fire, please send help. I grabbed the broom and scrub bucket and told Kitty to come out and keep the bucket filled from the hose, and I sloshed my broom and raced to beat out the flames running down the unmown meadow toward the woods—toward the woods which went up and down the valley where all the little homes were, houses and barns which would burn, thanks to me.

A wind had sprung up, and it got behind the flames and blew them through the grass—they were leaping six feet into the air now, and going faster than I could run. I beat futilely at them until my broom caught fire, and I threw it into the burned area.

"The woods!" I shrieked at Longin. "The woods will go!"

(*Continued on Page 84*)

"I enjoyed the part where you two got red in the face and squirmed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

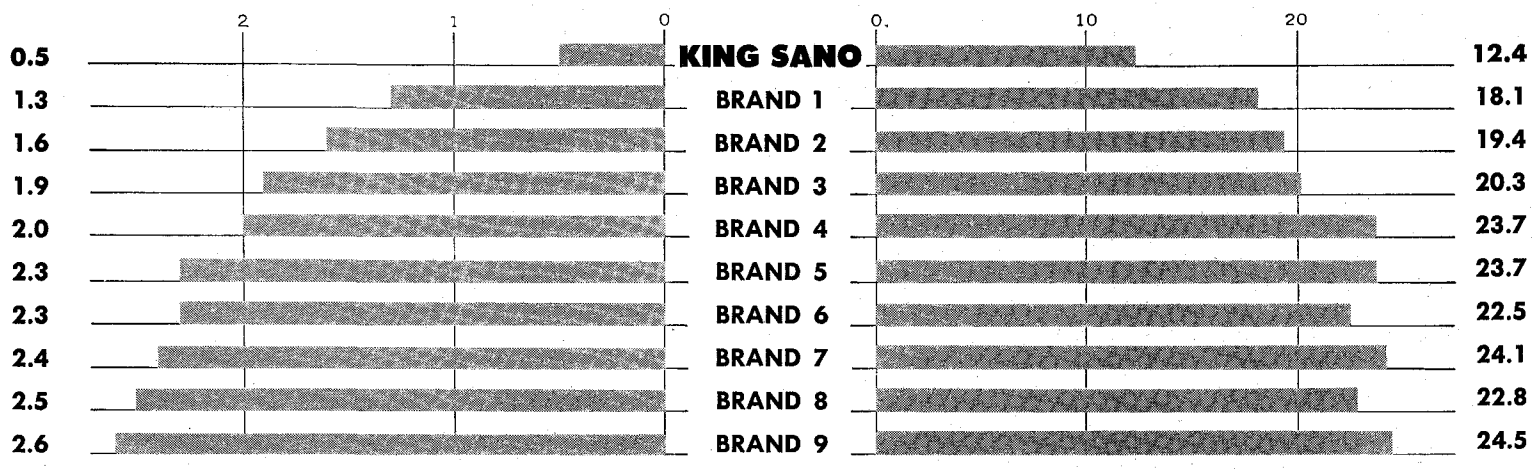
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the truth

Read it in the first complete comparison any cigarette has ever published on nicotine and tar content!

The first complete comparison! See how much better King Sano is than *every one* of all the 9 best selling filter cigarettes in the U. S. in reducing nicotine and tars. Because only King Sano reduces nicotine and tars in the tobacco where it really counts.

(Brands are listed in order of nicotine content)



Average milligrams of nicotine and tars shown are based on the results of a continuing study by Stillwell & Gladding, Inc., Independent Analytical Chemists, of the average nicotine and tar content of filter-tip cigarettes purchased on the open market. In order to keep the smoke comparison equal, 47 millimeters of all cigarettes under test are smoked.

KING SANO TASTES FRESH, CLEAN, GOOD!

FINE TOBACCOS REDUCED IN TARS AND NICOTINE ARE ALSO USED IN REGULAR SIZE SANO CIGARETTES, SANO ALL-HAVANA CIGARS AND SANO PIPE TOBACCO

A PRODUCT OF UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 82*) He and the boys were beating like madmen at the flames that threatened the barn. I raced over to tell them that the woods, the woods will go!

"Snow will stop it," Longin gasped, his arms flailing without stopping.

Why didn't anybody come?

"Phone over to Turner's," Lloyd said, stopping for a moment to breathe. "He's got a crawler with a 'dozer blade; it'll turn back the fire from the hedgerow."

I ran to the house, rang on the line, told the young woman who answered who I was, that we had a fire, could her husband come with his crawler?

"He's in the woods," she said. "I'll get him!"

I ran back outside. Kitty stood, calmly keeping the pail full, surveying the whole scene placidly. I picked up another evergreen branch, plunged it in the water, and ran down over the scorched earth, over the brow of the hill. My heart was laboring, my chest ached, it hurt to breathe. I beat futilely at the ribbon of flame, and I listened in anguish for the sound of a motor which would mean help was coming. All I could hear was the thudding of the blood in my ears, and an airplane somewhere overhead, a little yellow airplane—the sky turned black, and my head swam. It was no use. I could not help it, the woods would go, and all because of me.

Over the brow of the hill roared a crawler, pocket-size, and jockeying it with cowboy nonchalance was young Hawthorne Turner, owner of Crag Hill Farm. He roared past me, swung in a wide circle, and behind him the earth was turned aside in a six-foot-wide swath of safety. The flames ran up to the furrow, and, baffled, died.

Turner circled and came back up the other side, protecting the hedgerow as he came. Finally a rocky ledge barred his path, and he jumped down and helped finish off the fire thus cornered, and, suddenly, the nightmare was over.

Kitty said happily, "We put out the fire."

"Yeah," I said, trying to get my insides under control. Everything seemed jumbled about. "I'll go call the operator," I mumbled. "Tell her never mind."

I rang the operator and reported the fire out. "Oh, dear," she said. "The engine just started out of the village. I'll see if I can catch them."

I went outside again. The men—for so all four looked to me, young Lloyd and his cousin Roger not fourteen-year-olders at all, but young heroes, and Longin and Turner too—the men were joking, rubbing their flushed faces with their sleeves, and staring at the blackened field and the threatened barn as if they, too, couldn't quite believe it.

"How about some cider? We haven't anything else for a thirst," I said. "I think there's some left, though maybe it's turned."

"Bring it," Longin said, "even if it's pure dynamite."

I went for the jug and was about to leave the kitchen when our number rang, and it was the operator. She'd stopped the fire engine on the lower road, she said, they'd been about three miles away when she'd reached them. I thanked her, glanced at the clock, saw to my astonishment it was nearly three quarters of an hour since I'd rung for help—it couldn't be! but it was—and went out again into the sunshine.

"We put the fire out, mamma," Kitty said, pleased with herself. "Did you see us put out the fire?"

"Uhuh," I said, pouring cider. I could hear an airplane motor again. The little yellow plane was coming back. It came in low over the hills to the north, and circled over our blackened field.

"Looks like an L-5," Longin said. "Hey! It dropped something!"

Something white fluttered down into the center of the burned area. I ran out and picked up an envelope, smudged and faintly warm. I fished a piece of paper out.

"What does it say, mamma?" Kitty demanded impatiently.

I looked up at Longin. "It's from the fire warden," I said. "He says, 'Do you have a permit for this fire?' "

There are always, of course, a number of lessons to be learned from disaster, or near-disaster. Aside from the obvious one, beware the fire that refuses to burn, there is another, we have since discovered as our knowledge of country fires has multiplied, and it is the basic lesson, the fundamental precept, and it is this: *Don't have one.*

There will come a long, continuous ring on the phone, and everyone in the house will drop whatever he is doing and rush to stand by, until the ringing stops; then, on every phone, all up and down the line, the receivers are lifted and the operator says where the fire is. The sound of that ringing is a heart-stopping sound, and the waiting until it stops seems agonizingly long. Whose house is it? Whose barn? But don't start heaping coals of criticism on the heads of the local fire department. Consider, if you will, what it's up against.

In our end of town, as in most country areas, the fire department is volunteer. That means precious time is lost while the volunteers leave their jobs and race for the fire-fighting equipment.

Nor is there a fire alarm in the form of a widely audible bell or siren. One might reasonably expect the volunteers to plump loudly for one at town meeting, but perhaps not, on second thought, considering the fire department's difficulty in getting its yearly stipend of five hundred dollars raised to a figure somewhat more in line with its needs.

Each year the town usually antes up just about half of what the fire department needs. The rest of its money it must raise itself, and so it does, year after year, by the superb efforts of the wives of the volunteer firemen, who, with some outside help, put on firemen's dances, suppers, and the like. What this amounts to is that the fire department is not properly supported by taxes paid by all whom it protects, but by the contributions of time, energy and money from the devoted few.

When I called for help, it was noon, and the firemen were rather widely scattered at their several homes. The roads, however, were unusually good, being still frozen, and, furthermore, bare of ice or snow. Consider what might have been the case had we had a house fire during the December thaw, or during a blizzard, or at any time when the condition of our hill road would force the fire truck to come the long way round.

And what is true of us is true of most families living beyond paved roads, water mains, fire-alarm boxes on the corner and fire apparatus ready at a few seconds' notice. So if you live in the country and you must have a fire, be ready to put it out yourself.

Kitty was exceedingly proud of her part in our fire. When the boys got home from school, she couldn't help boasting over and over, "We put the fire out. Listen, Chris. Listen to what I'm telling you, Pat. We ——"

"Oh, shut up," they told her rudely. "We know. We heard you. We knew about the fire, anyway. We saw the engine go by."

"Did you know it was our fire?" I asked curiously.

"Heck, we figured it probably was."

"Weren't you excited?"

Chris looked at me thoughtfully. "What about? I figured you'd get it out O.K."

The more I pondered this extraordinary conversation, the less I knew whether to feel flattered—or the opposite.

Editors' Note—This is the third of five articles by Mrs. Ambros. The fourth will appear next week.

The Changing Midwest (Continued from Page 24)

its hinterland, the Midwest. Let us hear what he, and others in Chicago, plus some in Madison, Wisconsin, had to say last summer; let us revisit them during the winter; and let us, finally, see what we can conclude about the conditions that prevail in the Midwest today.

Coulter got on his feet to deliver a lecture in which the most-used word was "greatest." "Chicago is now enjoying the greatest growth in its history. This is the fastest-growing industrial region in America. By 1960 we must import 404,000 workers. People don't come to Chicago because of the palm trees or the climate. They come to get jobs. Our problem is that so many of the people coming here are unskilled. Since the race trouble in the South, we've been getting the rural Negroes, and they aren't skilled and they aren't prepared for urban life. We must get more and better young people to come to Chicago."

He sat down at his desk again. "When the St. Lawrence Seaway is completed in 1959 and the Calumet Sag Channel in 1962—well, there's going to be a new boom like the coming of the railroads a hundred years ago. Mayor Daley is a great salesman for Chicago, and he gets things done. This is the heart of world trade. New York is just a transshipping point. The Midwest consumes and exports one half of all United States imports and exports. This is the center of industry, the center of agriculture. We are the heart of America."

Some people doubted that the Seaway, ice-locked a third of the year and with other shortcomings, would boom the Midwest as expected. Coulter brushed doubt aside. He slapped shiny booklet after shiny booklet down on his desk, all proclaiming the growth and greatness of Chicago. "From 1950 to 1955 we added 682,000 people to the area, a city the size of Milwaukee." Even civic pride had awakened: "Have you seen the signs, ten dollars' fine for littering? Chicago never had that before. We dawdled along here for years and did nothing. They called it Capone town; everybody was ashamed. But now Chicago is the center of everything, destined to be the greatest city of America."

At lunch in the quiet Quadrangle Club at the University of Chicago, Philip Hauser, a bright-eyed sociologist, traced Chicago's growth: "Historically, the city grew outward from the center. It grew through migration. Immigrants always start at the bottom of the economic ladder, so their port of entry was near the central zone—poorer housing. As time passed, each successive wave of immigrants worked its way outward toward the city's edges. They were greeted at first with hostility. They were called dagoes, krautheads, dumb Swedes, bohunks, sheenies—and all at once people said, 'What happened to all that riffraff?' Well, they finally became Americans. This has been the way America has grown. At the moment the newcomers are Negroes, Southern whites, Puerto Ricans and Mexicans. This is our new wave of immigration."

Especially Negroes—Chicago's total population has increased by 124,000 since 1950, but its white population has decreased 73,000. So the nonwhite population, mostly Negroes, increased by 197,000. In 1950 Negroes made up 14 per cent of Chicago's population—19 per cent now.

The present trend, many people think, is to turn Chicago into a Negro city. When they speak of absorbing the Negro into the general population, they mean the general population of the metropolitan area—the city itself will be theirs. Can the Chicago area ever accommodate the Negro? Hauser said, "It may be harder for him than for the earlier immigrants because he is visible. But his income is increasing faster than the immigrants'. And he has the advantage of speaking English."

In a downtown office, Willoughby Abner, a Negro active in the N.A.A.C.P., the Urban League and the C.I.O., said, "Chicago is a segregated city. The nub of the whole thing is the housing pattern. When the Supreme Court overthrew the restrictive covenant, a lot of people said it would solve the housing problem. That's ridiculous. It opened up certain areas, but on the take-over basis, not on an integrated basis. You have powerful financial institutions, the boys that make the loans; you have unscrupulous real-estate dealers; you have political forces—all of them are interested in maintaining segregated housing. In education, the schools are segregated. They say they can't do anything about it till housing is integrated, but they could if they wanted to," and he cited figures which he said proved that Negro schools were inferior to white schools. The Board of Education denies it.

Chicago was boiling. New factories were smothering dwellings, great cranes demolishing houses to make way for superhighways; Southern Negro and white immigrants were pouring in daily. A school official, asked why school-district boundaries weren't being adjusted, said helplessly, "How can you adjust to an explosion?"

Nobody knows how many Southern whites have come to Chicago, but the number is large, and they create a police problem. Detective Sergeant Emil Smicklas has said, "These days nine out of ten guys you stop in a rooming-house area are hillbillies."

Smicklas and his partners, John Alcock and Ray Duffy, were cruising in their squad car up North LaSalle Street, once a good residential street. Smicklas said, "There's Filipinos and Puerto Ricans and Japs and hillbillies and everything else in here now. The hillbillies are all over town. They're clannish. One neighborhood is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all from Henderson, Kentucky. A whole bunch from one town will settle in one block and they'll hang around the same taverns, another bunch will hang around another tavern, they fight, and you walk into one of those joints you're liable to get your head kicked in."

Alcock said, "About nine-thirty at night they drill a hole in the floor to let the blood run out."

The squad headed west, along Madison Street, skid road, where winos lay propped against the buildings, sleeping it off. Smicklas, pointing to a tall, lanky man in a red shirt, said, "There's a scissor-bill," and Alcock eased the squad car to the curb. The man needed a shave, his face was dirty and puffy; he'd been drunk last night. He made $2.75 an hour at a plywood company. Back home in Tennessee he couldn't make a dollar an hour. "The only thing they got down there is to chop cotton," he said. "Ain't no work in the South." The squad drove on.

Smicklas said, "Lately the hillbillies have gone in for robberies, but it's all little stuff—taverns, groceries, filling stations."

Southwest of the Loop the squad entered The Valley, an old slum around the Maxwell Street ghetto. Smicklas had been born here. "It used to be Poles and Croatians and Bohemians, till they got enough money saved up to move out and buy a two-flat. Now it's Puerto Ricans and Negroes. Your immigrants, they used to take care of their property, they washed their sidewalks, tried to better themselves. The hillbillies fight and get drunk, and that's all—fifth-generation American, and if they get a toilet bowl they install it in the kitchen, they're so proud of it."

The squad stopped to speak with three hillbillies. They and their wives lived together in two rooms. One, from Kentucky, was making $1.80 an hour on an assembly line, and the other two were drawing twenty-eight-dollars-a-week unemployment compensation, so all were in good shape; they went on home, carrying a sackful of half-gallon bottles of beer.

On a shady street near the city's edge a uniformed policeman stood guard at a building where a Negro had moved in.

Smicklas said, "The only thing stops a race riot now is everybody's workin'. But let things get a little tough, just wait."

Chicago seemed big, grubby, exciting, polyglot, shirt-sleeved; busy, clangorous, all brick and stone and steel. From here the train heading northwest ran through the farmland of Southern Wisconsin—rolling hills and fattening cattle and ripening grain, a red barn on a ridge, deep alfalfa on a long green slope. It passed a little town, white houses and green trees, all neat and peaceful. The sun set over the land, and the train rolled into Madison.

Madison is the capital of Wisconsin and the seat of a great university, the University of Wisconsin. It is a clean, lovely city of broad streets and rolling hills and big old houses and big old trees. At its center, atop a hill, stands the old state capitol; here the fresh winds of reform blew strong years ago, when the farmers of the Progressive movement arose against "the interests." They put Old Bob LaFollette in the governor's office here, captured the legislature and enacted reforms that seemed revolutionary, but since have become accepted throughout the land—railroad regulation, the direct primary, workmen's compensation, and much more.

What was going on here in 1957? Madison had just opened its new city hall, a gleaming marble-and-steel structure close to Lake Monona, and the mayor, Ivan Nestingen, showed it off proudly. He was a young lawyer, only thirty-five, quick, intelligent, the sort usually found in a city manager's office. Madison's population had grown from 67,000 to 104,000 since 1940, he said; its territory had increased from eight square miles to twenty-five as it annexed the suburbs. "But the community is basically the same—the university, state workers and Federal workers."

The town's tax structure was in good shape. So were the schools. A committee of distinguished citizens, including several from the university, was studying the city's problems—the university always lent talent when needed. The biggest current argument was over the proposed municipal auditorium. The people had voted $4,000,000 for it, they had voted to approve the site, and they had gone on to vote approval of Frank Lloyd Wright as the architect. (How many cities vote on an architect? Madison people are concerned about such matters.)

In the biggest bank in town, the First National, president Tom Hefty, a heavy-chested man with close-cropped white hair, a square face and an amused glint in his eyes, said there had been few business failures lately. "It isn't a boom. And it certainly isn't a depression. It's just a prosperous time." Did he hear people complain of the high cost of living? "Yes," he said emphatically. "But people have been spoiled. When I was a boy we lived well, but frugally. Today families in the middle-income bracket have two cars, air conditioning, all that sort of thing. Personally, I think consumer credit is high enough."

How were the farmers doing?

He smiled. "Now you're touching my heart," he said, and he pointed to two paintings of his own beautiful farms. "Sure, they crab a lot. But hogs are $21.50 today, so that's not so bad. This is basically dairy country. And feeding beef cattle. And a good deal of diversification. When one thing's up another's down, so it averages off. Today no farmer is going busted. But the old-fashioned farm is like the old corner grocery store—it's gone. With the expense of mechanization, a fellow with eighty acres can't show a profit, so he'll sell out, keep the house and five acres and get a job in town."

Had Madison changed much in recent years? Editor and publisher William Evjue, a big, elderly man with rumpled white hair and bow tie and a large red face, sitting in his comfortable office at The Capital Times, said, "It's changing fast. In 1930 Madison was forty thousand; today it's a hundred and twenty-five thousand here and in the suburbs. The Chamber of Commerce is going to launch a million-dollar campaign to bring in new industry. I think it'll spoil Madison to get big industry in here. In the 'Thirties during the depression, cities like Racine and Kenosha were out there begging for relief money. Madison had this cushion here—the state and university payrolls, the finest thing in the world. Madison's still growing. State government is zooming all the time. The same at the university—it's got over sixteen thousand students in Madison now."

Evjue was an old Progressive, had battled "the interests" with the LaFollettes. Who ran things in Wisconsin today? "The railroads are not powerful any more. There are no traction interests. The big interests now are the truckers, liquor, banking, insurance, and interests tied up with the big highway program. Labor is powerful, though it was gutted by the bill that prohibits it from contributing to political-campaign funds. The farm vote is big, but they don't make themselves felt very often."

Wisconsin had produced the LaFollettes; it had also produced the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy. How so? In Phil LaFollette's law firm, one of the partners, Jim Doyle, a quiet intelligent young man, said, "McCarthy never was as strong here in Wisconsin as most outsiders thought. But some argue that he did make voters believe that he and old Bob LaFollette were alike. They weren't, of course. McCarthy was a wrecker. Old Bob, a builder. But McCarthy created the impression of a maverick, a fighter, a Fearless Fosdick. These qualities were admired in Old Bob. Isolationism was a strong element in both men. And neither was a moderate."

Doyle, originally from Oshkosh, had taken his law at Columbia, been Justice James Byrnes' law clerk and his aide at the State Department, and returned to Wisconsin in 1946 to practice law and help rebuild the Democratic Party. That year the Progressives had drifted into the Democratic Party, and it had become a real force for the first time in a generation.

People nowadays were not interested in politics, Doyle thought last summer. He heard no talk of national issues. "There's a tremendous concentration on one's own business affairs and family. I used to share the general indignation about that, but I'm beginning to think it's foolish to exhort people and tell them, 'You must be interested in your government.' Government is so big people feel they can't affect it by anything they do. My wife read me a story in the paper—seven or eight Friends announced they were going to fast as a protest against more atom-bomb tests. The tactic was a little weird, but it sort of impressed me, there's hardly anybody around here that'd dream of even writing a letter saying, 'They ought to stop these tests.' I must say I don't feel it either. I don't feel there's a thing I could do right here and now."

Nearly everybody agreed last summer that people were not interested in politics. Wisconsin was then conducting a special election to choose a successor to Senator McCarthy. Evjue, the editor, said, "We are in the middle of a campaign, but nobody's interested." McCarthyism was not an issue in the campaign, nor was Progressivism. It was almost as though Wisconsin, having produced both LaFollette and McCarthy, had forgotten what they stood for—as though all ideas and issues had been swamped in a sea of apathy.

But on election day in August the people surprised the experts. Far from apathetic, they voted in large numbers. And far from satisfied with things as they are, they rejected the Eisenhower-Republican candidacy of Walter Kohler and elected the Democratic underdog, William E. Proxmire, to the United States Senate, by a landslide. Proxmire, a friend of Adlai Stevenson, who had been campaigning unsuccessfully for governor almost continuously since 1952, was the first Democrat elected senator or governor in Wisconsin in twenty-five years. National Republican leaders were shaken. Democrats declared it a repudiation of the Eisenhower Administration and harbinger of victory in 1958 and 1960.

It was an odd election of uncertain significance. Kohler, who styled himself an "Eisenhower Republican," had won a bitter primary against an Old Guard Republican; many Old Guard precinct captains had not worked for Kohler. In the election, thousands of conservative Republican voters stayed home, seeing little difference between Proxmire and Kohler. Kohler's identification with internationalism had hurt him, though Proxmire was an internationalist too. The farm uprising—for it was nothing less—was real. So was, surprisingly, urban—and suburban—discontent.

Finally, Kohler had run sedately on his record as a former governor and his support of Eisenhower, trying to walk a tight wire between the Old Guard and the "modern" wings of his party. Proxmire had run a free-swinging campaign, attacking Benson's farm program, criticizing Dulles, reminding housewives of the high cost of living and businessmen of the tight-money pinch, shaking hands at factory gates, accusing Kohler of favoring a state sales tax; and all this had created a public image of Proxmire as "a fighter," in the tradition of LaFollette and McCarthy.

By the time, then, of my second trip to Madison toward the end of the year, three new large events had entered the public consciousness since summer—the Wisconsin senatorial election, desegregation trouble at Little Rock and the Russian earth satellites. How had they affected the public temper?

Doyle, who had seen little but apathy in people's thinking last summer, said, "It looks like I gave you a lot of wrong dope. But I'm not so sure it was wrong then. It's just changed so much since." What were people talking about now? "Sputnik," he said. "It's mostly in the language of jokes and wisecracks, but the kind of jokes that indicate anxiety. I have a feeling that politically its repercussions are considerable and that the whole theme of the Eisenhower Administration is undermined—the theme being the comfortable feeling that all's well, onward and upward, and let's be serene."

Except for the farm vote, he did not feel that the election results indicated that a deep current of discontent had been running in August. "But such a current may be setting in now because of Sputnik. Sputnik has definitely affected the public apathy. There is a great feeling that we must get going now and catch up."

He thought that the new programs necessitated by Sputnik would undercut some of the traditional Wisconsin resistance to spending for armaments and foreign aid. Did people feel the satellite was a turning point comparable to Munich, requiring a basic reassessment of America's position in the world? He nodded. "I think they do. They think we're in serious trouble." Did people still feel helpless to influence events? "Yes, but I think there's more of a desire to try to influence them."

Last summer Morris Rubin, editor of The Progressive, had said, "These days people are more concerned about the new cars than about basic issues. Russia is playing a shrewd game and our response has been feeble. But people seem content." But six months later he said, "Sputnik has changed a lot of thinking. I don't know how lasting the change will be. There's been a slackening of confidence in Washington. People have a feeling no one's in charge down there."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not everybody was concerned about Sputnik. The banker, Tom Hefty, hardly mentioned it. Asked what had changed in Madison during the fall and what people were talking about, he mentioned new buildings on the square, farm prices, the stock market, the Proxmire victory, and finally Sputnik—"these fellows who were thinking of balancing the budget and getting taxes reduced don't feel so good these days." Had Eisenhower lost popularity? "Yes. Some of these things blew up in his face. Good men, like Wilson and Humphrey, have all taken off back to the woods and he has surrounded himself with much less high-caliber-type men. And Sputnik hurt him." Were the people still contented, as they had seemed to him last summer? They were, he thought. "Anybody who wants a job can get it."

The publisher, Evjue, said, "The Proxmire election was a hell of a protest against Eisenhower and Benson and Dulles. And I don't think there's any question but that the same thing is happening here now that is happening everywhere—the loss of prestige and support of Eisenhower." Why was this? "Because of this Russian development," the old man said, "this thing flying around the world here. The feeling that Eisenhower hasn't had a grasp of the situation here in protecting the United States. I think they're placing a lot of the blame on Eisenhower, especially here in a town like this, a university town. They're showing a lot of satisfaction over this too—they used to be ridiculed, called eggheads and longhairs, and now we've been shown how badly we need them," and he gestured vigorously. Were people still apathetic toward public affairs? "No. I think there's a very strong interest now, based on fear. Fear of what Russia has, what she can do."

Was all this true only in Madison, or was it true, too, out in the hinterland? Gaylord Nelson, a vigorous young Democratic state senator who had recently announced his candidacy for governor, had spent all fall traveling the state, speaking and listening. What did he find was on people's minds?

"The farmers are just madder than hell. I spoke to four meetings in small towns up in the Ninth District and I had big crowds everywhere—I had two hundred and forty people in one town whose population is two hundred. In places that have gone Republican for years the people are just disgusted and are supporting the Democrats. In the twelve years I've been active in politics, I've never seen so much interest so far ahead of the election."

Were people talking about integration?

"I heard people discuss it at the time of Little Rock. The funny thing is, there was a hell of a lot more sympathy with the South than you'd expect. The big issue, however, was Sputnik. A lot of people are mad about the failure of our leadership. The funny thing is that the eggheads in Madison take it more calmly than anybody else. I suppose they had discounted it in advance. It's the people in the sticks that are disturbed. I think Eisenhower's been hurt permanently by it. I think the Republican Party's hurt.

"The erosion of Eisenhower's popularity started before the Proxmire election, especially with the farmers. Sputnik, I think, sort of drew all the loose ends together. People with complaints hadn't been saying much. But then this one issue came up and it was clear as a bell; the Russians got that damn thing up there and she's going over our territory every day, people could understand it in an instant. And it crystallized all their vague discontent and uneasiness."

What can we conclude about the state of the Midwest—and America—today?

The first big fact is growth. Industry, taxes, travel, government, personal debt, universities, the cities, the suburbs, the population—nearly everything has been growing mightily. The country was filling up, open land disappearing. Cornfields were becoming school playgrounds, the cities were swallowing rural villages, farmland was being plowed to an assembly line, a wild helter-skelter growth was consuming the earth of the old Northwest Territory. And with growth had come prosperity. Prosperity was general, but spotty: small-town merchants, some farmers, and factory workers in towns like Flint were far from prosperous. And it was a prosperity tinged with apprehension: Nearly everybody who talked about prosperity added misgivings about a depression.

Since the war, industrial management had done superlatively well in its endeavors—increasing production, building new plants and new industries, advancing technology, influencing politics. Labor unions had done poorly—they were impotent in elections and legislatures, their meetings were poorly attended. Management was probably far stronger, labor more vulnerable, than at any time since the 1930's.

Last summer the people of the Midwest had been indifferent to public affairs. Not one person mentioned war or the U.N.

A Midwestern congressman said his mail was the lightest ever. Why was it so? Well, for one thing, after twenty years of depression and war, during which they had been constantly summoned to great deeds, the people were weary and wanted to be let alone. For another, most people were prosperous and, so, unconcerned.

"Bingo!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The mechanization of agriculture and the automation of industry had wrought a hidden revolution. Mechanization had pointed agriculture toward the "factory farm," had frozen out young men and sent them to the city. Workers in automated factories saw their jobs vanishing. For the most part these changes were going forward quietly, each individual coping alone with change, for now there were jobs somewhere for all—but what would happen if there weren't?

It was commonly said that no longer were the rich getting richer and the poor poorer, but that all were moving into the middle class. Was it so? Superficially, yes. But not all ranch houses were alike—one cost $11,000, another $150,000, and the difference between their owners was as great as ever. Millionaires were still being created; the poor in the city slums still subsisted on welfare.

Nonetheless, the outward appearance of sameness had reinforced the ancient American urge to egalitarianism; people tended to dress, dine and play alike. Was there no lower class? There was. Assuredly it included the depressed minorities of the Midwest cities—Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and poor whites from the South. Perhaps to them should be added the new indentured proletariat—those who, as a consequence of installment buying, owed more money than they ever could repay.

No overriding issue confronted the people for clear decision, such as the isolationist-interventionist debate of the 1930's or the strikes and upheavals of 1946. Again, a powerful conservative tide seemed to be running in the Midwest—conservative in the sense that people would not respond to exhortation from either left or right, wanted as little done as possible lest the boat be rocked. And finally people seemed to feel that government had become so big and remote that there was nothing they could do about it anyway. When confronted with an issue, there was a quality of surrender in their response. And yet could one say the voters of Wisconsin were indifferent, content, resistant to change? And they had voted before Sputnik.

After Sputnik—and after the summer doldrums—people elsewhere than Wisconsin seemed to awake from slumber. Sputnik jolted people. Its impact was most noticeable in Madison, a college town with a long tradition of political awareness. Its impact was least in such places as Rushville and Abilene and in the suburbs of large cities. (Perhaps the new locus of content and isolation, long centered in the rural towns of America, was the suburb.)

Clearly, between summer and winter in 1957 two new issues had rippled the public calm—the control of space and the control of segregation. Yet in the winter one wondered whether the underlying apathy was not still there. A few weeks after Little Rock and a few weeks after Sputnik, public concern seemed to subside. Neither issue had reached the flash point in the public consciousness.

That Eisenhower had lost Midwest popularity nearly everyone agreed. He had lost it all through 1957, first with right-wing Republicans, who thought he was spending too much money, especially on foreign aid. Sending troops to Little Rock had cost him support. So had Sputnik, more than anything else. Only after Sputnik did you hear in the Midwest the criticism of Eisenhower made earlier in Washington—that he had failed to lead. But all criticism of him subsided when he fell ill late in November.

The old Republican split between Midwestern conservatives and "Eastern liberals," healed temporarily by Eisenhower's popularity, seemed to be reopening. Midwestern isolationism had changed. It was not the old determination to avoid foreign entanglements; rather it was a desire not to be bothered. And it seemed tied to resentment of the high cost of living, for people said, "It costs me so much to live, why should we give our money away to foreign countries?" How Sputnik would affect isolationism was uncertain. Conceivably it could reinforce it—could lead people to demand a fortress-America policy.

The Midwest was an anthill. Southern Negroes and, to a lesser extent, Southern whites were overwhelming the Midwestern cities. Other migrations were on: The population was constantly churning—Detroit exporting people to Chicago, Milwaukee exporting them to Indianapolis, farmers moving to the city, Negroes pressing outward in the city, city whites moving to the suburbs, disgruntled suburbanites moving back to the city, young executives shifted endlessly from one city to another, hillbillies shuttling back to the South or on to the West Coast when the work ran out. Was all this the second amalgamating step in a process that began when Europe sent her sons here? It was a nomadic, rootless people. Early Americans wandered, but remained attached to the land. Today's Americans, roaming, were attached to nothing but each other. It was not true that suburban home ownership had given men roots. Men sold a mortgaged house as lightly as they abandoned a rented apartment; nothing held them. Americans were on the move as never before.

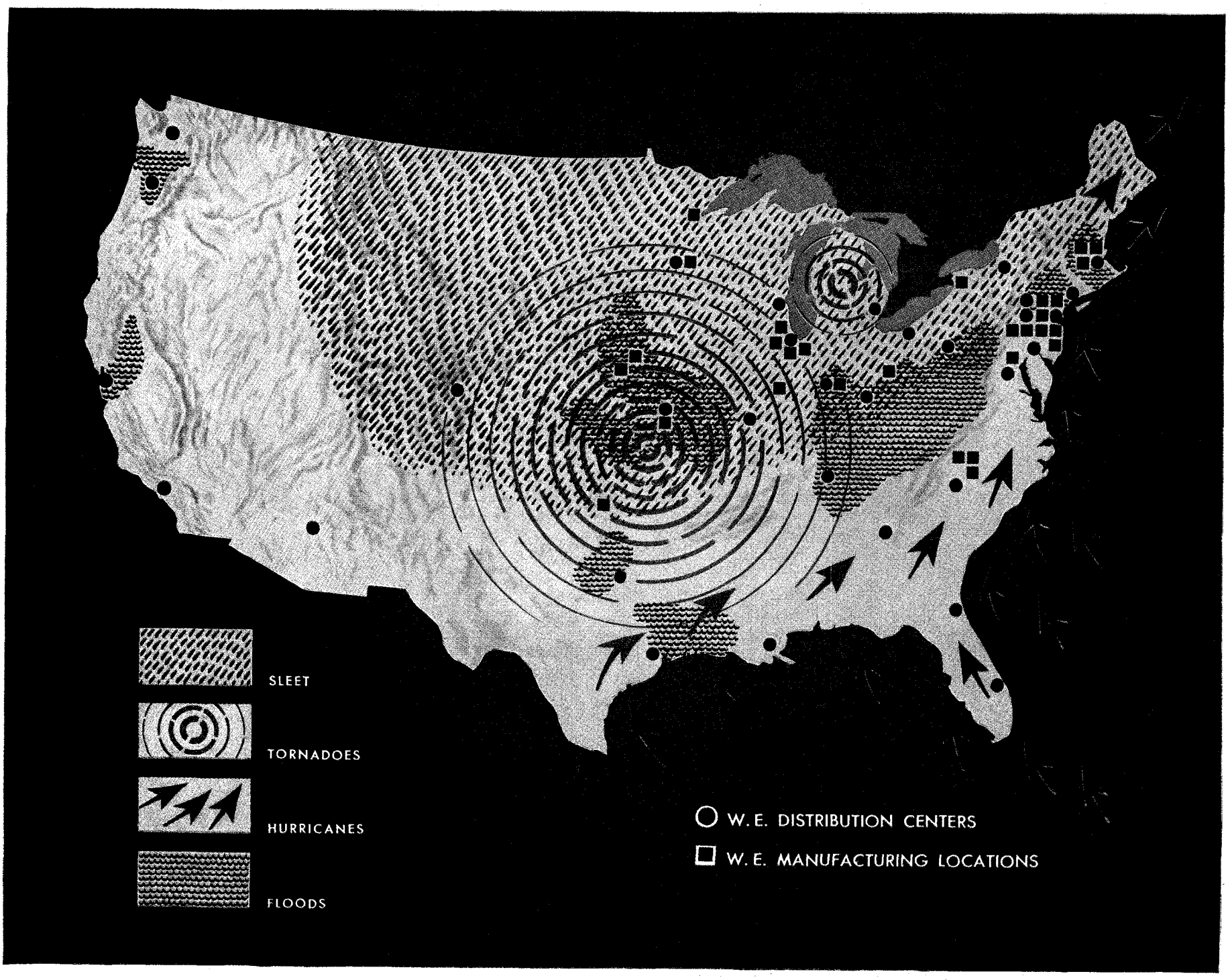
The impact of all these changes was clear to see in Chicago. It was harder to see but no less real in islands like Rushville. The last generation of Rushville folk had resisted industrialization, but now their sons were going off to the factories anyway. Who could say—Abilene might be next. The islands were being engulfed, one way or another. The cities were becoming more and more alike.

Were the people getting more alike too? A Detroit salesman traveling through Indiana said, "The incentive is almost gone out of salesmanship. The big companies won't let you be original. We conform. All we have to do is be able to get along with other people, so everybody gets alike—you get so you're treating your neighbors like your customers." Things had got complicated and remote, he felt: "All I do any more is take my distributor out to dinner and maybe stop in and say hello to a few customers. I don't know who does actually take the orders."

Editors' Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Martin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BATTLE PLAN...to chase trouble off telephone lines!



This map shows where Mother Nature is most apt to attack Bell telephone equipment. It also shows how we at Western Electric are set up to help telephone people launch immediate counterattacks against catastrophe.

At the first hint of trouble—from hurricane, flood, sleet, tornado—any operating telephone company can draw on emergency stores of wire, cable, tools and other equipment we keep on tap at a Western Electric distribution center nearby. Every switchboard, tool and strand of wire is standard—familiar to Bell telephone people the country over, and readily put to use.

Meanwhile—by plane, by train and by truck—critically needed items of tools and equipment are started into stricken areas from other Western Electric distribution centers, from our factories and from our suppliers... both to help meet the emergency and replenish depleted stockpiles. Thus the efforts of our people and telephone company people fuse into one great battle plan to restore service fast.

Here's further evidence that Western Electric shares the Bell System goal of providing you—at all times—with good, dependable telephone service... something we and your Bell telephone company together have been working at for the past 75 years.

Western Electric

MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

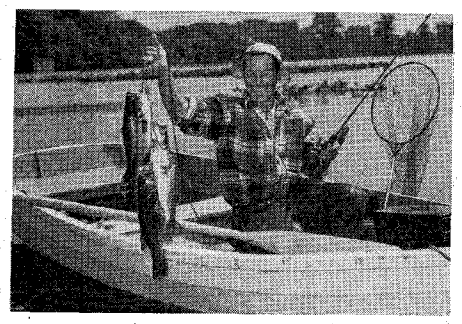
Alabama camellias and azaleas blooming under moss-draped live-oak tree.

ALABAMA
is calling you!

SPRING FLOWERS ARE ENCHANTING—AND SO IS THE FISHIN'!

Alabama in the spring is a riot of floral color. Giant camellia bushes (the aristocrat of the flower world), flaming azaleas, cherry blossoms, jasmine, gardenias, mountain laurel, dogwood, redbud and many others. Formal gardens such as Bellingrath, woodland wild flowers, mountain flowers, all combine to make an Alabama Spring tour a breath-taking, unforgettable experience.

If you like to fish (and who doesn't), Alabama in the Spring is the place. The great fresh water lakes of Alabama exceed 200,000 acres in area, with total shore lines of more than 4,000 miles! They are full of wily bass, bream, crappie, stripers and other game fish. Alabama coastal waters furnish sport fishing for bass and speckled trout. The Gulf waters off Alabama shores give exciting sport for mackerel, ling, cavalla, tarpon, snapper, bonefish and bonito.



A string of Alabama bass.

Visit some of these Alabama attractions:

- *Historic old Mobile, with its Mardi Gras Festival, Feb. 1- 14, and its famous Azalea Trail in February and March.*
- *Confederate White House and State Capitol, Montgomery.*
- *Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn; University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa; Tuskegee Institute for negro students, Tuskegee.*
- *Cathedral Caverns, Guntersville; Dismal Gardens, Russellville; Natural Bridge.*
- *Ave Maria religious shrines, Cullman.*

JAMES E. FOLSOM, *Governor*

FREE VACATION GUIDE

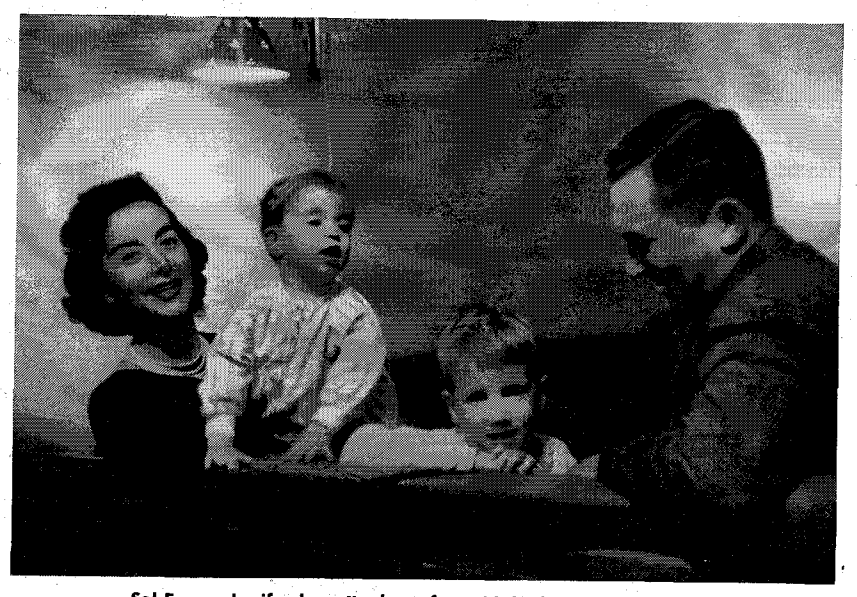
GEOFFREY BIRT, *Director*
Alabama Publicity Bureau, Dept. B
State Capitol, Montgomery, Alabama
Please send free Alabama Vacation Guide.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Come and see for yourself what Alabama really is like!

Keeping Posted

Our Versatile Authors



Sol Fox and wife, Jeanette, have fun with Nicky, left, and Teddy.

Sol Fox, a senior editor of Printers' Ink, explains that during a recent weekend relatives and neighbors in New Rochelle, N.Y., helped him do research by cooking up all the delicious food recipes he unfolds on page 26. This set back his reducing diet about four weeks. Don't think the recipes are fattening, says he; think of the colossal amount of them he consumed.

Bouquets for two editors: Halfway through the story on page 30 **Steve McNeil** got stuck, couldn't write a word. After five blank days he phoned Associate Editor Erd Brandt (from Seaside, Oregon, to Philadelphia). "Well, you know Erd. He suggested several ways to finish the yarn, and it was done in two days. Add another assist to Erd's wonderful record!" . . . **Williams Forrest,** page 18, sold his first short story to the Post while he was an Army PRO captain in Europe during World War II. After the war, he freelanced successfully for some time—then he got stuck, couldn't make his fiction come alive. He took a public-relations job. "Finally one day I had an encouraging talk with Associate Editor Stuart Rose, and now, with books and stories going over, I'm happily freelancing again!"

Myron Cope, cigar, and newspaper pals.

Myron Cope, who once was told by a well-meaning University of Pittsburgh professor that he had no talent for writing and should enter some other profession, is a sports writer on the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette and has a by-line on page 19. He is 29, single, gets home from work at three A.M., and fears that "when I shut my car door the neighbors toss in their beds, muttering, 'There he is, tight again.'"

Melissa Mather Ambros, author of Rough Road Home on page 32, and of the book of the same title which Lippincott will publish in May, finds the road smoother nowadays. The most acute problem recently encountered on the Ambros farm in Vermont came this past fall, when the sunflowers, which were supposed to grow about eight feet tall, shot up to twelve feet, hung their chins on the telephone wires, and caused astonishing noises on the line. "My husband's idea was to chop them down and stuff them in the chimney to make the house look festive." Half of this idea was adopted—they were chopped down.

Roul Tunley trims one of his trees; that is a perilous technique he's using, but he survived.

Author **Roul Tunley,** page 34, has never had a very straight posture—"Guess I've leaned on a pencil too long." Well, while researching his article about West Point he lived for a while with the cadets, and although nobody said anything directly to *him* about posture, he came out of there so straight that he claims now he can't get back down again. His barracks mates were startled when they found they were being written up by a Navy man (lieutenant commander, Naval Reserve), but the shock wore off and friendship ensued.

How to Make Words Behave

Havana Throngs Hail President On Palace Drive

Thousands of Jubilant Cubans Engulf Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge on Their Return From Latin Conference

By Beverly Smith

By Cable to the Herald Tribune

Copyright, 1928, New York Tribune Inc.

HAVANA, Jan. 16.—A crowd of perhaps 400,000 waited on the streets and upon the Prado outside the Teatro Nacional as President Coolidge rode through the streets toward the Presidential Palace after delivering his address to the Pan-American Conference, with a demonstration comparing with that of the Presidential arrival yesterday. As the American party passed down a side street, the crowd broke

As readers will agree, Washington Editor **Beverly Smith, Jr.'s,** piece on page 16 about a reportorial junket to Havana with President Coolidge in 1928 is written with clarity and grace. Unhappily, evidence has turned up that he was not always a master of the smooth phrase. The Havana trip was Smith's first political assignment and the opening sentence of a dispatch he sent to his newspaper, the New York Herald Tribune, is reproduced herewith. Quite a sentence, isn't it? Advice to would-be writers: to learn to write, you must write and keep on writing until the words come clean and clear the way Bev Smith's do—now.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"On My Own"

In 1945 a President died, and his wife began a new life. Now Eleanor Roosevelt tells you how she soon became too busy to be lonely.

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED